

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1905

“A READABLE PROPOSITION”

ONCE more the Toastmaster rises to his feet, to offer New Year's greetings to the guests of the *Atlantic*. The table has become a long one, and the faces turned momentarily toward the Toastmaster are mainly those of Cheerful Readers. If any are secretly bored or rebellious at the bill of fare, they seem, at this kindly instant, gracious enough not to betray it. Most of them, as the Toastmaster fancies, — for he is not sufficiently keen-sighted to see to the very end of such a table, and makes many a mistake in consequence! — exhibit a tolerant willingness to be either edified or amused. And, indeed, both edification and amusement await them, the Toastmaster believes, as soon as his own little speech is over.

He chooses his text from one of those plain-spoken letters which evince the interest taken in the *Atlantic* by persons who have parted with their four dollars a year, and who keep, as they should, a sharp eye upon their investment. The letter is from a Wyoming sheep-herder, and here is one of its most pleasing sentences: “I would like you to know that you have one subscriber who has no kick coming, and who thinks the *Atlantic* is a readable proposition all right.”

May the clear Wyoming sky long smile upon this solitary sheep-herder! May his flocks increase, and his vocabulary remain unspoiled! He has a discriminating taste. Or is it merely the liberal Western air which prompts him to utter what many other subscribers silently believe? After all, one can never tell who is going to like the gallant old magazine. The Toastmaster finds himself scrutinizing, with perhaps too frank an admiration, the persons who have the excellent habit of read-

ing the *Atlantic* in hotels and trains and electric cars. A pretty girl never seems so pretty, to him, as when she is carrying that bit of dull orange color; and the most prosaic middle-aged searcher after truth never appears in such imminent prospect of a radiant discovery as when cutting the *Atlantic's* uncut leaves. He remembers sitting once in an overland train as it coasted down the slope of the Sierras through the Bret Harte country. He was thinking of those brilliant early stories of Harte's which the *Atlantic* published, and was watching gloomily, all the while, a certain bishop who was reading the *Smart Set*. The train pulled up at a little station, and a muddy-trousered miner, looking for all the world like Kentucky, entered the car, stumbled past the comfortably extended legs of the bishop, and seating himself at the magazine table, promptly selected the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Toastmaster grew cheerful at once. He began to think of cogent reasons why the good bishop should prefer the *Smart Set*; and nothing could have persuaded him that the miner was not a Superior Person.

The odd thing is that it is impossible to guess where these Superior Persons are to be found. It is an illuminating experience to examine the *Atlantic's* subscription list in some city or town which happens to be well known to the investigator. To subscribe to this magazine is apparently no longer — as it was once said to be in certain newly settled communities — a sufficient evidence of one's social standing. Many of the Best People who would be expected to take it evidently belong in the class who vaguely “see all the magazines at the Club;” while the Superior Per-

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sons who actually pay the four dollars are often to be found in the side streets and hall-bedrooms and lonely farmhouses. Other magazines, it is believed, have had the same experience in endeavoring to discover the exact habitat of the reading class. It is such readers, in truth, who form our only real reading class in this country. If the *Atlantic* continues to interest them, year after year, it is not because the magazine is a badge of respectability, but simply because it is found to be "a readable proposition."

The dictionaries give the bare outline of that finely American term, "proposition," but they do not even hint at the warmth and coloring given to it on the lips of living men. What a wholesome, venturesome, tempting Americanism it is! It savors of something coming even if not yet arrived; of something alive and not yet dead and done with. It suggests, indeed, unlisted stocks and extra-hazardous enterprises, rather than the commonplace security of a three per cent government bond. Such a bond is well enough in its way, of course, but what is its appeal to the imagination, after all, when compared with a "proposition"? The spirit of all the beckoning future is in that word, and yet with how deft a compliment does our Wyoming friend apply it to the magazine, as if he had realized upon his investment, and the potential pleasure offered by his subscription were already a known quantity!

With what an instinct, likewise, does the gentleman from Wyoming select his inevitable word when he speaks of the *Atlantic* as a *readable* proposition! "It is better to be dumb than not to be understood," said the lively Giraldus Cambrensis, who was a born magazinist, although of the twelfth century. When a magazine fails to be readable, it is as if a man failed in honesty or a woman in goodness. Its character is gone. There are tons of respectable printed material which is under no necessity of being readable: such as Doctor's Dissertations, Presidential Messages, books written in

the jargon of some special science, and journals devoted to some pet "ist" or "ism" of the hour. Most unreadable of all is the matter written with a painful effort to be read by everybody. Witness the average Historical Romance of the season! Not long ago the Toastmaster happened to overhear a worthy nursemaid exchanging literary confidences with the cook, apropos of a historical novel which was then the best-selling book of the minute. "Sure it's a fine book," testified Maggie heartily, and then added, as if puzzled by her own ineptitude, "but somehow I ain't very far with it." Exactly. Neither was the Toastmaster very far with it. Between a book written to be sold by the hundred thousand and a book written to be put away in a drawer, like *Pride and Prejudice* and the first draft of *Waverley*, it is tolerably easy to say which is the more likely to prove permanently readable.

A good many readers, and not all of them nursemaids, either, have been complaining that the poetry published in American magazines is unreadable, too. Perhaps they ought to say "verse" instead of "poetry," for it is obvious that most poets nowadays are not working at their trade. Some of them are dead, others have gone into politics or playwriting; but the silence of the majority can be accounted for only on the theory that the poets are out on a sympathetic strike. Who can blame them? Poor pay, long hours, an apathetic public, and thousands of verse-writers ready to take the poets' places at any moment! The worst of it is that these very "scabs" — the word is used in its stern economic significance — are all bent upon producing "readable" verse. They not only continue to rhyme

. youth
. morning
. truth
. warning

as the Autocrat humorously complained in these pages long ago, but they insist upon telling us all about their little emo-

tions, with the tiresome particularity of a dull sportsman who persists in explaining just why he failed to bag that last bird. Their mind to them a kingdom is, and, as somebody has unkindly said of them, the smaller the mind the greater appears the kingdom. No wonder the public has grown callous to all this counting of the pulses and auscultation of the chest. The exploitation of insignificant personalities, bent upon securing publicity, makes verse as unreadable as the "society column" of a Sunday paper. No wonder that so many real poets continue to stay out on strike. But some day there will come along a modern hero in the guise of a strapping strike-breaker of a poet, who would rather work at his job than not, who, forgetting himself, believes that the world is a big world and a brave one, and who sings about it because he must, and not because he wants to make readable "copy." He will get all the patronage away from the clever verse-writers, and then the poets will begin to slink back, one by one, to ask for their old places. In the meantime the *Atlantic* tries to keep a sharp and welcoming eye upon anything that looks like a broad-shouldered strike-breaker sauntering down Park Street. Often it is deceived and finds that the new personage is only one more of those talented verse-writers, but still it keeps on watching.

What is it, after all, that makes a magazine readable? Must we not fall back upon the well-tested phrase, and say that "human interest" is the one essential quality? But the human interest must be real, and not assumed for revenue only. Two of the most uniformly readable newspapers in this country are the *New York Sun* and the *Springfield Republican*. Neither can be read without wrath or given up without a feeling that the world has grown duller. Both are vigorous, alert, and well written. They differ in their attitude toward most public questions; they differ in field, one being "metropolitan" and the other "provincial," — though which is the more truly provincial

who is bold enough to say? — and there is a difference in personal style which may be detected in almost every sentence. Yet both, from the first line to the last, quicken one's curiosity, interest, knowledge, about human life. They manage to convey to the most indifferent reader a vivid sense of what people are thinking about, what they feel and really are.

It is this quality, — is it not? — which, making due allowance for differences in range, perspective, and literary method, should also characterize a monthly magazine. The *Atlantic* has many competitors. The more the better. Each of them fulfills some public service peculiar to itself, — even if it be only to serve as an "awful example." Each of them reaches many persons whom the *Atlantic* cannot reach without changing its character and aim. The colored illustrations of one, the unimpeachable innocuousness of another, the agility of a third in jumping to the majority side of every question, do not arouse the *Atlantic's* envy. It would like, indeed, to give its contributors a still ampler audience, because it believes that all of them have something to say which is worth listening to. But these opinions of its contributors are their own, — as the Toastmaster has pointed out more than once in his annual remarks, — and are not to be identified with whatever personal opinions may be held by the *Atlantic's* editors or publishers. Sydney Smith claimed that there were persons who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator; and some writers for the *Atlantic* have been known to approach with a freedom bordering upon levity such topics as Emerson, the Kindergarten, the New England Hill Town, Sir Walter Scott, the Philippine Commission, Lincoln's Vocabulary, the Tariff, and Mr. Henry James. This list might even be extended. There are, alas, live wires attached to all live subjects, as well as to some subjects that seem tolerably dead. The *Atlantic* has no Index of forbidden themes, and wishes all its writers to say what they think, subject to the general rules of after-dinner

courtesy. But it does smile occasionally over this identification of supposed editorial opinion with the signed opinions of responsible contributors. If an article appears in the *Atlantic*, it is because the contribution seems, in the fallible judgment of the Caterer, worth putting upon the table. If the boarders do not like it, the blame must be placed where it belongs. Probably the fault lies with the Caterer, but it is barely possible that it may lie, at times, with some prenatal or premillennial prejudices of the boarders themselves.

Our “readable proposition,” then, is the discussion from month to month, by many men of many minds, of that American life which intimately affects the destiny of us all. If one wishes to study that life upon its external aspects, the advertising pages of any prosperous magazine give a bewilderingly rich impression of our material progress. There is scarcely a single physical activity or luxury, from drawing one’s cold tub in the morning to setting the burglar alarm at night, which is not pictured and glorified upon these electrotyped pages. But something in us keeps obstinately asking:—

“And afterwards, what else?”

For it makes little difference whether a man speeds in his new automobile over the new macadam to his new country house, — man and machine and road and house exactly like the advertisements! — or climbs wearily up to the hall-bedroom again at the end of a day’s work, to console himself with a pipe and a book. Each man must sit down at last with his old self; with the old hopes, sorrows, dreams; with the old will to “win out” somehow; with that inner world, in short, which Literature interprets, and no hint of which appears in the advertising pages. A true mirror of life is what a literary magazine aspires to be. But it ought to reflect something deeper than the patented, nickel-plated conveniences and triumphs of a material civilization. It should also serve as a mirror for the ardors and loy-

alties, the patriotism and the growing world-consciousness of the American people.

Any writer mistakes our people who does not recognize their fundamental idealism. Some of us inherit it from Puritan ancestors who were such idealists, it was said, that they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to keep from being translated. Others of us have brought hither a no less fine idealism, though it be the product of an alien faith and an alien soil. But it is everywhere in evidence, setting up popular idols and pulling them down, blundering here and righting a blunder there, questioning our present social and economic machinery, emphasizing party lines when they stand for something real, smashing them when trickery grows too apparent, and building everywhere with restless energy a new America out of materials that have never had time to grow old. Inn-keepers abroad and advertising panels at home unite in the declaration that “Americans want the best.” It is a good symptom, and it has a lesson for the magazinist. Those periodicals which are obtaining the widest reading are those which present the most various, hopeful, and full-blooded pictures of the men and the vital forces that are daily creating for us a new world. Never were our life and the life of the globe so interesting. Never has it been harder to choose, from the wealth of possible material, the topics deserving treatment in the *Atlantic* month by month; or to select the writers best able to present, with authority and distinction, the deeper issues of the time. The magazine desires long to remain “a readable proposition.” It surely will, if it continues in its own way to reflect and interpret, as all literature somehow succeeds in reflecting and interpreting, the fascination of life itself.

Here, at any rate, is the “proposition” for 1905. A good deal of honest work is back of it. Some of the pages were written by Henry Thoreau as he sat at evening in the door of his hut looking out upon

Walden Pond. Most of them are written by contemporary scholars, scientists, novelists, poets, men of affairs, and men of letters. But all of them, as the Toastmas-

ter ventures to think, are worth reading. He hopes that they will give pleasure, and that they may be thought no worse for being prefaced by a "Happy New Year."

B. P.

THOREAU AS A DIARIST

BY BRADFORD TORREY

THOREAU was a man of his own kind. Many things may be said of him, favorable and unfavorable, but this must surely be said first, — that, taken for all in all, he was like nobody else. Taken for all in all, be it remarked. Other men have despised common sense; other men have chosen to be poor, and, as between physical comfort and better things, have made light of physical comfort; other men, whether to their credit or discredit, have held and expressed a contemptuous opinion of their neighbors and all their neighbors' doings; others, a smaller number, believing in an absolute goodness and in a wisdom transcending human knowledge, have distrusted the world as evil, accounting its influence degrading, its prudence no better than cowardice, its wisdom a kind of folly, its morality a compromise, its religion a bargain, its possessions a defilement and a hindrance, and so judging of the world, have striven at all cost to live above it and apart. And some, no doubt, have loved Nature as a mistress, fleeing to her from less congenial company, and devoting a lifetime to the observation and enjoyment of her ways. In no one of these particulars was the hermit of Walden without forerunners; but taken for all that he was, poet, idealist, stoic, cynic, naturalist, spiritualist, lover of purity, seeker of perfection, panegyrist of friendship and dweller in a hermitage, freethinker and saint, where shall we look to find his fellow? It seems but the plainest statement of fact to say that, as there was none

before him, so there is scanty prospect of any to come after him.

His profession was literature; as to that there is no sign that he was ever in doubt; and he understood from the first that for a writing man nothing could take the place of practice, partly because that is the one means of acquiring ease of expression, and partly because a man often has no suspicion of his own thoughts until his pen discovers them; and almost from the first — a friend (Emerson as likely as any) having given him the hint — he had come to feel that no practice is better or readier than the keeping of a journal, a daily record of things thought, seen, and felt. Such a record he began soon after leaving college, and (being one of a thousand in this respect as in others) he continued it to the end. By good fortune he left it behind him, and, to complete the good fortune, it is at last to be printed, no longer in selections, but as a whole; and if a man is curious to know what such an original, plain-spoken, perfection-seeking, convention-despising, dogma-disbelieving, wisdom-loving, sham-hating, nature-worshiping, poverty-proud genius was in the habit of confiding to so patient a listener at the close of the day, he has only to read the book.

The man himself is there. Something of him, indeed, is to be discovered, one half imagines, in the outward aspect of the thirty-nine manuscript volumes: ordinary "blank books" of the sort furnished by country shopkeepers fifty or sixty years ago, larger or smaller as might hap-

pen, and of varying shapes (a customer seeking such wares must not be too particular; one remembers Thoreau's complaint that the universal preoccupation with questions of money rendered it difficult for him to find a blank book that was not ruled for dollars and cents), still neatly packed in the strong wooden box which their owner, a workman needing not to be ashamed, made with his own hands on purpose to hold them.

A pretty full result of a short life they seem to be, as one takes up volume after volume (the largest are found to contain about a hundred thousand words) and turns the leaves: the handwriting strong and rapid, leaning well forward in its haste, none too legible, slow reading at the best, with here and there a word that is almost past making out; the orthography that of a naturally good speller setting down his thoughts at full speed and leaving his mistakes behind him; and the punctuation, to call it such, no better than a makeshift, — after the model of Sterne's, if one chooses to say so: a spattering of dashes, and little else.

As for the matter, it is more carefully considered, less strictly improvised, than is customary with diarists. It is evident, in fact, from references here and there, that many of the entries were copied from an earlier penciled draft, made presumably in the field, "with the eye on the object," while the work as a whole has been more or less carefully revised, with erasures, emendations, and suggested alternative readings.

As we have said, if a man wishes to know Thoreau as he was, let him read the book. He will find himself in clean, self-respecting company, with no call to blush, as if he were playing the eaves-dropper. Of confessions, indeed, in the spicy sense of the word, Thoreau had none to make. He was no Montaigne, no Rousseau, no Samuel Pepys. How should he be? He was a Puritan of Massachusetts, though he kept no Sabbath, was seen in no church, — being very different from Mr. Pepys in more ways than

one, — and esteemed the Hebrew scriptures as a good book like any other. Once, indeed, when he was thirty-five years old, he went to a "party." For anything we know, that (with a little sowing of wild oats in the matter of smoking dried lily-stems when a boy) was as near as he ever came to dissipation. And he did not like it. "It is a bad place to go to," he says, — "thirty or forty persons, mostly young women, in a small room, warm and noisy." One of the young women was reputed to be "pretty-looking;" but he scarcely looked at her, though he was "introduced," and he could not hear what she said, because there was "such a clacking." "I could imagine better places for conversation," he goes on, "where there should be a certain degree of silence surrounding you, and less than forty talking at once. Why, this afternoon, even, I did better. There was old Mr. Joseph Hosmer and I ate our luncheon of cracker and cheese together in the woods. I heard all he said, though it was not much, to be sure, and he could hear me. And then he talked out of such a glorious repose, taking a leisurely bite at the cracker and cheese between his words; and so some of him was communicated to me, and some of me to him, I trust."

He entertains a shrewd suspicion that assemblies of this kind are got up with a view to matrimonial alliances among the young people! For his part, at all events, he does not understand "the use of going to see people whom yet you never see, and who never see you." Some of his friends make a singular blunder. They go out of their way to talk to pretty young women *as such*. Their prettiness may be a reason for looking at them, so much he will concede, — for the sake of the antithesis, if for nothing else, — but why is it any reason for talking to them? For himself, though he may be "lacking a sense in this respect," he derives "no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour simply because she has regular features."

How crabbed is divine philosophy!

After this we are not surprised when he concludes by saying: "The society of young women is the most unprofitable I have ever tried." No, no; he was nothing like Mr. Samuel Pepys.

The sect of young women, may we add, need not feel deeply affronted by this ungallant mention. It is perhaps the only one in the journal (by its nature restricted to matters interesting to the author), while there are multitudes of passages to prove that Thoreau's aversion to the society of older people taken as they run, men and women alike, was hardly less pronounced. In truth (and it is nothing of necessity against him), he was not made for "parties," nor for clubs, nor even for general companionship. "I am all without and in sight," said Montaigne, "born for society and friendship." So was not Thoreau. He was all within, born for contemplation and solitude. And what we are born for, that let us be, — and so the will of God be done. Such, for good or ill, was Thoreau's philosophy. "We are constantly invited to be what we are," he said. It is one of his memorable sentences; an admirable summary of Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance.

His fellow mortals, as a rule, did not recommend themselves to him. His thoughts were none the better for their company, as they almost always were for the company of the pine tree and the meadow. Inspiration, a refreshing of the spiritual faculties, as indispensable to him as daily bread, his fellow mortals did not furnish. For this state of things he sometimes (once or twice at least) mildly reproaches himself. It may be that he is to blame for so commonly skipping humanity and its affairs; he will seek to amend the fault, he promises. But even at such a moment of exceptional humility his pen, reversing Balaam's rôle, runs into left-handed compliments that are worse, if anything, than the original offense. Hear him: "I will not avoid to go by where those men are repairing the stone bridge. I will see if I cannot see poetry in that, if that will not yield me a

reflection. It is narrow to be confined to woods and fields and grand aspects of nature only. . . . Why not see men standing in the sun and casting a shadow, even as trees? . . . I will try to enjoy them as animals, at least."

This is in 1851. A year afterward we find him concerned with the same theme, but in a less hesitating mood. Now he is on his high horse, with apologies to nobody. "It appears to me," he begins, "that to one standing on the heights of philosophy mankind and the works of man will have sunk out of sight altogether." Man, in his opinion, is "too much insisted upon." "The poet says, 'The proper study of mankind is man.' I say, Study to forget all that. Take wider views of the universe. . . . What is the village, city, state, nation, aye, the civilized world, that it should concern a man so much? The thought of them affects me, in my wisest hours, as when I pass a woodchuck's hole."

A high horse, indeed! But his comparison is really by no means so disparaging as it sounds; for Thoreau took a deep and lasting interest in woodchucks. At one time and another he wrote many good pages about them; for their reappearance in the spring he watched as for the return of a friend, and once, at least, he devoted an hour to digging out a burrow and recording with painstaking minuteness the course and length of its ramifications. A novelist, describing his heroine's boudoir, could hardly have been more strict with himself. In fact, to have said that one of Thoreau's human neighbors was as interesting to him as a woodchuck would have been to pay that neighbor a rather handsome compliment. None of the brute animals, so called, — we have it on his own authority, — ever vexed his ears with pomposity or nonsense.

But we have interrupted his discourse midway. "I do not value any view of the universe into which man and the institutions of man enter very largely," he continues. . . . "Man is a past phenomenon to philosophy." Then he descends a little

to particulars. "Some rarely go outdoors, most are always at home at night," — Concord people being uncommonly well brought up, it would seem, — "very few indeed have stayed out all night once in their lives; fewer still have gone behind the world of humanity and seen its institutions like toadstools by the wayside."

And then, having, with this good bit of philosophical "tall talk," brushed aside humanity as a very little thing, he proceeds to chronicle the really essential facts of the day: that he landed that afternoon on Tall's Island, and to his disappointment found the weather not cold or windy enough for the meadow to make "its most serious impression;" also, that the saddles from which the hay had been removed were found to stand a foot or two above the water; besides which, he saw cranberries on the bottom (although he forgot to mention them in their proper place), and noticed that the steam of the engine looked very white that morning against the hillside.

All which setting of ordinary valuations topsy-turvy, the lords of creation below the beasts that perish, may lead an innocent reader to exclaim with one of old, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Nevertheless, we must not treat the matter too lightly, easily as it lends itself to persiflage. Even in this extreme instance it is not to be assumed that Thoreau was talking for the sake of talking, or merely keeping his hand in with his favorite rhetorical weapon, a paradox. That desiderated "serious impression," at all events, was no laughing matter; rather it was to have been the chief event of the day; of more account to Thoreau than dinner and supper both were likely to be to his farmer neighbor. As for the woodchuck, its comparative rank in the scale of animal existence, be it higher or lower, is nothing to the purpose. For Thoreau it was simple truth that, on some days, and in some states of mind, he found the society of such a cave-dweller

more acceptable, or less unacceptable, than that of any number of his highly civilized townsmen. Nor is the statement one to be nervously concerned about. Any inveterate stroller, the most matter-of-fact man alive (though matter-of-fact men are not apt to be strollers), might say the same, in all soberness, with no thought of writing himself down a misanthrope, or of setting himself up as a philosopher.

For one thing, the woodchuck is sure to be less intrusive, less distracting, than the ordinary human specimen; he fits in better with solitude and the solitary feeling. He is never in the way.¹ Moreover, you can say to a woodchuck anything that comes into your head, without fear of giving offense; a less important consideration than the other, no doubt, woodchucks as a class not being remarkably conversable, but still worthy of mention. For, naturally enough, an outspoken free-thinker like Thoreau found the greater number of men not so very different from "ministers," of whom he said, in a tone of innocent surprise, that they "could not bear all kinds of opinions," — "as if any

¹ As bearing upon this point of non-intrusiveness, and also by way of doing justice to Thoreau's real feeling toward some, at least, of his townsmen, we must quote a paragraph entered in his journal, under date of December 3, 1856: "How I love the simple, reserved countrymen, my neighbors, who mind their own business and let me alone; who never waylaid nor shot at me, to my knowledge, when I crossed their fields, though each one has a gun in his house. For nearly twoscore years I have known at a distance these long-suffering men, whom I never spoke to, who never spoke to me, and now I feel a certain tenderness for them, as if this long probation were but the prelude to an eternal friendship. What a long trial we have withstood, and how much more admirable we are to each other, perchance, than if we had been bedfellows. I am not only grateful because Homer, and Christ, and Shakespeare have lived, but I am grateful for Minott, and Rice, and Melvin, and Goodwin, and Puffer even. I see Melvin all alone filling his sphere in russet suit, which no other would fill or suggest. He takes up as much room in nature as the most famous."

sincere thought were not the best sort of truth!"

He walked one afternoon with Alcott, and spent an agreeable hour, though for the most part he preferred having the woods and fields to himself. Alcott was an ineffectual genius, he remarks, "forever feeling about vainly in his speech, and touching nothing" (one thinks of Arnold's characterization of Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," which, in its turn, may call to mind Lowell's comparison of Shelley's genius to a St. Elmo's fire, "playing in ineffectual flame about the points of his thought"), but after all, he was good company; not quite so good as none, of course, but on the whole, as men go, rather better than most. At least, he would listen to what you had to offer. He was open-minded; he was n't shut up in a creed; an honest man's thought would not shock him. You could talk to him without running up against "some institution." In a word, — though Thoreau does n't say it, — he was something like a woodchuck.

With all his passion for "that glorious society called solitude," and with all his feeling that mankind, as a "past phenomenon," thought far too highly of itself, it is abundantly in evidence that Thoreau, in his own time and on his own terms, was capable of a really human delight in familiar intercourse with his fellows. Channing, who should have known, speaks a little vaguely, to be sure, of his "fine social qualities." "Always a genial and hospitable entertainer," he calls him. And Mr. Ricketson, who also should have known, assures us that "no man could hold a finer relationship with his family than he." But of this aspect of his character, it must be acknowledged, there is comparatively little in the journal. What is very constant and emphatic there — emphatic sometimes to the point of painfulness — is the hermit's hunger and thirst after friendship; a friendship the sweets of which, so far as appears, he was very sparingly to enjoy. For if he

was at home in the family group and in huckleberry excursions with children, if he relished to the full a talk with a stray fisherman, a racy-tongued wood-chopper, or a good Indian, something very different seems to have been habitual with him when it came to intercourse with equals and friends.

Here, even more than elsewhere, he was an uncompromising idealist. His craving was for a friendship more than human, friendship such as it was beyond any one about him to furnish, if it was not, as may fairly be suspected, beyond his own capacity to receive. In respect to outward things, his wealth, he truly said, was to want little. In respect to friendship, his poverty was to want the unattainable. It might have been retorted upon him in his own words, that he was like a man who should complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy himself a crown. But the retort would perhaps have been rather smart than fair. He, at least, would never have acquiesced in it. He confided to his journal again and again that he asked nothing of his friends but honesty, sincerity, a grain of real appreciation, "an opportunity once in a year to speak the truth;" but in the end it came always to this, that he insisted upon perfection, and, not finding it, went on his way hungry. Probably it is true — one seems to divine a reason for it — that idealists, claimers of the absolute, have commonly found their fellow men a disappointment.

In Thoreau's case it was his best friends who most severely tried his patience. They invite him to see them, he complains, and then "do not show themselves." He "pines and starves near them." All is useless. They treat him so that he "feels a thousand miles off." "I leave my friends early. I go away to cherish my idea of friendship." Surely there is no sentence in all Thoreau's books that is more thoroughly characteristic than that. And how neatly it is turned! Listen also to this, which is equally bitter, and almost equally perfect in

the phrasing: "No fields are so barren to me as the men of whom I expect everything, but get nothing. In their neighborhood I experience a painful yearning for society."

It is all a mystery to him. "How happens it," he exclaims, "that I find myself making such an enormous demand on men, and so constantly disappointed? Are my friends aware how disappointed I am? Is it all my fault? Am I incapable of expansion and generosity? I shall accuse myself of anything else sooner." And again he goes away sorrowful, consoling himself, as best he can, with his own paradox, —

"I might have loved him, had I loved him less."

Strange that he should have suffered in this way, many will think, with Emerson himself for a friend and neighbor! Well, the two men were friends, but neither was in this relation quite impeccable (which is as much as to say that both were human), and to judge by such hints as are gatherable on either side, their case was not entirely unlike that of Bridget Elia and her cousin, — "generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations;" though "bickerings" is no doubt an undignified term for use in this connection. It is interesting, some may deem it amusing, to put side by side the statements of the two men upon this very point; Emerson's communicated to the public shortly after his friend's death, Thoreau's entrusted nine years before to the privacy of his journal.

Emerson's speech is the more guarded, as, for more reasons than one, it might have been expected to be. His friend, he confesses, "was somewhat military in his nature . . . always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. . . . It seemed as if his first instinct on hearing a proposition was to

controvert it, so impatient was he of the limitations of our daily thought. This habit, of course, is a little chilling to the social affections; and though the companion would in the end acquit him of any malice or untruth, yet it mars conversation. Hence no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless."

Thoreau's entry is dated May 24, 1853. "Talked, or tried to talk, with R. W. E. Lost my time, nay, almost my identity. He, assuming a false opposition where there was no difference of opinion, talked to the wind, told me what I knew, and I lost my time trying to imagine myself somebody else to oppose him."

It is the very same picture, drawn by another pencil, with a different placing of the shadows; and since the two sketches were made so many years apart and yet seem to be descriptive of the same thing, it is perhaps fair to conclude that this particular interview, which appears to have degenerated into something like a dispute about nothing (a very frequent subject of disputes, by the way), was not exceptional, but rather typical. Without doubt this was one of the occasions when Thoreau felt himself treated as if he were "a thousand miles off," and went home early to "cherish his idea of friendship." Let us hope that he lost nothing else along with his time and identity.

But here, again, we are in danger of an unseasonable lightness. Friendship, according to Thoreau's apprehension of it, was a thing infinitely sacred. A *friend* might move him to petulance, as the best of friends sometimes will; but *friendship*, the ideal state shown to him in dreams, for speech concerning that there was nowhere in English, nor anywhere else, a word sufficiently noble and unsoiled. And even his friends he loved, although, tongue-tied New Englander that he was, he could never tell them so. He loved them best (and this, likewise, was no singularity) when they were farthest away. In company, even in their company, he could never utter his truest thought.

So it is with us all. It was a greater than Thoreau who said, "We descend to meet;" and a greater still, perhaps (and he also a Concord man), who confessed at fifty odd: "I doubt whether I have ever really talked with half a dozen persons in my life."

As for Thoreau, he knew at times, and owned as much to himself, that his absorption in nature tended to unfit him for human society. But so it was; he loved to be alone. And in this respect he had no thought of change, — no thought nor wish. Whatever happened, he would still belong to no club but the true "country club," which dined "at the sign of the Shrub Oak." The fields and the woods, the old road, the river, and the pond, these were his real neighbors. Year in and year out, how near they were to him! — a nearness unspeakable; till sometimes it seemed as if their being and his were not two, but one and the same. With them was no frivolity, no vulgarity, no changeableness, no prejudice. With them he had no misunderstandings, no meaningless disputes, no disappointments. They knew him, and were known of him. In their society he felt himself renewed. There he lived, and loved his life. There, if anywhere, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. Hear him, on a cool morning in August, with the wind in the branches and the crickets in the grass, and think of him, if you can, as a being too cold for friendship!

"My heart leaps out of my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was but yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing. . . . Ah! if I could so live that there should be no desultory moments . . . I would walk, I would sit and sleep, with natural piety. What if I could pray aloud, or to myself, as I went along by the brookside, a cheerful prayer, like the birds! For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it. And then, to think of those I love among men, who will know that I love them, though I tell them not.

. . . I thank you, God. I do not deserve anything; I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. . . . O keep my senses pure!"

Highly characteristic is that concluding ejaculation. For Thoreau the five senses were not organs or means of sensuous gratification, but the five gateways of the soul. He would have them open and undefiled. Upon that point no man was ever more insistent. Above all, no sense must be pampered; else it would lose its native freshness and delicacy, and so its diviner use. That way lay perdition. When a woman came to Concord to lecture, and Thoreau carried her manuscript to the hall for her, wrapped in its owner's handkerchief, he complained twenty-four hours afterward that his pocket "still exhaled cologne." Faint, elusive outdoor odors were not only a continual delight to him, but a positive means of grace.

So, too, he would rather not see any of the scenic wonders of the world. Only let his sense of beauty remain uncorrupted, and he could trust his Musketaquid meadows, and the low hills round about, to feed and satisfy him forever.

Because of his jealousy in this regard, partly, — and partly from ignorance, it may be, just as some of his respectable village acquaintances would have found the *Iliad*, of which he talked so much, duller than death in comparison with the works of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, — he often spoke in slighting terms of operas and all the more elaborate forms of music. The ear, he thought, if it were kept innocent, would find satisfaction in the very simplest of musical sounds. For himself, there was no language extravagant enough to express his rapturous delight in them. Now "all the romance of his youthfullest moment" came flooding back upon him, and anon he was carried away till he "looked under the lids of Time," — all by the humming of telegraph wires or, at night especially, by the distant baying of a hound.

To the modern "musical person" certain of his confessions under this head are of a character to excite mirth. He is "much indebted," for instance, to a neighbor "who will now and then, in the intervals of his work, draw forth a few strains from his accordion." The neighbor is only a learner, but, says Thoreau, "I find when his strains cease that I have been elevated." His daily philosophy is all of a piece, one perceives: plain fare, plain clothes, plain company, a hut in the woods, an old book, — and for inspiration the notes of a neighbor's accordion.

More than once, too, he acknowledges his obligation to that famous rural entertainer and civilizer, the hand-organ. "All Vienna" could not do more for him, he ventures to think. "It is perhaps the best instrumental music that we have," he observes; which can hardly have been true, even in Concord, one prefers to believe, while admitting the possibility. If it is heard far enough away, he goes on, so that the creaking of the machinery is lost, "it serves the grandest use for me, — it deepens my existence."

We smile, of course, as in duty bound, at so artless an avowal; but, having smiled, we are bound also to render our opinion that the most *blasé* concert-goer, if he be a man of native sensibility, will readily enough discern what Thoreau has in mind, and with equal readiness will concede to it a measure of reasonableness; for he will have the witness in himself that the effect of music upon the soul depends as much upon the temper of the soul as upon the perfection of the instrument. One day a simple air, simply sung or played, will land him in heaven; and another day the best efforts of the full symphony orchestra will leave him in the mire. And after all, it is possibly better, albeit in "poorer taste," to be transported by the wheezing of an accordion than to be bored by finer music. As for Thoreau, he studied to be a master of the art of living; and in the practice of that art, as of any other, it is the glory of the artist to achieve extraordinary results by ordinary

means. To have one's existence deepened — there cannot be many things more desirable than that; and as between our unsophisticated recluse and the average "musical person" aforesaid, the case is perhaps not so one-sided as at first sight it looks; or, if it be, the odds are possibly not always on the side of what seems the greater opportunity.

His life, the quality of his life, that for Thoreau was the paramount concern. To the furthering of that end all things must be held subservient. Nature, man, books, music, all for him had the same use. This one thing he did, — he cultivated himself. If any, because of his so doing, accused him of selfishness, preaching to him of philanthropy, alms-giving, and what not, his answer was not to wait for. Mankind, he was prepared to maintain, was very well off without such helps, which oftener than not did as much harm as good (though the concrete case at his elbow — half-clad Johnny Riordan, a fugitive slave, an Irishman who wished to bring his family over — appealed to him as quickly as to most, one is glad to notice); and, however that might be, the world needed a thousand times more than any so-called charity the sight of a man here and there living for higher ends than the world itself knows of. His own course, at any rate, was clear before him: "What I am, I am, and say not. Being is the great explainer."

His life, his *own* life, that he must live; and he must be in earnest about it. He was no indifferent, no little-carer, no skeptic, as if truth and a lie were but varying shades of the same color, and virtue, according to the old phrase, "a mean between vices." You would never catch him sighing, "Oh, well!" or "Who knows?" Qualifications, reconciliations, *rapprochements*, the two sides of the shield, and all that, — these were considerations not in his line. Before everything else he was a believer, — an idealist, that is, — the last person in the world to put up with half-truths or halfway measures. If "existing things" were thus and so, that

was no reason why, with the sect of the Sadducees, he should make the best of them. What if there *were* no best of them? What if they were all bad? And anyhow, why not begin new? It was conceivable, was it not, that a man should set his own example, and follow his own copy. General opinion, — what was that? Was a thing better established because ten thousand fools believed it? Did folly become wisdom by being raised to a higher power? And antiquity, tradition, — what were they? Could a blind man of fifteen centuries ago see farther than a blind man of the present time? And if the blind led the blind, then or now, would not both fall into the ditch?

Yes, he was undoubtedly peculiar. As to that there could never be anything but agreement among practical people. In a world where shiftiness and hesitation are the rule, nothing looks so eccentric as a straight course. It must be acknowledged, too, that a man whose goodness has a strong infusion of the bitter, and whose opinions turn out of the way for nobody, is not apt to be the most comfortable kind of neighbor. We were not greatly surprised, lately, to hear an excellent lady remark of Thoreau that, from all she had read about him, she thought he must have been "a very disagreeable gentleman." It could hardly be said of him, as Mr. Birrell says of Matthew Arnold, who was himself a pretty serious person, and, after a way of his own, a preacher of righteousness, that he "conspired and contrived to make things pleasant."

Being a consistent idealist, he was of course an extremist, falling in that respect little behind the man out of Nazareth, whose hard sayings, by all accounts, were sometimes less acceptable than they might have been, and of whom Thoreau asserted, in his emphatic way, that if his words were really read from any pulpit in the land, "there would not be left one stone of that meeting-house upon another." Thoreau worshiped purity, and the every-day ethical standards of the street were to him an abomination.

"There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things," he declares, "as when we say 'he is doing a good business,' more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them." That innocent-sounding phrase about "a good business" — as if a business might be taken for granted as good because it brought in money — was as abhorrent to him as the outrageous worldly philosophy of an old castaway like Major Pendennis is to the ordinarily sensitive reader.

He was constitutionally earnest. There are pages of the journal, indeed, which make one feel that perhaps he was in danger of being too much so for his own profit. Possibly it is not quite wholesome, possibly, if one dares to say it, it begets a something like priggishness, for the soul to be keyed up continually to so strenuous a pitch. In Thoreau's case, at all events, one is glad for every sign of a slackening of the tension. "Set the red hen to - day;" "Got green grapes to stew;" trivialities like these, too far apart (one is tempted to colloquialize, and call them "precious few," finding them so infrequent and so welcome), strike the reader with a sudden sensation of relief, as if he had been wading to the chin, and all at once his feet had touched a shallow.

So, too, one is thankful to come upon a really amusing dissertation about the tying of shoestrings, or rather about their too easy untying; a matter with which, it appears, Thoreau had for years experienced "a great deal of trouble." His walking companion (Channing, presumably) and himself had often compared notes about it, concluding after experiments that the duration of a shoetie might be made to serve as a reasonably accurate unit of measure, as accurate, say, as a stadium or a league. Channing, indeed, would sometimes go without shoestrings, rather than be plagued so incessantly by their dissolute behavior. Finally Thoreau, being then thirty-six years old, and always exceptionally clever with his

hands, set his wits seriously at work upon knots, and by a stroke of good fortune (or a stroke of genius) hit upon one which answered his end; only to be told, on communicating the discovery to a third party, that he had all his life been tying "granny knots," never having learned, at school or elsewhere, the secret of a square one! It might be well, he concludes, if all children were "taught the accomplishment." Verily, as Hosea Biglow did not say, they did n't know everything down in Concord.

More refreshing still are entries describing hours of serene communion with nature, hours in which, as in an instance already cited, the Spirit of the Lord blessed him, and he forgot even to be good. These entries, likewise, are less numerous than could be wished, though perhaps as frequent as could fairly be expected; since ecstasies, like feasts, must in the nature of things be somewhat broadly spaced; and it is interesting, not to say surprising, to see how frankly he looks upon them afterward as subjects on which to try his pen. In these "seasons when our genius reigns we may be powerless for expression," he remarks; but in calmer hours, when talent is again active, "the memory of those rarer moods comes to color our picture, and is the permanent paint-pot, as it were, into which we dip our brush." But, in truth, the whole journal, some volumes of which are carefully indexed in his own hand, is quite undisguisedly a collection of thoughts, feelings, and observations, out of which copy is to be extracted. In it, he says, "I wish to set down such choice experiences that my own writings may inspire me, and at last I may make wholes of parts. . . . Each thought that is welcomed and recorded is a nest-egg by the side of which more will be laid."

A born writer, he is "greedy of occasions to express" himself. He counts it "wise to write on many subjects, that so he may find the right and inspiring one." "There are innumerable avenues to a perception of the truth," he tells himself.

"Improve the suggestion of each object, however humble, however slight and transient the provocation. What else is there to be improved?"

The literary diarist, like the husbandman, knows not which shall prosper. Morning and evening, he can only sow the seed. So it was with Thoreau. "A strange and unaccountable thing," he pronounces his journal. "It will allow nothing to be predicated of it; its good is not good, nor its bad bad. If I make a huge effort to expose my innermost and richest wares to light, my counter seems cluttered with the meanest homemade stuffs; but after months or years I may discover the wealth of India, and whatever rarity is brought overland from Cathay, in that confused heap, and what seemed a festoon of dried apple or pumpkin will prove a string of Brazilian diamonds, or pearls from Coromandel."

Well, we make sure that whoever tumbles the heap over now, more than forty years after the last object was laid upon it, will be rewarded with many and many a jewel. Here, for his encouragement, are half a dozen out of the goodly number that one customer has lately turned up, in a hasty rummaging of the counter:—

"When a dog runs at you, whistle for him."

"We must be at the helm at least once a day; we must feel the tiller rope in our hands, and know that if we sail, we steer."

"In composition I miss the hue of the mind."

"After the era of youth is past, the knowledge of ourselves is an alloy that spoils our satisfactions."

"How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live."

"Silence is of various depths and fertility, like soil."

"Praise should be spoken as simply and naturally as a flower emits its fragrance."

Here, again, is a mere nothing, a momentary impression caught, in ball-players' language, on the fly; nothing like a pearl from Coromandel, if you will, but

at the worst a toothsome bite out of a wild New England apple. It is winter. "I saw a team come out of a path in the woods," says Thoreau, "as though it had never gone in, but belonged there, and only came out like Elisha's bears." There will be few country-bred Yankee boys, we imagine, who will not remember to have experienced something precisely like that, under precisely the same circumstances, though it never occurred to them to put the feeling into words, much less to preserve it in a drop of ink. That is one of the good things that a writer does for us. And our country-bred boy, if we mistake not, is likely to consider this one careless sentence of Thoreau, which adds not a cent's worth to the sum of what is called human knowledge, as of more value than any dozen pages of his painstaking botanical records.

Thoreau the naturalist appears in the journal, not as a master, but as a learner. It could hardly be otherwise, of course, a journal being what it is. There we see him conning by himself his daily lesson, correcting yesterday by to-day, and to-day by to-morrow, progressing, like every scholar, over the stepping-stones of his own mistakes. Of the branches he pursued, as far as the present writer can presume to judge, he was strongest in botany; certainly it was to plants that he most persistently devoted himself; but even there he had as many uncertainties as discoveries to set down; and he set them down with unflagging zeal and unrestrained particularity. The daily account is running over with question-marks. His patience was admirable; the more so as he worked entirely by himself, with few of the helps that in this better-furnished time almost belie the old proverb, and make even the beginner's path a kind of royal road to learning. The day of "How-to-Know" handbooks had not yet dawned.

Of his bird-studies it would be interesting, if there were room, to speak at greater length. Here, even more than in botany, if that were possible, he suffered for lack

of assistance, and even in his later entries leaves the present-day reader wondering how so eager a scholar could have spent so many years in learning so comparatively little. The mystery is partly cleared, however, when it is found that until 1854 — say for more than a dozen years — he studied without a glass. He does not buy things, he explains, with characteristic self-satisfaction, till long after he begins to want them, so that when he does get them he is "prepared to make a perfect use of them." It was wasteful economy. He might as well have botanized without a pocket-lens.

But glass or no glass, how could an ornithological observer, whose power — so Emerson said — "seemed to indicate additional senses," be in the field daily for ten or fifteen years before setting eyes upon his first rose-breasted grosbeak? — which memorable event happened to Thoreau on the 13th of June, 1853! How could a man who had made it his business for at least a dozen years to "name all the birds without a gun," stand for a long time within a few feet of a large bird, so busy that it could not be scared far away, and then go home uncertain whether he had been looking at a woodcock or a snipe? How could he, when thirty-five years old, see a flock of sparrows, and hear them sing, and not be sure whether or not they were chipping sparrows? And how could a man so strong in times and seasons, always marking dates with an almanac's exactness, how could he, so late as '52, inquire concerning the downy woodpecker, one of the more familiar and constant of year-round birds, "Do we see him in the winter?" and again, a year later, be found asking whether he, the same downy woodpecker, is not the first of our woodland birds to arrive in the spring? At thirty-six he is amazed to the extent of double exclamation points by the sight of a flicker so early as March 29.

It fills one with astonishment to hear him (May 4, 1853) describing what he takes to be an indigo-bird after this fashion: "Dark throat and light beneath,



and white spot on wings," with hoarse, rapid notes, a kind of *twee, twee, twee*, not musical. The stranger may have been — most likely it was — a black-throated blue warbler; which is as much like an indigo-bird as a bluebird is like a blue jay, — or a yellow apple like an orange. And the indigo-bird, it should be said, is a common New Englander, such as one of our modern schoolboy bird-gazers would have no difficulty in getting into his "list" any summer day in Concord; while the warbler in question, though nothing but a migrant, and somewhat seclusive in its habits, is so regular in its passage and so unmistakably marked (no bird more so), that it seems marvelous how Thoreau, prowling about everywhere with his eyes open, should year after year have missed it.

The truth appears to be that even of the commoner sorts of birds that breed in eastern Massachusetts or migrate through it, Thoreau knew by sight and name only a small proportion, wonderful as his knowledge seemed to those who, like Emerson, knew practically nothing.

Not that the journal is likely to prove less interesting to bird-loving readers on this account. On the contrary, it may rather be more so, as showing them the means and methods of an ornithological amateur fifty years ago, and, especially, as providing for them a desirable store of ornithological nuts to crack on winter evenings. Some such reader, by a careful collation of the data which the publication of the journal as a whole puts at his disposal, will perhaps succeed in settling the identity of the famous "night warbler;" a bird which some, we believe, have suspected to be nothing rarer than the almost superabundant oven-bird, but which, so far as we ourselves know, may have been almost any one (or any two or three) of our smaller common birds that are given to occasional ecstatic song-flights. Whatever it was, it was of use to Thoreau for the quickening of his imagination, and for literary purposes; and Emerson was well advised in warning

him to beware of booking it, lest life henceforth should have so much the less to show him.

It must be said, however, that Thoreau stood in slight need of such a caution. He cherished for himself a pretty favorable opinion of a certain kind and measure of ignorance. With regard to some of his ornithological mysteries, for example, — the night warbler, the seringo bird (which with something like certainty we may conjecture to have been the savanna sparrow), and others, — he flatters himself that his good genius had withheld their names from him that he might the better learn their character, — whatever such an expression may be supposed to mean.

He maintained stoutly, from beginning to end, that he was not of the ordinary school of naturalists, but "a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher in one;" though he believed himself, in his own words, "by constitution as good an observer as most." He will not be one of those who seek facts as facts, studying nature as a dead language. He studies her for purposes of his own, in search of the "raw material of tropes and figures." "I pray for such experience as will make nature significant," he declares; and then, with the same penful of ink, he asks: "Is that the swamp gooseberry of Gray now just beginning to blossom at Saw-Mill Brook? It has a divided style and stamens, etc., as yet not longer than the calyx, though my slip has no thorns nor prickles," and so on, and so on. Pages on pages of the journal are choke-full, literally, of this kind of botanical interrogation, till the unsympathetic reader will be in danger of surmising that the mystical searcher after tropes and symbols is sometimes not so utterly unlike the student of the dead language of fact. But then, it is one of the virtues of a journal that it is not a work of art, that it has no form, no fashion (and so does not go out of fashion), and is always at liberty to contradict itself. As Thoreau said, he tumbled his goods upon the counter; no single customer is bound to be pleased

with them all; different men, different tastes; let each select from the pile the things that suit his fancy.

For our own part, we acknowledge, — and the shrewd reader may already have remarked the fact, — we have not been disinclined to choose here and there a bit of some less rare and costly stuff. The man is so sternly virtuous, so inexorably in earnest, so heart-set upon perfection, that we almost like him best when for a moment he betrays something that suggests a touch of human frailty. We prick up our ears when he speaks of a woman he once in a while goes to see, who tells him to his face that she thinks him self-conceited. Now, then, we whisper to ourselves, how will this man who despises flattery, and, boasting himself a “commoner,” professes that for him “there is something devilish in manners,” — how will this candor-loving, truth-speaking, truth-appreciating man enjoy the rebuke of so unmannered a mentor? And we smile and say Aha! when he adds that the lady wonders why he does not visit her oftener.

We smile, too, when he brags, in early February, that he has not yet put on his winter clothing, amusing himself the while over the muffs and furs of his less hardy neighbors, his own “simple diet” making him so tough in the fibre that he “flourishes like a tree;” and then, a week later, writes with unbroken equanimity that he is down with bronchitis, contenting himself to spend his days cuddled in a warm corner by the stove.

Trifles of this kind encourage a pleasant feeling of brotherly relationship. He is one of us, after all, with like passions. But of course we really like him best when he is *at* his best, — as in some outpouring of his love for things natural and wild. Let us have one more such quotation: “Now I yearn for one of those old, meandering, dry, uninhabited roads, which lead away from towns, which lead us away from temptation, which conduct us to the outside of earth, over its uppermost crust; where you may forget in what coun-

try you are travelling; where your head is more in heaven than your feet are on earth; where you can pace when your breast is full, and cherish your moodiness. . . . There I can walk and recover the lost child that I am without any ringing of a bell.”

For real warmth, when once the fire burns, who can exceed our stoic?

We like, also, his bits of prettiness, things in which he is second to nobody, though prettiness, again, is not supposed to be the stoic’s “note;” and they are all the prettier, as well as ten times more welcome, because he has the grace — and the sound literary sense — to drop them here and there, as it were casually, upon a ground of simple, unaffected prose. Here, now, is a sentence that by itself is worth a deal of ornithology: “The song sparrow is heard in fields and pastures, setting the midsummer day to music, — as if it were the music of a mossy rail or fence-post.” Of dragon-flies he says: “How lavishly they are painted! How cheap was the paint! How free was the fancy of their Creator!” In early June, when woods are putting forth leaves, “the summer is pitching its tent.” He finds the dainty fringed polygala (whose ordinary color is a lovely rose-purple) sporting white blossoms, and remarks: “Thus many flowers have their nun sisters, dressed in white.” Soaring hawks are “kites without strings;” and when he and his companion are traveling across country, keeping out of the sight of houses, yet compelled to traverse here and there a farmer’s field, they “shut every window with an apple-tree.”

Gems like these one need not be a connoisseur to appreciate, and they are common upon his counter. It was a good name that Channing gave him: “The Poet-Naturalist.”

But there are better things than flowers and jewels to be found in Thoreau’s stock. There are cordials and tonics there, to brace a man when he is weary; eye-washes, to cleanse his vision till he sees the heights above him and repents the lowness of his aims and the vulgarity

of his satisfactions; blisters and irritant plasters in large variety and of warranted strength; but little or nothing, so far as the present customer has noticed, in the line of anodynes and sleeping-powders. There we may buy moral wisdom, which is not only the "foundation and source of good writing," as one of the ancients said, but of the arts in general, especially the art of life. If the world is too much with us, if wealth attracts and the "rust of copper" has begun to eat into the soul, if we are in danger of selling our years for things that perish with the using, here we may find correctives, and go away thankful, rejoicing henceforth to be rich in a better coinage than any that bears the world's stamp. The very exaggerations of the master — if we call them such — may do us good like a medicine; for there are diseased conditions which yield to nothing so quickly as to a shock.

As for Thoreau himself, life might have been smoother for him had he been less exacting in his idealism, more tolerant of imperfection in others and in himself; had he taken his studies, and even his spiritual aspirations, a grain or two less seriously. A bit of boyish play now and then, the bow quite unbent, or a dose of

novel-reading of the love-making, humanizing (Trollopean) sort, could one imagine it, with a more temperate cherishing of his moodiness, might have done him no harm. It would have been for his comfort, so much may confidently be said, whether for his happiness is another question, had he been one of those gentler humorists who can sometimes see themselves, as all humorists have the gift of seeing other people, funny side out. But then, had these things been so, had his natural scope been wider, his genius, so to say, more tropical, richer, freer, more expansive, more various and flexible, more like the spreading banyan and less like the soaring, sky-pointing spruce, — why, then he would no longer have been Thoreau; for better or worse, his speech would have lost its distinctive tang; and in the long run the world, which likes a touch of bitter and a touch of sour, would almost certainly have found the man himself less interesting, and his books less rememberable. And made as he was, "born to his own affairs," what else could he do but stick to himself? "We are constantly invited to be what we are," he said. The words might fittingly have been cut upon his gravestone.

THOREAU'S JOURNAL I

[The extracts which have been chosen for the first installment of the Journal are taken from the earliest manuscript volumes, which have already been largely drawn upon by Thoreau himself in the *Week* and *Walden*, as well as by H. G. Blake in his four volumes of selected passages. The hitherto unprinted paragraphs which are here given are therefore much briefer and more unconnected than the extracts from the later volumes, which will appear in subsequent installments. — THE EDITORS.]

October 22, 1837.

"WHAT are you doing now?" he asked; "Do you keep a journal?" So I make my first entry to-day.

Solitude.

To be alone I find it necessary to escape the present, — I avoid myself. How could I be alone in the Roman emperor's chamber of mirrors? I seek a garret. The spiders must not be disturbed, nor the floor swept, nor the lumber arranged.

November 5, 1837.

Truth.

Truth strikes us from behind, and in the dark, as well as from before and in broad daylight.

February 9, 1838.

Fear.

All fear of the world or consequences is swallowed up in a manly anxiety to do Truth justice.

March 5, 1838.

Such is man, — toiling, heaving, struggling ant-like to shoulder some stray unappropriated crumb and deposit it in his granary; then runs out, complacent, gazes heavenward, earthward (for even pismires can look down), heaven and earth meanwhile looking downward, upward; there seen of men, world-seen, deed-delivered, vanishes into all-grasping night. And is he doomed ever to run the same course? Can he not, wriggling, screwing, self-exhorting, self-constraining, wriggle or screw out something that shall live, — respected, intact, intangible, not to be sneezed at?¹

¹ "Carlyleish" is written in the margin against this passage.

March 6, 1838.

How can a man sit down and quietly pare his nails, while the earth goes gyrating ahead amid such a din of sphere music, whirling him along about her axis some twenty-four thousand miles between sun and sun, but mainly in a circle some two millions of miles actual progress? And then such a hurly-burly on the surface, — wind always blowing, now a zephyr, now a hurricane; tides never idle, ever fluctuating; no rest for Niagara, but perpetual ran-tan on those limestone rocks; and then that summer simmering which our ears are used to, which would otherwise be christened confusion worse confounded, but is now ironically called "silence audible;" and, above all, the incessant tinkering named "hum of industry," the hurrying to and fro and confused jabbering of men. Can man do less than get up and shake himself?

April 1, 1838.

The Indian Axe.

The Indian must have possessed no small share of vital energy to have rubbed industriously stone upon stone for long months till at length he had rubbed out an axe or pestle, — as though he had said in the face of the constant flux of things, I at least will live an enduring life.

April 15, 1838.

Conversation.

Thomas Fuller relates that "In Merionethshire, in Wales, there are high mountains, whose hanging tops come so close together that shepherds on the tops of several hills may audibly talk together, yet will it be a day's journey for their

bodies to meet, so vast is the hollowness of the valleys betwixt them." As much may be said in a moral sense of our intercourse in the plains, for, though we may audibly converse together, yet is there so vast a gulf of hollowness between that we are actually many days' journey from a veritable communication.

April 24, 1838.

Steamships.

Men have been contriving new means and modes of motion. Steamships have been westering during these late days and nights on the Atlantic waves, — the fuglers of a new evolution to this generation. Meanwhile plants spring silently by the brooksides, and the grim woods wave indifferent; the earth emits no howl, pot on fire simmers and seethes, and men go about their business.

August 5, 1838.

Divine Service in the Academy Hall.

In dark places and dungeons these words might perhaps strike root and grow, but utter them in the daylight and their dusky hues are apparent. From this window I can compare the written with the preached word: within is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; without, grain fields and grasshoppers, which give those the lie direct.

August 13, 1838.

Consciousness.

If with closed ears and eyes I consult consciousness for a moment, immediately are all walls and barriers dissipated, earth rolls from under me, and I float, by the impetus derived from the earth and the system, a subjective, heavily-laden thought, in the midst of an unknown and infinite sea, or else heave and swell like a vast ocean of thought, without rock or headland, where are all riddles solved, all straight lines making there their two ends to meet, eternity and space gambolling familiarly through my depths. I am from the beginning, knowing no end, no aim. No sun illumines me, for I dissolve all

lesser lights in my own intenser and steadier light. I am a restful kernel in the magazine of the universe.

Resource.

Men are constantly dinging in my ears their fair theories and plausible solutions of the universe, but ever there is no help, and I return again to my shoreless, islandless ocean, and fathom unceasingly for a bottom that will hold an anchor, that it may not drag.

August 29, 1838.

Deformity.

Here at the top of Nawshawtuct this mild August afternoon, I can discern no deformed thing. The profane haymakers in yonder meadow are yet the haymakers of poetry, forsooth Faustus and Amyntas. Yonder schoolhouse of brick, than which, near at hand, nothing can be more mote-like to my eye, serves even to heighten the picturesqueness of the scene. Barns and out-buildings, which in the nearness mar by their presence the loveliness of nature, are not only endurable, but, observed where they lie by some waving field of grain or patch of woodland, prove a very cynosure to the pensive eye. Let man after infinite hammering and din of crows uprear a deformity on the plain, yet will nature have her revenge on the hilltop. Retire a stone's throw and she will have changed his base metal into gold.

September 15, 1838.

Flow of Spirits in Youth.

How unaccountable the flow of spirits in youth! You may throw sticks and dirt into the current, and it will only rise the higher. Dam it up you may, but dry it up you may not, for you cannot reach its source. If you stop up this avenue or that, anon it will come gurgling out where you least expected and wash away all fixtures. Youth grasps at happiness as an inalienable right. The tear does no sooner gush than glisten. Who shall say when the tear that sprung of sorrow first sparkled with joy?

April 9, 1839.

Fat Pine for Spearing.

Fat roots of pine lying in rich veins as of gold or silver, even in old pastures where you would least expect it, make you realize that you live in the youth of the world, and you begin to know the wealth of the planet. Human nature is still in its prime, then. Bring axe, pick-axe, and shovel, and tap the earth here where there is most sap. The marrowy store gleams like some vigorous sinew, and you feel a new suppleness in your own limbs. These are the traits that conciliate man's moroseness, and make him civil to his fellows; every such pine root is a pledge of suavity. If he can discover absolute barrenness in any direction there will be some excuse for peevishness.

June 4, 1839.

My Attic.

I sit here this fourth of June, looking out on men and nature from this that I call my perspective window, through which all things are seen in their true relations. This is my upper empire, bounded by four walls, viz., three of boards yellow-washed, facing the north, west, and south, respectively, and the fourth of plaster, likewise yellow-washed, fronting the sunrise, — to say nothing of the purlieus and out-lying provinces, unexplored as yet but by rats.

July 11, 1839.

Every Man is a Roman Forum.

All things are up and down, — east and west, — to me. In me is the forum out of which go the Appian and Sacred Ways, and a thousand beside, to the ends of the world. If I forget my centralness, and say a bean winds with or against the sun, and not right or left, it will not be true south of the equator.

January 26, 1840.

Friends.

They are like air bubbles on water, hastening to flow together.

History tells of Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, but why should we not put to shame those old reserved worthies by a community of such?

This conjunction of souls, like waves which meet and break, subsides also backward over things, and gives all a fresh aspect.

I would live henceforth with some gentle soul such a life as may be conceived, double for variety, single for harmony, — two, only that we might admire at our oneness, — one, because indivisible. Such community to be a pledge of holy living. How could aught unworthy be admitted into our society? To listen with one ear to each summer sound, to behold with one eye each summer scene, our visual rays so to meet and mingle with the object as to be one bent and doubled; with two tongues to be wearied, and thought to spring ceaselessly from a double fountain.

March 21, 1840.

The world is a fit theatre to-day in which any part may be acted. There is this moment proposed to me every kind of life that men lead anywhere, or that imagination can paint. By another spring I may be a mail-carrier in Peru, or a South African planter, or a Siberian exile, or a Greenland whaler, or a settler on the Columbia River, or a Canton merchant, or a soldier in Florida, or a mackerel fisher off Cape Sable, or a Robinson Crusoe in the Pacific, or a silent navigator of any sea. So wide is the choice of parts, what a pity if the part of Hamlet be left out!

I am freer than any planet; no complaint reaches round the world. I can move away from public opinion, from government, from religion, from education, from society. Shall I be reckoned a rateable poll in the county of Middlesex, or be rated at one spear under the palm trees of Guinea? Shall I raise corn and potatoes in Massachusetts, or figs and olives in Asia Minor? sit out the day in my office on State Street, or ride it out on

the steppes of Tartary? For my Brobdingnag I may sail to Patagonia; for my Lilliput, to Lapland. In Arabia and Persia my day's adventures may surpass the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. I may be a logger on the head waters of the Penobscot, to be treated in fable hereafter as an amphibious river god by as sounding a name as Triton or Proteus; carry furs from Nootka to China, and so be more renowned than Jason and his golden fleece; or go on a South Sea exploring expedition to be hereafter recounted along with the periplus of Hanno. I may repeat the adventures of Marco Polo or Mandeville. These are but few of my chances, and how many more things may I do with which there are none to be compared!

June 18, 1840.

I should be pleased to meet man in the woods. I wish he were to be encountered like wild caribous and moose.

Of what consequence whether I stand on London bridge for the next century, or look into the depths of this bubbling spring which I have laid open with my hoe?

June 30, 1840.

I have a deep sympathy with war, it so ayes the gait and bearing of the soul.

July 16, 1840.

We are as much refreshed by sounds as by sights, or scents, or flavors, — as the barking of a dog heard in the woods at midnight, or the tinklings which attend the dawn.

As I picked blackberries this morning, by starlight, the distant yelping of a dog fell on my inward ear, as the cool breeze on my cheek.

July 19, 1840.

These two days that I have not written in my Journal, set down in the calendar as the 17th and 18th of July, have been really an æon in which a Syrian empire might rise and fall. How many Persias have been lost and won in the interim? Night is spangled with fresh stars.

July 27, 1840.

Nature refuses to sympathize with our sorrow. She seems not to have provided for, but by a thousand contrivances against, it. She has bevelled the margins of the eyelids that the tears may not overflow on the cheek.

Saturday, January 30, 1841.

Sometimes I come out suddenly upon a high plain which seems to be the upper level and true surface of the earth and by its very baldness aspires and lies up nearer to the stars, — a place where a decalogue might be let down or a saint translated.

There is all the romance of my youthfullest moment in music. Heaven lies about us, as in our infancy. There is nothing so wild and extravagant that it does not make true. It makes a dream my only real experience, and prompts faith to such elasticity that only the incredible can satisfy it. It tells me again to trust the remotest, and finest, as the divinest instinct. All that I have imagined of heroism, it reminds and reassures me of. It is a life un-lived, a life beyond life, where at length my years will pass. I look under the lids of Time.

Saturday, February 6, 1841.

When one gets up to address briefly a strange audience, in that little he may have opportunity to say, he will not quite do himself injustice. For he will instantly and instinctively average himself to his audience, and, while he is true to his own character still, he will in a few moments make that impression which a series of months and years would but expand. Before he answers, his thought like lightning runs round the whole compass of his experiences, and he is scrupulous to speak from that which he is, and with a more entire truthfulness than usual.

Sunday, February 7, 1841.

Without greatcoat or drawers I have advanced thus far into the snowbanks of the winter, without thought and with im-

punity.¹ When I meet my neighbors in muffs and furs and tippets, they look as if they had retreated into the interior fastnesses from some foe invisible to me. They remind me that this is the season of winter in which it becomes a man to be cold. For feeling, I am a piece of clean wood of this shape which will do service till it rots, and, though the cold has a physical effect on me, it is a kindly one, for it "finds its acquaintance there." My diet is so little stimulating, and my body in consequence so little heated, as to excite no antagonism in nature, but flourishes like a tree which finds even the winter genial to its expansion and the secretion of sap. May not the body defend itself against cold by its very nakedness, and its elements be so simple and single that they cannot congeal? Frost does not affect one but several. My body now affords no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig. I call it a protestant warmth. My limbs do not tire as formerly, but I use myself as any other piece of nature, and from mere indifference and thoughtlessness may break the timber.

It is the vice of the last season which compels us to arm ourselves for the next. If man always conformed to Nature, he would not have to defend himself against her, but find her his constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds.

February 8, 1841.

My Journal.

I find it everywhere as free as the leaves which troop along the lanes in autumn. The crow, the goose, the eagle, carry my quill, and the wind blows the leaves as far as I go. Or if my imagination does not soar, but gropes in slime and mud, then I write with a reed.

Wednesday, February 10, 1841.

I asked a man to-day if he would rent me some land, and he said he had four acres as good soil "as any outdoors." It was a true poet's account of it. He and

¹ See below, February 14, also, February 23.

I, and all the world, went outdoors to breathe the free air and stretch ourselves. For the world is but outdoors, and we duck behind a panel.

Sunday, February 14, 1841.

I am confined to the house by bronchitis, and so seek to content myself with that quiet and serene life there is in a warm corner by the fireside, and see the sky through the chimney top. Sickness should not be allowed to extend further than the body. We need only to retreat further within us, to preserve uninterrupted the continuity of serene hours to the end of our lives.

As soon as I find my chest is not of tempered steel, and heart of adamant, I bid good bye to these and look out a new nature. I will be liable to no accidents.²

Thursday, February 18, 1841.

I do not judge men by anything they can do. Their greatest deed is the impression they make on me. Some serene, inactive men can do everything. Talent only indicates a depth of character in some direction. We do not acquire the ability to do new deeds, but a new capacity for all deeds. The gnarled stump has as tender a bud as the sapling.

Sunday, February 21, 1841.

It is hard to preserve equanimity and greatness on that debatable ground between love and esteem. There is nothing so stable and unfluctuating as love. The waves beat steadfast on its shore forever, and its tide has no ebb. It is a resource in all extremities, and a refuge even from itself. And yet love will not be leaned on.

February 22, 1841.

The whole of the day should not be daytime, nor of the night night-time, but some portion be rescued from time to oversee time in. All our hours must not

² This passage has been printed by Blake, but it should be read in connection with the entries for February 7 and February 23.

be current; all our time must not lapse. There must be one hour at least which the day did not bring forth, — of ancient parentage and long established nobility, — which will be a serene and lofty platform overlooking the rest. We should make our notch every day on our characters, as Robinson Crusoe on his stick. We must be at the helm at least once a day; we must feel the tiller-rope in our hands, and know that if we sail, we steer.

Tuesday, February 23, 1841.

The care of the body is the highest exercise of prudence. If I have brought this weakness on my lungs, I will consider calmly and disinterestedly how the thing came about, that I may find out the truth and render justice. Then, after patience, I shall be a wiser man than before.

Thursday, April 15, 1841.

The gods are of no sect; they side with no man. When I imagine that nature inclined rather to some few earnest and faithful souls, and specially existed for them, I go to see an obscure individual who lives under the hill, letting both gods and men alone, and find that strawberries and tomatoes grow for him too, in his garden there, and the sun lodges kindly under his hillside, and am compelled to acknowledge the unbribable charity of the gods.

Any simple, unquestioned mode of life is alluring to men. The man who picks peas steadily for a living is more than respectable. He is to be envied by his neighbors.

Sunday, April 18, 1841.

We take little steps, and venture small stakes, as if our actions were very fatal and irretrievable. There is no swing to our deeds. But our life is only a retired valley where we rest on our packs awhile. Between us and our end there is room for any delay. It is not a short and easy southern way, but we must go over snow-capped mountains to reach the sun.

April 20, 1841.

You can't beat down your virtue; so much goodness it must have.

When a room is furnished, comfort is not furnished.

Great thoughts hallow any labor. To-day I earned seventy-five cents heaving manure out of a pen, and made a good bargain of it. If the ditcher muses the while how he may live uprightly, the ditching spade and turf knife may be engraved on the coat-of-arms of his posterity.

There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things, as when we say "he is doing a good business," — more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them.

Thursday, April 22, 1841.

There are two classes of authors: the one write the history of their times, the other their biography.

Friday, April 23, 1841.

Any greatness is not to be mistaken. Who shall cavil at it? It stands once for all on a level with the heroes of history. It is not to be patronized. It goes alone.

When I hear music, I flutter, and am the scene of life, as a fleet of merchantmen when the wind rises.

April 25, 1841.

A momentous silence reigns always in the woods, and their meaning seems just ripening into expression. But alas! they make no haste. The rush sparrow,¹ nature's minstrel of serene hours, sings of an immense leisure and duration.

When I hear a robin sing at sunset, I cannot help contrasting the equanimity of nature with the bustle and impatience of man. We return from the lyceum and caucus with such stir and excitement, as if a crisis were at hand; but no natural

¹ Field sparrow. Nuttall's *Fringilla juncorum*. Nuttall gives both Field Sparrow and Rush Sparrow as the vernacular names.

scene or sound sympathizes with us, for Nature is always silent and unpretending as at the break of day. She but rubs her eyelids.

Monday, April 26, 1841.

At R. W. E.'s.

The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in nature, is her inhabitant and not her guest, and wears her easily and gracefully. But the civilized man has the habits of the house. His house is a prison, in which he finds himself oppressed and confined, not sheltered and protected. He walks as if he sustained the roof; he carries his arms as if the walls would fall in and crush him, and his feet remember the cellar beneath. His muscles are never relaxed. It is rare that he overcomes the house, and learns to sit at home in it, and roof and floor and walls support themselves, as the sky and trees and earth.

It is a great art to saunter.

Wednesday, April 28, 1841.

We falsely attribute to men a determined character; putting together all their yesterdays and averaging them, we presume we know them. Pity the man who has a character to support. It is worse than a large family. He is silent poor indeed. But in fact character is never explored, nor does it get developed in time, but eternity is its development, time its envelope. In view of this distinction, a sort of divine politeness and heavenly good breeding suggests itself, to address always the enveloped character of a man. I approach a great nature with infinite expectation and uncertainty, not knowing what I may meet. It lies as broad and unexplored before me as a scraggy hillside or pasture. I may hear a fox bark, or a partridge drum, or some bird new to these localities may fly up. It lies out there as old, and yet as new. The aspect of the woods varies every day, what with their growth and the changes of the seasons and the influence of the elements, so that the eye of the forester

never twice rests upon the same prospect. Much more does a character show newly and variedly, if directly seen. It is the highest compliment to suppose that in the intervals of conversation your companion has expanded and grown. It may be a deference which he will not understand, but the nature which underlies him will understand it, and your influence will be shed as finely on him as the dust in the sun settles on our clothes. By such politeness we may educate one another to some purpose. So have I felt myself educated sometimes; I am expanded and enlarged.

April 29, 1841.

Birds and quadrupeds pass freely through nature, without prop or stilt. But man very naturally carries a stick in his hand, seeking to ally himself by many points to nature, as a warrior stands by his horse's side with his hand on his mane. We walk the gracefuller for a cane, as the juggler uses a leaded pole to balance him when he dances on a slack wire.

Better a monosyllabic life than a ragged and muttered one; let its report be short and round like a rifle, so that it may hear its own echo in the surrounding silence.

Monday, May 3, 1841.

We are all pilots of the most intricate Bahama channels. Beauty may be the sky overhead, but Duty is the water underneath. When I see a man with serene countenance in the sunshine of summer, drinking in peace in the garden or parlor, it looks like a great inward leisure that he enjoys; but in reality he sails on no summer's sea, but this steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller. We do not attend to larks and bluebirds so leisurely but that conscience is as erect as the attitude of the listener. The man of principle gets never a holiday. Our true character silently underlies all our words and actions, as the granite underlies the other strata. Its steady pulse does not cease for

any deed of ours, as the sap is still ascending in the stalk of the fairest flower.

Sunday, May 9, 1841.

The pine stands in the woods like an Indian, untamed, with a fantastic wildness about it even in the clearings. If an Indian warrior were well painted, with pines in the background, he would seem to blend with the trees, and make a harmonious expression. The pitch pines are the ghosts of Philip and Massasoit. The white pine has the smoother features of the squaw.

Sunday, May 23, 1841.

Barn.

The distant woods are but the tassels of my eye.

Books are to be attended to as new sounds merely. Most would be put to a sore trial if the reader should assume the attitude of a listener. They are but a new note in the forest. To our lonely, sober thought the earth is a wild unexplored. Wildness as of the jay and muskrat reigns over the great part of nature. The oven-bird and plover are heard in the horizon. Here is a new book of heroes, come to me like the note of the chewink from over the fen, only over a deeper and wider fen. The pines are unrelenting sifters of thought; nothing petty leaks through them. Let me put my ear close and hear the sough of this book, that I may know if any inspiration yet haunts it. There is always a later edition of every book than the printer wots of, no matter how recently it was published. All nature is a new impression every instant.

Thursday, May 27, 1841.

I sit in my boat on Walden, playing the flute, this evening, and see the perch, which I seem to have charmed, hovering around me, and the moon travelling over the bottom, which is strewn with the wrecks of the forest, and feel that nothing but the wildest imagination can conceive of the manner of life we are living. Nature is a wizard. The Concord nights are stranger than the Arabian nights.

We not only want elbow room, but eye room in this gray air which shrouds all the fields. Sometimes my eyes see over the county road by daylight to the tops of yonder birches on the hill, as at others by moonlight.

Heaven lies above, because the air is deep.

In all my life hitherto I have left nothing behind.

Wednesday, June 2, 1841.

I am brought into the near neighborhood and am become a silent observer of the moon's paces to-night, by means of a glass, while the frogs are peeping all around me on the earth, and the sound of the accordion seems to come from some bright saloon yonder. I am sure the moon floats in a human atmosphere. It is but a distant scene of the world's drama. It is a wide theatre the gods have given us, and our actions must befit it. More sea and land, mountain and valley, here is, — a further West, — a freshness and wildness in reserve when all the land shall be cleared.

I see three little lakes between the hills near its edge, reflecting the sun's rays. The light glimmers as on the water in a tumbler. So far off do the laws of reflection hold. I seem to see the ribs of the creature. This is the aspect of their day, its outside, — their heaven above their heads, towards which they breathe their prayers. So much is between me and them. It is noon there, perchance, and ships are at anchor in the havens or sailing on the seas, and there is a din in the streets, and in this light or that shade some leisurely soul contemplates.

But now dor-bugs fly over its disk and bring me back to earth and night.

Wednesday, August 4, 1841.

Nawshawtuct.

Far in the east I read *Nature's Corn Law Rhymes*. Here, in sight of Wachusett and these rivers and woods, my mind goes singing to itself of other themes than taxation. The rush sparrow sings still un-

intelligible, as from beyond a depth in me which I have not fathomed, where my future lies folded up. I hear several faint notes, quite outside me, which populate the waste.

This is such fresh and flowing weather, as if the waves of the morning had subsided over the day.

August 9, 1841.

It is vain to try to write unless you feel strong in the knees.

August 18, 1841.

The best poets, after all, exhibit only a tame and civil side of nature. They have not seen the west side of any mountain.

Thursday, September 2, 1841.

There is but one obligation, and that is the obligation to obey the highest dictate. None can lay me under another which will supersede this. The gods have given me these years without any incumbrance; society has no mortgage on them. If any man assist me in the way of the world, let him derive satisfaction from the deed itself, for I think I never shall have dissolved my prior obligations to God. Kindness repaid is thereby annulled. I would let his deed lie as fair and generous as it was intended. The truly beneficent never relapses into a creditor; his great kindness is still extended to me and is never done. Of those noble deeds which have me for their object I am only the most fortunate spectator, and would rather be the abettor of their nobleness than stay their tide with the obstructions of impatient gratitude. As true as action and reaction are equal, that nobleness which was as wide as the universe will rebound not on him the individual, but on the world. If any have been kind to me, what more do they want? I cannot make them richer than they are. If they have not been kind, they cannot take from me the privilege which they have not improved. My obligations will be my lightest load, for that gratitude which is of kindred stuff in me, expanding every pore, will easily sustain the pressure.

We walk the freest through the air we breathe.

Wednesday, December 29, 1841.

One does not soon learn the trade of life. That one may work out a true life requires more art and delicate skill than any other work. There is need of the nice fingers of the girl as well as the tough hand of the farmer. The daily work is too often toughening the pericarp of the heart as well as the hand. Great familiarity with the world must be nicely managed, lest it win away and bereave us of some susceptibility. Experience bereaves us of our innocence; wisdom bereaves us of our ignorance. Let us walk in the world without learning its ways.

Friday, January 7, 1842.

The great God is very calm withal. How superfluous is any excitement in his creatures! He listens equally to the prayers of the believer and the unbeliever. The moods of man should unfold and alternate as gradually and placidly as those of nature. The sun shines for aye! The sudden revolutions of these times and this generation have acquired a very exaggerated importance. They do not interest me much, for they are not in harmony with the longer periods of nature. The present, in any aspect in which it can be presented to the smallest audience, is always mean. God does not sympathize with the popular movements.

February 21, 1842.

I must confess there is nothing so strange to me as my own body. I love any other piece of nature, almost, better.

I was always conscious of sounds in nature which my ears could never hear, that I caught but the prelude to a strain. She always retreats as I advance. Away behind and behind is she and her meaning. Will not this faith and expectation make to itself ears at length? I never saw to the end, nor heard to the end, but the best part was unseen and unheard.

I am like a feather floating in the at-

mosphere; on every side is depth unfathomable.

I feel as if years had been crowded into the last month,¹ and yet the regularity of what we call time has been so far preserved as that I

[Two lines missing.]

will be welcome in the present. I have lived ill for the most part because too near myself. I have tripped myself up, so that there was no progress for my own narrowness. I cannot walk conveniently and pleasantly but when I hold myself afar off in the horizon. And the soul dilutes the body and makes it passable. My soul and body have tottered along together of late, tripping and hindering one another like unpractised Siamese twins. They two should walk as one, that no obstacle may be nearer than the firmament.

There must be some narrowness in the soul that compels one to have secrets.

July 6, 1845.

I wish to meet the facts of life, — the vital facts, which [are] the phenomena or actuality the gods meant to show us, — face to face, and so I came down here.² Life! Who knows what it is, — what it does? If I am not quite right here, I am less wrong than before; and now let us see what they will have.

July 7.

I am glad to remember to-night, as I sit by my door, that I too am at least a remote descendant of that heroic race of men of whom there is tradition. I too sit here on the shore of my Ithaca, a fellow wanderer and survivor of Ulysses. How symbolical, significant of I know not what, the pitch pine stands here before my door, unlike any glyph I have seen sculptured or painted yet, one of Nature's later designs, yet perfect as her Grecian art. There it is, a done tree. Who can mend it? And now where is the genera-

¹ His brother John died in February, 1842.

² Thoreau had gone to Walden to live on July 4, 1845. Some of the following extracts from the Journal are undated, but they all belong to the Walden period.

tion of heroes whose lives are to pass amid these our northern pines? whose exploits shall appear to posterity pictured amid these strong and shaggy forms?

I have carried an apple in my pocket to-night, — a Sopsivine they call it, — till, now that I take my handkerchief out, it has got so fine a fragrance that it really seems like a friendly trick of some pleasant dæmon to entertain me with. It is redolent of sweet-scented orchards, of innocent, teeming harvests. I realize the existence of a goddess Pomona, and that the gods have really intended that men should feed divinely, like themselves, on their own nectar and ambrosia. They have so painted this fruit, and freighted it with such a fragrance, that it satisfies much more than an animal appetite. Grapes, peaches, berries, nuts, etc., are likewise provided for those who will sit at their sideboard. I have felt, when partaking of this inspiring diet, that my appetite was an indifferent consideration; that eating became a sacrament, a method of communion, an ecstatic exercise, a mingling of bloods, and [a] sitting at the communion table of the world. And so have not only quenched my thirst at the spring, but the health of the universe.

The indecent haste and grossness with which our food is swallowed have cast a disgrace on the very act of eating itself. But I do believe that if this process were rightly conducted, its aspects and effects would be wholly changed, and we should receive our daily life and health Antæus-like, with an ecstatic delight, and, with upright front, an innocent and graceful behavior, take our strength from day to day. This fragrance of the apple in my pocket has, I confess, deterred me from eating of it; I am more effectually fed by it another way.

A man must find his own occasion in himself. The natural day is very calm and will hardly reprove our indolence. If there is no elevation in our spirits, the pond will not seem elevated like a moun-

tain tarn, but a low pool, a silent, muddy water, a place for fishermen.

All nature is classic and akin to art; the sumach and pine and hickory which surround my house remind me of the most graceful sculpture. Sometimes their tops, or a single limb or leaf, seem to have grown to a distinct expression, as if it were a symbol for me to interpret.

Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture claim at once and associate with themselves those perfect specimens of the art of nature, — leaves, vines, acorns, pine cones, etc.

The critic must at last stand as mute though contented before a true poem as before an acorn or a vine leaf. The perfect work of art is received again into the bosom of nature, whence its material proceeded, and that criticism which can only detect its unnaturalness has no longer any office to fulfill. The choicest maxims that have come down to us are more beautiful or integrally wise than they are wise to our understandings. This wisdom which we are inclined to pluck from their stalk is the point only of a single association. Every natural form, — palm leaves and acorns, oak-leaves and sumach and dodder, — are untranslatable aphorisms.

Most men are so taken up with the cares and rude practice of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Literally the laboring man has not leisure for a strict and lofty integrity day by day. He cannot afford to sustain the fairest and noblest relations. His labor will depreciate in the market.

Most men have forgotten that it was ever morning; but a few serene memories, healthy and wakeful natures, there are, who assure us that the sun rose clear, heralded by the singing of birds, — this very day's sun, which rose before Memnon was ready to greet it.

To live to a good old age such as the ancients reached, serene and contented, dignifying the life of man, leading a simple, epic, country life in these days of confusion and turmoil, — that is what Wordsworth has done, retaining the tastes and innocence of his youth. There is more wonderful talent, but nothing so cheering and world-famous as this.

The life of man would seem to be going all to wrack and pieces and no instance of permanence and the ancient natural health, notwithstanding Burns, and Coleridge, and Carlyle. It will not do for men to die young. The greatest genius does not die young. Whom the gods love most do, indeed, die young, but not until their life is matured; and their years are like those of the oak, for they are the products half of nature and half of God. What should nature do without old men, — not children, but men?

The life of men, not to become a mockery and a jest, should last a respectable term of years. We cannot spare the age of those old Greek Philosophers. They live long who do not live for a near end, who still forever look to the immeasurable future for their manhood.

What seems so fair and poetic in antiquity — almost fabulous — is realized, too, in Concord life. As poets and historians brought their work to the Grecian games, and genius wrestled there as well as strength of body, so have we seen works of kindred genius read at our Concord games, by their author, in their own Concord amphitheatre. It is virtually repeated by all ages and nations.

The way to compare men is to compare their respective ideals. The actual man is too complex to deal with.

All the laws of nature will bend and adapt themselves to the least motion of man.

(To be continued.)

DEFIANCE

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

"TAKE what you can, sirs " (thus the story runs),
Said a poor scholar, who for dearest book
Had loved his Virgil; and the wretches took
The book away from him, and thought his sun's
Light was put out. But he had baulked their rage,
Learning by heart the Mantuan's lofty rhyme,
So, 'gainst all spite of theirs or envious time,
Holding it safe — a flawless heritage.

So, dearest, since I have you in my heart,
Like that poor scholar I those powers defy
Which threat to rob me: you may live or die,
But nevermore from me shall you depart.
I have you safe; "Take what you can," I say;
"Here she abides, and will abide away."

THE ENAMEL BUG IN BLACK CAÑON

BY CLINTON REVERE

OLD Brown was late, and he expected trouble. He expressed this conviction to Kit Carson, more out of pride in proving himself a prophet than through any fear of consequences.

"I reckon we'll ketch it, Kit," he grunted hoarsely, as he shifted his basket with its ten pounds of gleaming trout.

Kit Carson replied with a sinuous wriggle of his long, rangy body, and a trustful wag of his tail that indicated entire freedom from apprehension. The moment they stepped on the veranda of the hotel Brown's prediction was fulfilled, but the flush of his satisfaction faded under the violence of the outburst. Hilton, the proprietor, flung out of the dining-room door, the picture of shirt-sleeved, collarless wrath.

"What in the name of Gawd do you mean by coming with those fish at this time of day?" he shouted.

Brown gave a twitch of his bushy brows, much as a horse shrugs his mane to drive away a fly.

"They was a leetle slow bitin' this mornin'."

"Then I suppose we must delay breakfast till they get ready to bite."

"It sorter looks that-a-way, — eether that or keep yer boarders frum goin' up the cañon an' skeerin' all the fish in Wolf Crick with their new-fangled contraptions."

"By heck!" cried Hilton, invoking one of the minor deities in his pantheon, "you are the most aggravating old beggar I ever saw. I'll get somebody else to supply this hotel with trout."

"By grab!" retorted Brown, with equal show of expletive, "you kain't do it none too quick to suit me. An' what's more, I reckons as how you'll have to git along without them I ketched this mornin'."

"Yes, clear out of here with your infernal fish, and don't ever show your dirty old face around this hotel. Go back to your cave and live like some wild animal."

"Looky yere, mister!" The mask of senility had fallen from Brown's age-riven face; his stocky frame vibrated with the hot anger of youth. "Thar ain't no man kin talk to me that-a-way. I lived in this yere cañon long afore you come, an' I kin live yere after you go. The Injuns could n't drive me out, an' I don't reckon you kin. It was all owin' to yore palaverin' that I come to ketch fish fer you, an'" —

Whether Brown's resentment would have reached a merely verbal climax or taken a physical form is not clear. He himself never knew. His remonstrance was interrupted by a volley of deep-throated barks and the patter of flying feet set to the fluting of the sweetest laughter he had ever heard, and around the corner of the veranda raced Kit Carson and a girl. And such a girl! One fleeting glimpse at her flushed, delighted face made Brown forget Hilton altogether.

"O Mr. Hilton!" she cried. "Please tell me who owns this beautiful dog."

The hotel proprietor tossed a sullen nod at Brown. Ordinarily the old hunter would have viewed this acknowledgment of his ownership with composure, but the instant tribute of a pair of dancing dark eyes implied a distinction so weighty that he shifted uneasily under its burden.

His abashed gaze dropped to a pin in the form of a large beetle that fastened her gown at the neck. No fanciful scarab was this ornament. Fashioned of bright-hued enamel, its spraddling legs of gold, it retained the ugliness of the insect it represented. It seemed about to crawl.

"So this is your dog!" exclaimed the girl, as she knelt and clasped her arms around the staghound's neck. "Don't you love him?"

Perhaps it was the leading form of the question; or the pleading tone that seemed to entreat an affirmative. Before he knew it Brown had answered "Yes."

As he explained it long afterward in relating the incident to Colonel Nelson: "O' course me an' Kit had allers ben pards, but I'd never thought o' lovin' him. But thar was that gal with her arms around Kit's neck, an' ef that did n't mean she loved him, what does? An' when she done asked me ef I loved him, whatever else could I say?"

The girl arose, after giving Kit Carson a pat on his shapely head. She saw the basket at Brown's feet.

"What magnificent trout! Are they yours, too?"

"That's what they be — *mine*."

Hilton winced.

"Oh, I understand. You fish for the hotel. Do you catch many like these?"

"Yes, an' I used to ketch a heap more afore the lungers got to goin' up the cañon."

Panic seized Hilton. He plunged into a fit of coughing that purpled his face, and left it distorted with agony in nowise pulmonary.

"Lungers!" laughed the girl. "I am a lunger, but I shall try to keep from spoiling your fishing."

Unlucky the celibate that cannot gaze on woman without excess of reverence. Brown's eyes, still able to single out antelope a mile away, could not discriminate between the telltale hectic pink and the rosy stain of health on that fair young face.

"Y—you" — he floundered.

Hilton picked up the basket.

"Bring them earlier to-morrow morning," he flung back, as he fled through the doorway.

A slavish dumbness seized Brown, and his muscles grew tense from a rigor of self-consciousness.

"I — did n't know" —

"Of course you did n't." She took one of his tanned, knotted hands in both of hers. "I don't look like an invalid, and I'm not, although they all say that. My doctor said a few months in Arizona would cure the weakness of my lungs. But tell me — is consumption a crime?"

"Not ef you had it." Brown blurted out this chivalric impromptu with a warmth not expected of threescore and ten. He wondered whether her trill of laughter was prompted by pleasure or ridicule. Before he reached a conclusion, a waiter came out with his basket, and he seized the opportunity to escape.

"I am going to eat your largest trout for breakfast," she called after him.

He halted and turned around. For a moment the graven seriousness of his face relaxed into a half-smile. Then the chill of diffidence froze his features into their old, set, stolid lines. When he spoke again he was far up the cañon, — *his* cañon where he had lived so long in defiant solitude.

Acted like's if she were shore glad to see us, did n't she, Kit? An' her poor-tier'n a spotted pup!"

His dull fancy was quickened by the memory of a sweet face upturned to his, a pair of frail white arms around Kit Carson's grizzled neck. To the cry of ease-loving age pleading for creature comforts in return for hateful allegiance to the hotel, he could oppose an unfaltering denial. But ah — have not other men forsaken even deeper antagonisms under the thrall of a picture less compelling? He decided to go on catching trout for Hilton.

"You'd orter see the new gal down to the ho-tel," he said that morning to Colonel Nelson, as he put a cabbage and some potatoes in his basket.

"Ah, more ladies!" exclaimed the Colonel, his pale hand wandering with reminiscent dandyism to his snowy mustache and imperial. "I am delighted to see the sex well represented in our midst. But — did you notice any fresh newspapers at the hotel?"

"What do I keer fer newspapers? Nothin' in 'em but politics."

The warm light faded from Brown's eyes. The first enthusiasm he had allowed himself in years had been snuffed. He could have hated Colonel Nelson if the rebuff had not been so elusive.

Unwittingly Hilton a day or two later became the god in the machine to furnish more tangible grounds for enmity.

"Now you are one of those writer people, Miss Wymore. Why don't you write up Brown and Colonel Nelson? — only don't forget to mention the hotel. I can give you all the facts. Just think of it, Brown has lived here for more than thirty years. Queer old devil — old-timer. I once asked him if he was a forty-niner. He swelled up like a turkey gobbler, and says, 'Naw, forty-eighter.'"

"Before the gold rush!"

"Yes," went on Hilton, warming up. "Had lots of adventures, too. Then there's the Colonel, the only great statesman that did n't die before the Civil War; used to know everybody in Washington. He's been the means of civilizing Brown. They have a sort of reciprocity treaty; the Colonel trades vegetables for Brown's game and fish. Brown used to live in a cave, and the Colonel got him to build a cabin. It nearly burned down once because the old savage did n't know how to manage the stove. I hear he almost chokes to death every time he lights the fire."

"What strange old men!" she exclaimed. "I am sure they each have a history."

"Most folks in the territory have," remarked Hilton cynically. "When we get real intimate with a man in Arizona, we sometimes ask him what his real name was before he came here. Anyway, let me know what you think of that write-up, — and don't forget about the hotel."

Colonel Nelson accepted the publicity resultant from the appearance of a special article in one of the San Francisco Sunday papers three weeks later, with the complacency of a man who has been through the experience many times in the past. It awakened a latent desire to figure in the public prints, although he was inclined to question the taste of linking his name with Brown's. There was a slight basis for this objection, for Brown, in view of his former residence in a cave,

was called a troglodyte. The polysyllable conveyed an invidious meaning to the Colonel.

In anticipation of future articles, he saw to it that Miss Wymore did not lack sufficient data. His frequent visits to the hotel gave him an opportunity to provide her with innumerable recollections of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and especially Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin.

"Yes, if you will permit me to say it, Senator Carpenter was the greatest statesman of his day, although not generally so recognized. He and I were close personal friends. In fact, it was through his solicitation that I first entered the government service."

This eulogy of the pioneer senator from the Badger State, orotundly declaimed and seasoned with warm Kentucky gesture, constituted the prologue and conclusion of his daily conversation. Occasionally it garnished a simple statement about the improvement in his cough. It was a formula quite familiar to others, like grace before meat, and was listened to with equal resignation.

Glib and inventive were the replies with which Brown stalled off Hilton's inquiries as to what he thought of Miss Wymore's story. He delivered his trout at dawn.

"Don't know what we'd say ef *she* asked us about it," he confided to Kit Carson.

But Kit played the traitor. One day as Miss Wymore walked up the cañon he leaped from the sparse shade of a clump of cottonwoods and bounded toward her with a whine of delight. He accepted a petting as a bribe, and led the way to where his master was fishing, lying on a huge boulder like a lizard in the sun. Brown turned his head at the crashing of the bushes.

"Hah!" he exclaimed in surprised guttural.

"I've caught you now!" she cried, shaking a finger at him. "Don't try to run away."

"I don't see no ketchin' about it," he

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grunted with the brusquerie of cornered diffidence. "I come yere to ketch trout."

"Oh, pardon me! I'll go. I told you I would never spoil your fishing."

He was on his feet instantly.

"Now don't take it that-a-way," he hastened, the growl in his voice dying hard, but dying nevertheless. "I've ben wantin' to see you" —

"Then why have you avoided me?"

"I kain't read." He blurted it out with dogged defiance.

"What difference does that make?"

"Hilton told me you written this."

From his pocket he drew a carefully folded page torn from a newspaper. "He said it was somethin' 'bout me, but — I hain't never read it."

Far better would it have been for Brown had he accepted Hilton's garbled version. Not even Miss Wymore's soft accents could smooth the harsh edge of rivalry. Long before she finished reading, she saw the shadow on his face.

"I reckon the Kurnel has ben a big gun in his day."

"But think of your life with all its adventures! You must tell me something of it."

He demurred with childish stubbornness. She coaxed; she smiled, and caressed Kit Carson. He yielded. It was a story of his life with the Mojaves, nearly half a century before. It was a wonderful story. She forgot the creek racing by with eddied, refreshing turbulence. The sun withdrew unheeded behind its scraggy abattis of piñon, and its rearguard of shadows softened the brilliant tints of the cañon walls to a sober gray. All the while Brown sat cross-legged on his boulder, a figure hoary, ancient; an uncouth, barbaric Homer singing the epic of the pioneer.

Hilton would have won fame as a press agent. With large voice and larger imagination he exploited the "hermits." They became the fashion after the distracting beauties of the cañon had bred ennui. At least Colonel Nelson did.

"I believe I could love the Colonel if I

knew more about American history," said a pallid young widow with brilliant red hair. "It would be lovely to appreciate his recollections." Thus did ignorance thwart Cupid.

At last the day came, the proudest, most dreaded day in Brown's lonely life. He was at home to callers, and his guests were Miss Wymore and a party from the hotel. From his cabin door he pointed out the cave where he formerly had lived. It had been the lair of a giant grizzly. He killed the bear in a fight at close quarters,—finished him with a knife plunge under the left shoulder. As trophies of the combat, there on the cabin wall was the great spreading pelt, and here on his own shoulder a scar where the monster in his last dying rush had left the mark of a rending paw.

"How thrilling!" exclaimed the widow. "It is a great deal more interesting than any of Colonel Nelson's stories. Don't you think so, Miss Wymore?"

This appeal brought forth a twofold answer,—first a sidelong, squelching stare, then:—

"Colonel Nelson's stories are so different from Mr. Brown's that it is hard to compare them. Of course Colonel Nelson's are not so exciting."

Neither the mute nor spoken rebuff missed Brown. Nor had he failed to note the length of time it took the Colonel to read the newspapers since Miss Wymore had come to the hotel. There was a sullen menace in his eye that warned the Colonel when they met on the trail next day. It suggested silence and aloofness. The proud old Kentuckian stiffened his lank shoulders and accepted the challenge. Then Hilton received his first intimation that the reciprocity treaty no longer existed up the cañon.

"I'll take a can o' tomayters this mornin'." Brown's tone implied a threat rather than a request.

"Why don't you get fresh ones from the Colonel?"

"I said I wanted a can o' tomayters. Do I git 'em?"

"You sure do," replied Hilton. And his unsatisfied curiosity sought vent in facile conjecture. He chuckled something about "two dogs in a manger," and hurried off to find Miss Wymore.

"Do you know," he said to her in a tone of easy banter, "I believe those two old bucks are getting ready to lock horns over you."

"Won't you be kind enough to explain your figure of speech?" she asked with a snap that made him feel as if he were not clad presentably.

"I guess I'll let you find out what I mean," was his discreet reply.

And she did, the very next afternoon. Brown was telling her of the death of Navon, the old war chief of the Navajoes, just after the close of the Mexican War.

"Navon was a great fighter," he said. "That was afore his tribe had settled down to blanket weavin'. He was a braver warrior than this yere sneakin' Geronimo, though he wa'n't so murderous"—

He stopped, and his eyes protruded as if a strangling hand had tightened around his throat. The tall, thin figure of Colonel Nelson was suddenly before them like a ship out of the fog. He lifted his rakish Stetson in salute to Miss Wymore, neatly minced around a bunch of soapweed, and passed on up the cañon with dignity secure and honor intact. A glare of primitive passion shot the blood into Brown's leathery countenance.

"Tell me some more about Navon," she asked.

"Naw—not now," he gasped. He stared moodily ahead, and gave a final gulp. "I don't reckon my yarns is as good as his'n."

"Whose?" She hoped expediency justified this hollow subterfuge.

He jerked a stubby thumb over his shoulder.

"Colonel Nelson's? Of course they are. How could you think they were not?"

"Wal—you did n't seem to think so t'other day when one o' them gals asked you." He turned to her with the sensitive appeal of a child.

"Don't — don't!" she cried, winking sturdily against a tear. "You must not think of what I said the other day. It was an embarrassing position, for Colonel Nelson, too, has been kind to me. Promise me you will once more be friendly with him. Go to him to-day — for *my* sake."

"For *my* sake!" In that compelling phrase she voiced the essence of her entreaty. Slowly he raised his head as if afraid his face would betray his complete surrender. On his arm rested a small hand in gentle, pleading pressure. It was brown and firmly fleshed. Then his sluggish mind grasped what his eyes had often seen, — the girl who stood before him was no longer an invalid. The fevered flush was gone from her cheeks, buried deep under a coat of rich, glowing tan. His cañon had done this, — *his* cañon with its dry, rarefied air and unstinted bounty of sunshine.

"Ef you say so — yes."

"Bless your noble old heart! I knew you would be generous enough to do it. If this was the age of chivalry, you should be my knight."

"Yer which?" Feminine praise, however sweet, was a strange tongue to Brown.

"My knight, — at least you shall wear some token. What shall it be? Will the bug do?"

She unfastened the pin and held it up.

"Me wear a pinchin' bug!" He gave a gruff cackle at the thought. "Ef you put it on, it *stays*. But me wear a pinchin' bug." He cackled again.

"It is a badge of honor, but you will be worthy of it. *He* gave it to me, but he won't object to my giving it to you."

"Who — the Kurnel?" Brown drew back.

"No," she laughed with just a hint of shyness. "Some one who does n't even live in Arizona. Now are you satisfied?"

He was. His assent, half grunt, half growl, showed absolute content with the elimination of the Colonel. The unknown had a free field.

She pinned the bug full on the front of his faded blue shirt.

"You must go now and see Colonel Nelson, and to-night come and tell me all about it."

"I don't like to hang around the hotel," he protested.

"Just this once," she pleaded. "I'll save a chair in a corner of the veranda for you."

"Ef you say so — yes." This time the words came more easily, like an oath of fealty grown familiar.

He arrived at Colonel Nelson's just in time to hear yelps of pain from Kit Carson; a chorus of frightened squawks gave him circumstantial and audible proof that the Colonel was justified in wielding his stout plum stick so vigorously.

"That's right! Give it to him, Kurnel!" shouted Brown with the approval a Spartan father might have shown in the punishment of a thieving son.

Colonel Nelson stopped and raised his brows in patrician inquiry. But Brown not only held aloft the olive branch; he would thrust it into the Colonel's hand.

"He'd orter be whaled," he went on, as the staghound slunk past him. "Ain't got no right chasin' chickens. Hard enough to raise out yere."

Such hearty moral support made defense unnecessary. The Colonel smiled in acknowledgment. Blandly he caressed his snowy imperial. The action indicated a receptive mood. Plainly Kit Carson's escapade had been the opening wedge of peace.

"Kurnel," said Brown with a directness that made the old Kentuckian stand at attention. "Kit's my dog, an' I'm glad you walloped him. But I did n't stop in to see you 'bout him. I come to tell you I'm good an' plenty sorry" —

Not if the Colonel had shouted at the top of his voice could the interruption have been more abrupt. Under the spell of that withering gaze, the words shriveled on Brown's lips, although his bearded chin, as if by momentum, wagged grotesquely on to the end of the unspoken

sentence. In that stare the Colonel blazed forth the concentrates of every hostile emotion. His black eyes, snapping and fervid in their incandescent glare, were focused on the front of Brown's shirt. Involuntarily one of the old hunter's hands flew to the spot. It touched the enamel bug.

Colonel Nelson lifted his flashing eyes to Brown's troubled face. His rage was at its height, but it was the well-leashed rage of a fine old gentleman.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming to see me. Your dawg, suh, has given me sufficient annoyance. I hope you will not add to it." He turned and strode into his cabin.

With jaw dropped in wonder, Brown gazed vacantly at the closed door. A cold, black nose was thrust into his limp hand, giving and seeking consolation.

"What's got me buffaloed, Kit, is what we're goin' to tell *her*," he mumbled at last.

This thought still disturbed him when he went to keep his appointment at the hotel that night. The great pile of half-hewn logs, rustic simplicity to others, was to him the acme of highly flavored civilization. From the veranda came the babble of many voices.

In the semi-darkness of the corner nearest him he saw a woman dressed in white. *She* dressed in white. Some one was talking to her. He edged closer. Silhouetted against the moonlight was a familiar, broad-brimmed hat, almost as broad as the shoulders of the man that wore it. From the corner came this fragment:—

"Yes, if you will permit me to say it, Senator Carpenter was the greatest statesman of his day, although not generally"—

He knew the rest—he knew it all—he had heard it a hundred times before. And this was the way she had saved a place for him!

When Kit Carson trotted sniffingly in front of the hotel, Miss Wymore ran out to meet his master. Around the side of

the building she saw a squat figure—in the unsatisfying light it was little more than a shadow—moving swiftly up the cañon. She called out. But the shadow sped doggedly on, and soon blended with the gloom of greater shadows.

She looked up at the veranda, and saw Colonel Nelson talking with the red-haired widow.

"I wonder"—she mused. But she did not interrupt the tête-à-tête.

Vainly did she thread the bouldery thickets along Wolf Creek next day, and for many days thereafter. Once she stopped at Brown's cabin. The door was open, but with the exception of the sprawling hide of the grizzly on the wall, the interior was primitively bare. Hilton preserved a puzzling silence. His air of meekness was too good to be true. On the morning of her departure from the hotel, he came to her as she sat at breakfast.

"You don't seem to care much for trout," he remarked.

"I'm afraid I'm tired of them," she replied. "Fish never appealed to me as being especially good for breakfast—too much like pie."

"Yet you used to like them," he suggested, with just a twinkle of malice.

"Mr. Hilton!" In the bolt uprightness of her attitude he saw the folly of further fencing. "Where is he?"

"Not so fast, now!"

"Has he been catching trout for you?"

"Every day. This is all I know about it: one morning—I suppose it was at the time you quarreled"—

"There was no quarrel."

"Well—whatever it was. He came here, and there was one trout—a beauty—lying on top separated from the rest by willow twigs. 'That's fer her,' he said. He has done the same thing every day. *And you have n't eaten one of them.*"

"I must see him before I go." The imperative was plain in her tone, in spite of a muffled voice and a mist before her eyes.

"Now," decided Hilton. "Your stage leaves in half an hour."

It looked much like one of Hilton's plots,—this meeting,—but she forgave that. There, leaning against one of the veranda posts, stood Brown, almost hidden under the rebellious folds of the great bearskin from his cabin.

"I'm gittin' old, an' blankets 'll do better for me than a b'arskin," he growled, in urging her to accept it. "I'd rather you'd have it than some cow puncher that 'd trade it off fer a saddle or make a pair o' chaps outen it."

They had no time for explanations. Perhaps they were not needed. But before she took her place in the stage, she turned to him with a smile that would have stirred even colder blood.

"I did like your stories the best," she said. "And you mistook some one else for me that night."

In spite of this triumph, Brown felt he had been tricked by the Colonel.

Winter—the winter of the Mogollons—came to the cañon. None felt its bitterness save Brown and Colonel Nelson. It was such a winter as made Hilton say, in explaining the closing of the hotel:—

"You know how hot it gets in Yuma in the summer? Well, it's just that cold here in the winter."

An Arctic waste,—a bleak and desolate no-man's land, shunned by living things. Even the coyotes and timber wolves retreated to the plains below. Snow came in gusts and opaque clouds, whirled in volleys and broadsides by the fury of the wind. One blizzard undid the titanic work of another, and the face of the landscape changed daily. The cañon became a flume through which winter shunted its torrents of rage and tumult.

In all his residence in the Mogollons, Brown had seen nothing to equal it. Both he and Colonel Nelson suffered from cold and hunger before spring came, yet not even their mutual misery bridged the gulf between them. They met but once. Each had an armful of firewood gathered in a lull between blizzards. Enfeebled

though they were by hardships, a burst of sullen pride stiffened them for a moment, and they passed on the forsaken trail like strangers in a crowded street.

June again. With the opening of the hotel, Brown resumed his occupation as purveyor of fish and game, but he avoided all new intimacies. One day, after he had delivered his morning's catch, Hilton called out to him:—

"By the way, Brown, there is some mail here for you."

Hilton drew from beneath the counter a square envelope. Brown reached for it with nervous fingers, and looked at it with the reverence of the illiterate.

"I'll have to git somebody to read it. I ain't got no glasses."

Hilton took it and opened it. First came an invitation to Miss Wymore's wedding. But more precious than this was a note to Brown, telling him the bearskin should have the place of honor in her new home.

"Colonel Nelson got one of the invitations, but there was n't any note," remarked Hilton. "But say, what's the meaning of this?"

He held out the sheet to Brown. Below the signature was a lifelike sketch of a beetle with crooked, spraddling legs.

"It takes *me* to read that!" exulted Brown with the superiority arising from exclusive knowledge.

The first thing he did when he got home was to go fishing. He had wonderful luck, and soon landed half a dozen magnificent trout. Then he and Kit Carson went to Colonel Nelson's cabin.

The Colonel evidently was expecting callers, for he came to the door to meet them. Brown was the first to speak when they stepped inside.

"I've got a right peart string o' fish that had orter come in handy."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the Colonel, as he took the peace offering. "Now, won't you permit me to"—

"Not by a dern sight. Me an' you has gone cahoots on this yere gulch too

long fer ary one to talk o' payin' fer anything."

There was a brief silence during which both sat down. Brown caught sight of a square envelope lying on the rough deal table.

"Kurnel," he said hesitatingly, "I see you — got one — too."

"Yes," answered Colonel Nelson softly. "And — you?"

"Yes."

The kindly look with which they regarded each other was an open avowal of an offensive and defensive alliance, and Kit Carson ratified the new convention by licking Colonel Nelson's hand.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THERE was a time, nearly fifty years ago, when an American popular lecturer might say with truth, in the words of Emerson, "Europe stretches to the Alleghenies." One needed then to go beyond that barrier to find the first distinguishing footprints of young America, these being seen in the shaping influence produced on the growing West by the New York *Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the popular lecture system, otherwise called the Lyceum. The two former influences, however modified, are not yet extinct in the nation, we may claim; but the popular lecture system in anything like its original shape has vanished, even as a theme for discussion. Let us for a little while recall it, and for that purpose try to bring back some almost forgotten features of the young American community to which it came.

It is impossible for any but the very oldest to recall the astounding social effects produced upon all occupations and the whole way of living in America by the introduction of railways. I possess a copy of the notes of "The Rangers' Trip to Westboro or Lion Quickstep," a march composed for the Boston Rifle Rangers, in 1834, when they took part in the first excursion made upon the Boston and Worcester Railway, just then opened to Westboro, thirty-two miles away. On this sheet of music is represented the train

which bore that illustrious military company upon a pioneer excursion. The little train is drawn up beside the track in a series of small cars much resembling cupboards in their narrowness and sidelong arrangement. They are best described in one of the quaint notebooks of Samuel Breck of Philadelphia, then residing in Boston: "This morning at nine o'clock I took passage in a railroad car [from Boston] for Providence. Five or six other cars were attached to the loco, and uglier boxes I do not wish to travel in. They were huge carriages made to stow away some thirty human beings, who sit cheek by jowl as best they can. Two poor fellows, who were not much in the habit of making their toilet, squeezed me into a corner, while the hot sun drew from their garments a villainous compound of smells made up of salt fish, tar, and molasses. By and by, just twelve — only twelve — bouncing factory girls were introduced, who were going on a party of pleasure to Newport. 'Make room for the ladies!' bawled out the superintendent. 'Come, gentlemen, jump up on the top: plenty of room there.' 'I'm afraid of the bridge knocking my brains out,' said a passenger. Some made one excuse and some another. For my part, I flatly told him that since I had belonged to the corps of Silver Grays I had lost my gallantry, and did not intend to move. The whole twelve were, how-

ever, introduced, and soon made themselves at home, sucking lemons and eating green apples."¹

It is worth while dwelling a little further upon Mr. Breck's criticisms, so illustrative of the period. He thus goes into the social philosophy of this matter and expounds it as if to imply that he is guided by something more than a whim: "Undoubtedly, a line of post-horses and post-chaises would long ago have been established along our great roads had not steam monopolized everything. Steam, so useful in many respects, interferes with the comfort of traveling, destroys every salutary distinction in society, and overturns by its whirligig power the once rational, gentlemanly, and safe mode of getting along on a journey. Talk of ladies on board a steamboat or in a railroad car! There are none. I never feel like a gentleman there, and I cannot perceive a semblance of gentility in any one who makes part of the traveling mob. . . . To restore herself to caste, let a lady move in select company at five miles an hour, and take her meals in comfort at a good inn, where she may dine decently. . . . After all, the old-fashioned way of five or six miles an hour, with one's own horses and carriage, with liberty to dine decently in a decent inn and be master of one's movements, with the delight of seeing the country and getting along rationally, is the mode to which I cling, and which will be adopted again by the generations of after times."²

It was for a primitive community like this, just beginning to expand, that there grew up in New England, in New York, and at length as far as the Mississippi, an organization under the name of the Lyceum. There was, perhaps, some special local charity to be established in a settlement, or a church to be built, or a school to be endowed, so that a ready impulse was created among the so-called leading citizens, with devout women not a few, to organize a course of lectures.

¹ *Recollections of Samuel Breck*, p. 275.

² *Ibid.* pp. 276, 277.

Some of these were usually furnished by the prominent men of the vicinity, the clergyman, the lawyer, possibly even the member of Congress. The lecture became the monthly or weekly excitement of the place, and people drove long distances to reach it. Originating almost always with the New England element in the population, there grew up larger lecture societies, and these were soon, with the American love of organization, bound together more or less extensively. "The Association of Western Literary Societies," for instance, formed in 1867 or earlier, extended its range from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to Lawrence in Kansas. In the winter of 1867-68, the agent of this association, Mr. G. L. Torbert of Dubuque, Iowa, negotiated between thirty-five lecturers and a hundred and ten societies, furnishing for each society a course of lectures, longer or shorter, and for each lecturer a tolerably continuous series of engagements.

Each lecturer carried his letter of instruction in his pocket, and went forth with confidence to seek his dozen or his fifty towns, although in many cases their very names might have been previously unknown to him. He might reach the people solely on the endorsement of the agent, or he might be one whose very name was a magnet to bring people fifty miles. From the moment he entered the hall, or even the town, he was under strict observation. He was to be tested by an audience altogether hospitable, merciless in its criticism. In an eastern city, where lectures were abundant and varied, he would have for audience only those who knew him; but in the western community he reached all. Men and women wholly different from him in social position, creed, political party, even moral convictions, came to hear him just the same, and the hackman who brought him from the little inn hitched his horses at the door and came in to criticise the lecture. It was in one sense more of an ordeal to face the audience of a country town than that of a city, from the very fact that the

speaker had the whole town to hear him, to pass a verdict upon voice, dress, and opinions. In a majority of cases, the speaker spent in the sleeping-car the night intervening between two lectures, and as he sat for a while over the fire in the smoking-room before turning in, he was very likely unrecognized, and called upon to discuss the features of his own lecture or take a hand in the funeral of his own reputation. Emerson wrote in his diary, "I never go to any church like a railroad car for teaching me my deficiencies."

The immediate source of the whole system of teaching American audiences by courses of Lyceum lectures was doubtless Horace Mann, who became secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts in 1837. Mann held this post for eleven years, during which, as he testifies, he did not allow himself a day for relaxation, or an evening for a friend's society, but traveled constantly about the state, impressing on every town the need of popular education. It was not long before other highly educated men, among whom Emerson and Sumner were leaders, adopted the same path. Emerson, it is recorded, lectured twenty successive years in Salem, Massachusetts; and the present writer, being called upon to manage for the first time a course of Lyceum lectures in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1847, found himself expected to include Emerson every year and pay him twenty dollars a lecture, while no other speaker received more than fifteen. Of course, the lecture system soon spread rapidly westward, though never southward. At first there were no professional lecturers, but each course had a few stars from a distance, and was mainly carried on by the professional men of the neighborhood, even as Thackeray's Barnes Newcome addressed his English constituents on "The Poetry of the Domestic Affections." In America, poetry and even science held the field only for a time; and public questions of all sorts took their places, until there were signs of danger lest these departments of wisdom should exclude all

others, and the popular lecture should represent only what had hitherto been designated irreverently as the stump. Above all, the desire prevailed to see every performer in his war paint, as it were, and take his measure. For this reason even the women lecturers, who soon took the field, found the elegances of costume a convenient aid; and Anna Dickinson, for a long time the most popular of this class, swept the rough floors of many a barnlike lecture room with expensive silks, excusing herself on the direct plea that audiences liked to see them.

Financially, the lecture system was at its highest in America soon after the Civil War, when all prices were high; and a hundred dollars were paid for a lecture more readily than fifty dollars earlier or later. It was thought a bold thing in Henry Ward Beecher when he raised his price to two hundred dollars, but Gough and Anna Dickinson soon followed his example. Gough's income from this source extended far beyond the ordinary Lyceum season, including indeed the whole year round, and was popularly estimated at thirty thousand dollars a year. When I was first planning to raise a regiment during the Civil War, I went to him to urge him to become chaplain of it, justly holding that he would exert over the soldiers a great moral power. But he convinced me that he was already committed to send a long list of young men to college, and must look to his next year's lectures to give him the money for that.

There were at first very few women on the lecture platform, and they were only very slowly borrowed from the anti-slavery and temperance reforms, where they took an earlier place. This fact was more definitely emphasized for a time in the year when a "World's Temperance Convention," having been called in New York and taken up with much and varied energy, was split from the very outset by the refusal of the more conservative to allow women on the platform, this resulting in two distinct organizations: the

World's Temperance Convention and the Whole World's Temperance Convention, at which latter the present writer presided. In a similar way, there were divisions among the male lecturers, resulting not merely from opinions, but from occupations; the lawyers and the clergymen furnishing most of the lecturers at the outset, although these last steadily tended to become a class by themselves. There were from the beginning grades of popularity, roughly marked by the prices paid the lecturers. Gough, Beecher, and Chapin stood easily at the head; then followed Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Edwin P. Whipple, and Frederick Douglass. Great lawyers, as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, took their share of the service, when permitted by their professional engagements. Temporary political prominence easily brought forward a lecturer; as, for instance, John P. Hale, whose prominence as an anti-slavery leader in the national Senate led to his appearing before a great Boston audience on an occasion where I remember to have sat next to Emerson, who, like most of the audience, had never seen Hale before, and studied his appearance with interest. His final verdict as expressed to me was this: "See what an average looking man he is. Looks just like five hundred other men. That must be where his power lies." This remark was soon verified from a different standpoint by the ablest lawyer of that day, Benjamin R. Curtis, who went up to New Hampshire to argue a law case in which Hale was his opponent. He was perfectly astonished, it appears, by the outcome. "I had with me all the evidence and all the argument, but that confounded fellow, Hale, got so intimate with the jury that I could do nothing with them." These men, and such as these, were the lecturers of that day, and some of them, no doubt, were led to judge of their auditors very much as Curtis estimated his jurymen.

In respect to audiences, there was inevitably some difference between the older and newer communities. Western emigration took away from the leading towns, as it still continues to take away, many of the brighter minds and more energetic natures. It also removed more of the light weights, and therefore had a mingled result. In the choice of lecturers and the preference of themes a more intellectual quality was perhaps visible in the audiences left at the East. In some of the older country towns, especially, the lecturer found himself confronted with what seemed a solid body of somewhat recusant and distrustful hearers, and went home discouraged, only to be assured in the next morning's local newspaper that his hearers had been greatly pleased. As compared to these, a western audience would almost always be more demonstrative as to approval or disapproval, or more prone to exhibit vacant seats upon the benches as the lecture went on. A story was told of the elder Richard H. Dana, the poet, that, becoming gradually more disturbed by such repeated interruptions, he once calmly paused and said with dignity to his hearers that as he feared he was not successful in interesting them, he would pause for five minutes and give those who wished to withdraw the opportunity of doing so. He sat down, closed his eyes, and when he opened them again more than three quarters of his audience had vanished.

I remember well to have again discovered this same difference, in the early days of Radcliffe College, when I had been invited to read Browning to a number of the pupils at some private rooms; although in that case the difference was indicated more agreeably. I had chosen for reading *The Flight of the Duchess*, as covering a greater range of variety between gay and serious than any other poem of the same length. I saw before me on the front seat a number of maidens having a grave and thoughtful appearance, and in the back part of the room a group of young girls of whose attention I

did not feel quite so sure. As the reading proceeded, the former sat without moving a muscle; they seemed thoroughly attentive, but it was impossible for me to tell whether the reading met with their approval and indeed whether the poem itself did. This was disappointing, and I found myself addressing my words more and more to the distant group who listened with equal faithfulness, but seemed to smile or sigh with the poet himself, so that I could have asked no pleasanter audience. After the reading was over, when I mingled with my auditors, I found that those from whom my discouragement had come were all faithful students of Browning, and had, by their own statement, enjoyed the reading. Their questions and criticisms were of the most satisfactory and even suggestive kind; while the girls in the rear, who came forward with the greatest cordiality to meet me, had been hitherto absolutely unacquainted with Browning, and were going home to read him. Nothing indicates better than this the shade of difference which may still be found lingering between eastern and western audiences. It must be remembered, however, that the greater ease of intercommunication tends constantly to equalize these, like all other variations.

It is a curious bit of tradition, kept over from a time when all public addresses were sermons, that audiences in the days of the Lyceum were decidedly more tolerant as to length, in listening to a lecture, than would now be the case. This was true, for instance, with Theodore Parker's lecture on the Anglo-Saxons, which was a favorite with audiences, although it was two hours long and made up of solid fact with almost no anecdotes or illustrations. Another remarkable triumph also often occurred on the part of an orator whose style of speaking was marked by force rather than grace; this being true in the case of Charles Sumner. He had been invited to Worcester, when I lived there, to give his argument in favor of accepting the new constitution formed for the State by

the Constitutional Convention in 1853, of which he had been a member. The address began at eight, but I was delayed by other engagements, and did not arrive there until quarter past ten, when Sumner was evidently drawing a prolonged paragraph to a close. I regarded the audience rather with pity, because Worcester was then a place of quiet habits and early hours. He was finishing his sentence, however, in his somewhat stately and ponderous way, saying, "I have now refuted, as I think, the twelfth argument brought against a new constitution. I pass to a thirteenth objection;" this last offer being followed by a round of applause. It is fair to say that, in spite of this cordial response, the new constitution was defeated by an overwhelming majority which included, I believe, the city of Worcester.

Every lecturer had through such tests the inestimable advantage of learning day by day something of his own strong points, and yet more of his weak ones. He might go to his rest soothed by a sense of success or harrowed by the thought of some fatal blunder. It was, of course, possible for him to receive only well-based or well-worded compliments. It was, alas, more possible, nay probable, that the speaker might be haunted for twenty-four hours, waking or sleeping, by the ghost of some error, called forth from an exhausted mind. These misfortunes happen to everybody, and their only compensation is the slight comfort of observing that there still remain audiences, large or small, who can stand a great deal in the way of blunder, at least, until after a day's reflection on it. I remember quoting once, in a rural anti-slavery convention, a passage from Wendell Phillips, comparing slavery and war; and after enumerating the daily tragedies of slavery I closed with his fine cadence, "Where is the battlefield that is not white, white as an angel's wing, compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for centuries!" I presently discovered, by the chuckling of

some young women in the back seats, that I had substituted, in my enthusiasm, a raven's wing for an angel's, — "white as a raven's wing," I had said, — and I could only stumble on the hasty excuse of "the tendency of slavery to confuse black and white" in order to withdraw myself from the difficulty, if that was to be called withdrawing. Even in the midst of my mishap, however, I could take some satisfaction in watching the comparative degrees of slowness with which the rather rustic audience detected my blunder, and the gradual smile which broke over the faces of partially deaf uncles, in the extreme background, to whom my error was being slowly explained by patient but smiling nieces.

These are the blunders which were sometimes visited only too severely in those earlier days upon the often exhausted traveling orator. On the other hand, the Lyceum gave to the literary man, especially, not only a different form of reaching the public, but a readier test of his own powers. He must face the people, eye to eye, as absolutely and irresistibly as does a statue in the public square. This test was a severe one for the oversensitive or those ill furnished with voice or presence. Horace Greeley got the better of a large western audience which had assembled to meet him for the first time, by an opening sentence which told its own story. "I suppose it to be a fact universally admitted," he said, "that I am the worst public speaker in America." The very defects of his manner justly implied that he must have something worth hearing in spite of them, and so his hearers listened. But if every speaker had his rebuffs, he might also, if he watched carefully, see his own progress. It is one of the pleasures of public speaking that there is sometimes drawn from the speaker some happy phrase or sentence of argument or illustration such as he has vainly sought by the fireside or in the study, so that he has found himself saying to another what he could not possibly have said first to himself.

Personally I was for three years an officer of a lecture association in Worcester, Massachusetts, whose net annual profits for that time averaged twelve hundred dollars, after paying to each lecturer an average price of a hundred dollars. It is pleasant to know that the proceeds of this course became the foundation of the excellent natural history collection of that city. It is also pleasant for me to remember that my connection with it brought the only interview I ever had with Thackeray, who was invited to be one of the speakers in this course, and who declined the invitation on the ground that some other course had offered him a larger sum. I remember how pleased his kindly face looked when, after he had stammered out an awkward refusal on this ground, I assured him that no apology was needed in America for accepting a higher compensation instead of a lower one. The suggestion seemed to relieve his mind to a rather amusing extent, though I had supposed it to be one of those obvious doctrines which the light of nature sufficiently teaches. It was more easily learned by another lecturer, of much note in his day, who was offered, within my knowledge, twelve thousand dollars a year on the assurance that he would give his time solely to editing a certain New York weekly paper, or else five thousand with the privilege of lecturing as much as he pleased. By his own statement he unhesitatingly chose the latter.

Most valuable of all the experiences gained by the American lecturer was, perhaps, his increased knowledge of his own country, and his appreciation of its vastness. I remember my own delight when a woman at whose house I stayed in Nebraska, on being complimented upon her selection of an abode, replied with some discontent that she did not like living in the western country so well as living in Illinois, as if Illinois had not then seemed to me nearly as far off as Nebraska; and I recall with delight an occasion on a night train over the Michigan Central Railway when the conductor had just called "Lon-

don," and a wondering little girl sprang from the seat in front of me, saying to her mamma, "Oh, mamma, do we really pass through London, that great city?" Pleasant sometimes, though sometimes fatiguing, were the casual intimacies with strangers of all degrees; as when a young schoolgirl once opened a long traveling conversation in Iowa, which she justified by an apology when we parted, by saying that she thought I looked like one who might like to read Ruskin.

It was refreshing, too, when a young child traveling eastward from the far West held a conversation close beside me with a very pallid and worn-out mother, which perhaps deserves narrating more fully. I never saw a woman more utterly exhausted, while the child seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. It was when the through trains on the Boston and Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous confidence the name of that station. After a pause, the child exclaimed as vigorously "Mother," to which the mother responded, perhaps for the two hundredth time that day, in a feeble voice, "What, dear?" when the following conversation ensued: "What did that man say, mother?" "He said West Newton." A pause for reflection, then again "Mo-

ther." "What?" "What did that man say West Newton for, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur "I don't know." This was plainly too well-tryed an evasion, and the unflinching answer came, "Don't you know what he said West Newton for, mother?" She being thus pursued, fell back on the vague answer, "Said it for the fun of it, I guess." By this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. Then came the inevitable "Mother," and the more and more hopeless "What?" "Did that man say West Newton for the fun of it, mother?" "Yes," said the poor sufferer, with an ever increasing audience listening to her vain evasion. The child paused an atom longer; and then continued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the very last corner, as she had, "What *was* the fun of it, mother?" Upon this, the whole audience involuntarily applauded, and did not quite cease its applause until the train finally stopped in Boston. It is possible that more than one lecturer returning home from a long trip, and hearing these successive inquiries, may have asked of himself a similar question. Yet there was unquestionably fun in a western lecture, after all.

ISIDRO¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

XX

IN WHICH JACINTHA RIDES TO MONTEREY

THE Franciscans of Alta California in the year when Isidro Escobar should have begun his novitiate sat tight, kept the affairs of the Missions in close order, and prayed or plotted, as their vocation lay, against the decree of secularization. The prayers, it seemed, found no advocate. The plots, like that of Saavedra's for turning the family of Escobar to priestly use, took a color, perhaps, from the lotus-eating land, were large and easy and too long in execution. For the most part they kept a quiet front in California, and trusted to the Brotherhood in Old Mexico. At that time of tedious communication it was hardly possible for the Padres of the Missions to know how nearly their college of San Fernando was demolished by the unfriendly republic. The possibility of swift revolution that harbors in Latin blood, their faith in St. Francis, strengthened by long immunity amid conflicting decrees, prompted to a cheerful view; but being, on the whole, accustomed to let no event meet them unprepared, they made ready for secularization, in case they found no way of avoiding it, according to their several notions. It was believed in some quarters that the Franciscans were converting the herds and flocks into coin, which was sent out of the country; it was known that others went about fitting the neophytes for the change by new and tremendous labors, or by larger freedom and greater responsibility. These are the pipes of history, the breadth of whose diapason sets many small figures going to various measures like midges in the sun. They go

merrily or strenuously, with no notion of how they are blown upon; but let the great note of history be stilled and they fall flat and flaccid out of the tune of time. If you would know how Demetrio Fages and the Commandante, how Isidro and Mascado, Peter Lebecque and his foster child, called the Briar, played out their measure, you must know so much of the note of their time.

Chiefly, then, you will understand how Saavedra, being troubled and a little offended at Isidro's disappearance immediately following the Father President's great labors in his behalf, could not on that account delay his annual visit of counsel and inspection to the Missions, where affairs stood in the case I have stated.

When Padre Saavedra left his conference with Castro he looked about first for the young man, and learned that he had last been seen walking upon the beach below the town. The Padre himself started in that direction, saw only the children racing with the tide, took a turn about the streets, and saw nothing of the young man, sent Fages, still nothing; whereupon he concluded that Isidro had preceded him to Carmelo, and leaving his secretary to attend to some small matters, rode back to the Mission. Here the Padre's slight annoyance grew into a measure of unease as the day passed and no Escobar. At noon, when the Indians came up from the field, he learned that two hours since the youth had sent for his horse and saddle; reminded by that of the lad Zarzito, he sent to seek him in the hut of Marta, and learned that nothing had been seen of him since the evening before. The report served to give an edge to the Father President's alarm. Then about the hour of vespers came the secre-

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tary chocked with news; he could hardly deliver it at once, turning and smacking it upon his tongue. He had been with Delfina, and learned things of Escobar that fell in pat with his own desires. Fray Demetrio had a dull sort of climbing ambition, which he thought threatened by the proximity of the young gentleman, and had the natural gratification of the baser sort of men in seeing others brought down. As he stood twiddling his thumbs in the presence of Padre Saavedra, his expression of pained virtuosity would have done credit to the wooden image of a saint.

Señor Escobar, he said, had last been seen riding eastward from Monterey in company with Arnaldo the tracker.

"Heard you anything of his errand?"

The secretary cast up his eyes. "It is thought," he said, "that he rides upon the trail of that brand of the burning, Zarzito."

"Ah yes, the Indian lad; what of him? He has not been seen since last evening."

The Padre's tone was one of gentle wonderment. Fages took his opportunity deliberately, watching from under cover of his stubby brows.

"Your Reverence," said he, "it is shown by the most credible of all testimony, an eye-witness in fact, that El Zarzo was taken forcibly and carried away by an Indian yesterday at dusk from the beach below the calabozo. It is further averred that Señor Escobar has gone in search of them."

Saavedra revolved this for a little space; he was not one to make gossip with an underling.

"Señor Escobar was concerned for the lad's soul," he said at last, "and his zeal outrunneth discretion. But strange that an Indian should by force carry off another Indian, especially a lad."

"Especially," said the secretary, "if a lad." The turn of his voice upon the supposition was slight but pregnant. Saavedra put out his hand. His instincts were quick; perhaps he had seen Fages at mischief before now.

"Demetrio, Demetrio, Demetrio," he said, three times, and the first was the cry of his heart to be spared unhappy news, the second was a priestly reproof against malice, the last a command.

The secretary understood that he was now free to deliver all Delfina's adventure, a little colored by the tone of the minds through which it passed. The shame of the whole relation he took for granted; as, in fact, did the Padre; as any one of that time must have done. Saavedra was both hurt and sick; such duplicity, — to make himself a warrant for the girl's lying at his door, — the pretense of concern for El Zarzo's soul, — let alone his sacred calling, the boy's breeding should have saved him from such an offense to hospitality, — the case for Escobar was black enough without that. Walking out in the garden with his deep concern, he passed the hut of Marta, and paused before it.

"My daughter," he said, "how long have you known that El Zarzo is a girl?"

The woman looked up with something quick and apprehensive in her eyes. "Padre, from the beginning," she said; going on defensively, answering the rebuke of his gaze: "she was newly from the hills, she brought me news of my son. I had not seen him for two years," she finished simply.

The Padre turned away, pacing slowly between the vineyard and the pears, baffled and hurt at heart.

The next day, with no further inquiry about Escobar and no message left for him, Saavedra started toward Santa Cruz to visit the Missions that lay northward. By so doing he missed meeting with Delgado, who came up from San Antonio two days later with the young wife of Escobar in his train.

Valentin Delgado could be trusted not to miss a pretty girl anywhere, much more if he found her where he had looked to find only priests, a corporal, a private soldier or two, and some hundreds of Indians. He saw her first in the evening glow walking in the pomegranate path of

the Mission San Antonio where he had put in for the night. A light wind shaped her clothing to her young curves as she walked, the rebozo had fallen back from her head, her hands were folded at her throat. Delgardo arranged his cloak, set his hat a-cock, and sought Padre Tomas. In an affair of ladies he judged the round priest the better man. But what he heard put all thoughts of gallantry out of his mind. The slim crescent beauty was no señorita, but the Señora Escobar. That was the name that pricked all Delgardo's wits forward. "If you do not find her," said Lebecque, "ask Escobar."

The whole story of the virgin marriage gushed from Padre Tomas of the Stripes like a living spring, a strange thing to tell and a new ear to hear it, following on a comfortable meal! He had not enjoyed himself so much for a long time. The hour enticed to companionable talk; Indians in the cloister began to croon a hymn. The young straight figure paced up and down by the pomegranate hedge that stood out sharply against a saffron sky. Delgardo drained the Padre dry of news, learned how the girl was no maid, being married, and no wife, being deserted at the church door; went so far as to be sure that the Padre was sure the marriage was a cloak for no unchastity, but no farther. Padre Tomas knew nothing back of the hour when Isidro and the girl came riding out of the wood; or, if he knew it, kept it under the seal of the confessional. The young man did not, therefore, open his own budget at that time. He must know how Escobar came by the girl; was she the same bred up by Peter Lebecque's Indian wife in the hut of the Grapevine, called, because of her pricking tongue, "the Briar"? The Padre helped him there.

"And she had not even a name, this beautiful one; yes, she is beautiful; even I, a poor brother of St. Francis, can see that; so we wrote in the register the name of her foster father, Lebecque, nothing more. The young man was to bring a name on his return; that was the purpose

of his going, that and some business with the Father President. So I understood. But it was most irregular; Padre Carasco was of the opinion that I should have withheld the sacrament. But I hold that since the girl was plainly a Christian she must have had a name, though it was for the time mislaid, as you might say."

Still Don Valentin kept his thought, took a whole night, in fact, to set it out in his mind. By morning he had it shaped thus: that, not to be baulked of all reward, he would take the girl to her father; and, as for the unconsummated marriage, there might be more doing. The girl was still her father's ward,—under age, married without his consent,—ravishment, married out of her name,—false pretense, only half married at that; no knowing what might come of it. The first thing was to get her out of the way of Escobar, who deserved it for being a fool.

Soon after the hour of compline he set Padre Tomas's ears tingling with more news than he had heard during his incumbency of San Antonio. Here, as at Peter Lebecque's, he told his story very much to the point, and so convincingly, that within half an hour he had the girl in to hear it in the Padre's parlor, where the chief furniture was plaster saints in niches blackened by candle smoke. She came stilly, keeping close by the wall, a little pinched about the mouth, but with level eyes, young limbs, lithe and quick, unaccustomed to the trammels of her dress. The corporal's wife had stuck a pomegranate blossom in the smoky folds of her hair; it served to warm a little the pure pallor of her skin.

"Eh, come, come, child!" cried Padre Tomas de las Peñas when he heard her in the corridor; "come and see what we have for you, come and hear a tale. Ah, ah! Our Lady and St. Francis have been working for you. Is it a name you lack? Well, you shall have it, and not only a name, a most honorable name, but a family, a father in short, a notable and worthy parent, and not only a father, but a fortune, estates, immense! Ah, all this for a

beautiful young woman who has already a handsome husband!" Delgardo looked at him rather sourly for this. The girl simply stared; the breath came through her parted lips like a child's.

"Sit down, sit down!" cried the Padre; "you shall hear." She sat on the edge of the carved bench boyishly. The corporal's wife trailed in her wake as a duenna, plumped down beside her, untangled a fat arm from her rebozo, and held one of the girl's hands. It was doubtful if Jacintha understood all the explanations, but she answered their questions plainly enough. She was the French trapper's foster child. She had known that the Indian woman was not her mother, but she would always call her so. It was her mother's wish that she should go dressed as a boy. In that fashion she had left Cañada de las Uvas a month back. So far she was docile and apt, but if they questioned her upon her life in Monterey, and how she came to be riding into San Antonio de Padua with Señor Escobar from an easterly direction, when Monterey lay north and west, then she fell dumb. Her Indian training wiped all vestige of expression from her face, set her eyes roving past the plaster saints and the candles, out of the deep casement toward the mission fields. Curious as Delgardo and the Padre both were they had to let her be. The young man, watching, thought her not so much cold as childish, immature, a great beauty, and plainly a Castro. The puzzle of the last two days' work had drawn proud lines of pain such as he knew in the Commandante's face, knit the fine brows, and tightened the small mouth. The likeness came out wonderfully when one looked for it. But Don Valentin thought her what she was not, timid and awed by his splendid appearance. She looked not so much at him as at his embroideries and the torquoise in the cord of his sombrero. He thought her dazzled when, in fact, the little god of love had made her blind. The young man took a high hand, — the part became him, — showed letters from Castro dele-

gating parental authority, required that the girl be delivered to him and by him to the Commandante. The Padre boggled at that; the lady had been left expressly in his charge by her husband. Husband, ah, husband, is it?

"A word in your ear, Padre; how can the young man be a husband and he a priest? If not actually beginning his novitiate, at least dedicate, bound." Delgardo had heard that story at Monterey. "Did he not tell you at parting that he had business with the Father President? Ay, truly. What sort of a husband is it that leaves his wife at the altar, tell me that? In fact, the fellow dared go no farther." Under such skillful handling the marriage assumed the proportions of a crime with the Padre as accomplice. The young man checked off the points of offense as you have heard them. The Padre polished his rosy countenance until it shone with perplexity, but it came to this; that he would do nothing without consulting his confrère Relles Carrasco. Padre Carrasco being at that moment in the farthest precincts marking out cattle for slaughter, the business hung in suspense until the evening of that day, as was in keeping with the movement of that time, and nobody suffering inconvenience on that account.

Padre Carrasco was as shrewd as dry. He came in with the skirt of his cassock tucked under his girdle, and gave it as his opinion that the lady's husband could not but be gratified by his wife's good fortune, and seeing he had already gone to the capital it could do no harm for her to meet him there; but, nevertheless, the lady should have her own free will to go or stay. Jacintha, when she was called to counsel, said very quietly that she would go to Monterey. It seemed to her the quickest way to Escobar.

"Señora," said Don Valentin on the road, edging his horse as near to her as the way allowed, "let me beg you to draw your rebozo closer about your face, otherwise I do not know how we shall get to

Monterey; your beauty sends my wits astray."

"In that case," said Doña Jacintha, "you had best ride a little distance forward."

"Useless," he said, pranking his horse across the trail, "the music of your voice draws me back again."

"So we shall get on faster if I do no talking," said she.

"Ah, cruel, cruel!" he sighed.

The lady was out of tune with such pointed blandishments. At the crossing of a brook he offered her drink from his own silver cup, though the strictest behavior owed the first attention to Señora Romero the duenna.

"Drink, most beautiful," said the young man, "and no other shall drink after you."

"It would be a pity," said she, "on that account to spoil so excellent a vessel." And she waited until the corporal's wife had done with her gourd.

"It is not for nothing you were called the Briar," said Delgado, and he put up his cup. Finding he made no way with her by compliments, he left off teasing his horse, and talked of the family of Ramirez, their estates and fame, to which she listened with patience and collected looks. He had a guitar in his pack, a necessary part of a young gentleman's baggage, which he fingered skillfully, letting the bridle rein hang on the saddle-bow. It was a warm day livened by a damp wind. Westward a bank of roundish cloud reflected a many-tinted radiance from the sea. The rim of his sombrero made a half moon of shadow on his face as he tilted up his chin for singing; the light warmed his throat ruddily and glinted on the jewel in his hat. He sang an aria called "The Dove," and "La Nocha est Serena," but got no notice from the lady until he struck into a little tender air of absent love, which Escobar had used to hum wordlessly under his breath. That fluttered her, as Don Valentin was quick to see, so he rode, singing, while the cavalcade jogged forward to the twanking of his

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guitar, well pleased with himself and revolving many things.

The trail ran from San Antonio de Padua to Nuestra Señora la Soledad, with a branch running off toward Monterey, uniting again at Santa Cruz. Delgado, who had reasons of his own for prolonging the way, chose to go by way of Soledad, and Doña Jacintha made no objection.

XXI

A MEETING

All the splendid effects, it seems, are saved for nature's own performances, — sunset glow, long thunder of the surf, loud thunder of the hills, the poppy fires of spring, a white star like a torch to usher in a crescent moon; but men's great occasions go shabbily, out of tune, with frayed settings, cheapened by the hand that pushes them off of the board. Events that the passions of a whole life lead up to come in with a swarm of small stinging cares like gnats; compensations are doled out by half-pence.

For sixteen years the interests of the Commandante found nothing to fix upon, his affections no point of departure. The ichor of kindness curdled even in his dreams. It made him a martinet in discipline, and a friend merely of his friend's buttons. The habit of perfect behavior put him through the motions of taking an interest in men, but there was plainly no heart in it; naturally this got him misunderstood. He was thought too cold to have cared greatly about his wife, but it was, in fact, the caring that had left him frozen. The renewed hope of his child had come upon him suddenly, and reached a marvelous growth. It was not that he wished more strongly to find her since she was the heiress of Ramirez, but when she was only Ysabel's child the hate of Ysabel had seemed to baulk him in his search. For himself he had not the heart for going on with it, but Ysabel would have wished the girl to come into the inheritance.

Therefore as he wished to please his wife, still personal and dear, the reasons which before had warded him off now led on. He had really believed his daughter dead all these years. It occurred to him now that this wanted proving at several points, — an excuse for hope. Then came the discovery of the certificate in the alms-box, and hope flared into conviction. She lived, bone of his bone, commingling of his flesh and that of the dearly loved. Ah, Christ! but he had done something; her hate had not been proof against that, — made her body bud and bear fruit; struck a soul out of her soul as a spark is struck out of cold steel. His very thought at this point was choked and incoherent. He was in the exalted mood of a man hearing first that there is hope of issue of his love. He had thoughts, if Delgado's mission came to nothing, of resigning his command to make a pilgrimage through the inhabited coast of California until he should find her. And while he quivered with expectancy, Jacintha came in upon him in a manner least to be expected, with the advent of more than ordinary official pother and distraction.

It happened in this way: on the night that Valentin Delgado and his party lay at Mission Nuestra Señora la Soledad, a band of twenty mounted Indians had descended from the hills, crossing the river above the Mission, and run off twice as many head of cattle from the mission fields. It was surmised that the men must have been Urbano's following, rag-tag of all the tribes, their leader himself a renegade from Santa Clara, and late harboring in the tule lands about the San Joaquin River. Small losses of cattle had been laid on his shoulders before, but on this occasion it appeared that he must have had an accomplice within the Mission. The theft was not discovered until after the hour of morning service, as late as nine o'clock, to be exact, which gave the marauders a good ten hours' advantage. It was true of the Franciscans that they not only preached peace and good will to the native Californians, but practiced it.

Their conquest of three hundred miles of coast was accomplished almost without bloodshed, and maintained without soldiering, unless you gave that name to the corporal and two or three privates stationed at each community of five to fifteen hundred Indians. Six soldiers was a very large number to be employed at any Mission, and Soledad, lying nearest to Monterey and the Presidio, had only two. Immediately on the discovery, the corporal and his man, a deserting sailor who had enlisted to escape being forced to sea, with two trusted neophytes, set about tracking the plunderers, and a rider was sent to Monterey to the Commandante. This was a case in which the Padres could confidently expect military aid, for if the Indians began to plunder the Missions unpunished they would not be kept long from the towns. The courier started at once, and half an hour later, a little delayed by the flutter at Soledad, Delgado and his party set out, riding leisurely and making a comfortable camp at noon.

Delgado was not so talkative as yesterday, considering how he would present the girl to Castro to put himself in the best light. It stuck in his mind that the month when the girl strayed about Monterey with Escobar, in boy's clothing, covered more than mere freakishness. Padre Tomas thought otherwise, — but the Padre also believed in miracles and holy water for bears. Privately he thought the fat priest a credulous fool. Don Valentin wished to marry the girl if it proved feasible; but though he could contemplate a marriage for advantage without love and not be singular in his time, he was too much sopped in the chivalric notion of his type to admit a wedding without honor. He held the girl's marriage with Escobar a knot to untangle, or a reasonable excuse for drawing back if she should prove in his estimation damaged goods.

The young man was not so sure if it came to a wedding it would be altogether without love. He had kindled a fire under

his imagination with her romantic story, the glamour of her wealth and her promise of beauty. Lastly, he marveled to find her manners not so much unfit for her station as might have been expected. Something she had caught from Escobar, electrified by the fineness that made him adorable. But beyond that, the Indian woman, remembering whence the girl had sprung, had denied her own instincts to bring up the child in the image of the dominant race. By great pains and tremendous labors of an elementary mind Castro's daughter had been nurtured in an exquisite personality,—labors beyond her own power to divine,—so that afterward, when she had come to the prime of her charm and bodily beauty, she was pointed out and accustomed to believe herself fit for her exalted station chiefly by the prerogative of birth.

Jacintha's thoughts on this day of riding toward Monterey did not run so far back as the time of her foster mother, hardly so far forward as the home of her father; beginning, in fact, with a day when a herd boy under an oak saw a glorious youth come out of the wood, driving Mariana's sheep. She understood how it was that Castro should be her father; she had seen him about the Presidio, and vaguely prefigured his relation to her; but her experience hardly afforded the stuff for imagination. She gathered from the corporal's wife that the rise in her fortunes must give her new value in her husband's eyes; but as she had never felt servility in the first estate she had no elation in this. Whatever her husband's disposition toward her, her passion was still too virginal to form a wish. In her first dream of their life together he should have been a priest rapt from the world, and she should serve him and lie at his door. Inasmuch as the circumstance of her birth jostled this dream, she found it vexatious and confusing, and she lacked material for shaping a new one. Chiefly she burned with the thought that as Escobar had said he would go to Monterey she would meet

him there. The air was charged with the sense of his presence. She made scant answers to Don Valentin's curtailed compliments, each being busy with thought, and the corporal's wife, having all the conversation to herself, made the most of it. So they rode until they heard the sound of the sea and dogs barking in the streets of Monterey.

Plain folk had not yet lost the zest of life in Alta California. Nearly all the town was out in the plaza, helping to make ready the detachment for Soledad with the joyous volubility and deft-handedness of the Latin race. Castro was settling a hornet's nest of small matters in his room with the balcony overlooking the sea.

In the midst of it, while he leaned his head upon his hand for weariness, there came a great knocking at the outer door, and a quarrel of voices,—his orderly's and another lofty and contained. He heard the babble fall off to a note of amazement and gratulation and the feet of his household running toward the door. The Commandante turned expectantly to meet fresh news from Soledad, and felt a warning precede it down the passage; a warmth and glow that settled at his heart, a presage of satisfaction. The bustle halted a moment outside his door, which, before he had done wondering why the noise should be mixed with the sweep of women's skirts, was flung open by Delgado. The caballeros of that time loved flourishes; Don Valentin led the girl forward by her finger-tips, and swept up to the Commandante with a great bow.

"Your daughter, señor." Then he fell back in an attitude to note the effect.

Castro saw only a slim figure, straight and illy dressed, and his own chilled spirit looking at him out of the eyes, mouth, and brow of Ysabel, his wife. He grew rigid; his hand fluttered and strayed toward a drawer where certain papers lay with some cherished trifles of his wife's.

"Jacintha — Jacintha," he said whisperingly, for now he had the name by heart; and then, as the resemblance smote home to him, "Ysabel, Ysabel."

"Ah," cried Delgardo delightedly, "you see a likeness?"

Castro got up drunkenly and went across to her; his breath was short and labored; all his motions dragged as with a weight. The girl stood still and cold; drooping now with fatigue, her arms hung down straight at her sides. The Commandante took her by the shoulders and constrained her toward him. The room was close and warm; blue flies buzzed at the pane. Dust of travel, saddle weariness, the smell of provender and horse blankets being doled out in the quarters below, obsessed the sense of them all. The hour fell flat and dry. Castro began to work his lips, gray and trembling, but seemed not to understand that he brought out no words. Suddenly, jarring the stillness, rang out the trumpet call to evening drill, which Castro was used to have in charge. Military precision, the use of old habit, held and stood the Commandante in the stead of tears. They saw the motions of his face, and understood them for the excuses which he believed he had delivered. The man sank into the Commandante as a sword is dropped into a sheath. He turned stiffly and went out.

So the first hour which Jacintha passed in her father's house was spent sitting on a bench in the bare little room, with Señora Romero surprised into stillness, and Delgardo walking up and down beside her.

The necessity of providing his daughter and her company a meal and beds steadied Castro, and carried him through an hour or two until he could hear Delgardo's story. Jacintha admitted every point as far as it touched her knowledge, and recognized the packet as the one she had brought up from Peter Lebecque. But Castro needed no other warrant than her looks. Communication between them was still dry and unfruitful. He kissed her forehead only for good-night, and she endured it.

The detachment, twelve men and an officer, got off for Soledad by sunrise, which for that time was unusual dispatch.

The Presidio returned to its level round, and news of Castro's daughter began to spread about the town. But the two came no nearer each other. Jacintha was always at a window looking out, hungering amid the strangeness for a sight of Escobar; restless, starting at small sounds, close upon the verge of tears, not recognizing her own state. Castro would be always edging in her direction, not enduring to have her out of his sight, and wondering at the dryness of his own heart. Toward the middle of the afternoon he found her on the balcony with the kerchief off her neck for coolness, and he saw the cord that held the medal about her slender throat.

"What is this, daughter?" he said, with his hand upon her shoulder, yearning toward the proper intimacy of their relation and not daring much.

"I have always worn it," she said. "Juana told me it belonged to my baptism. I have never had it off."

Castro drew it out and held it in his palm, warm from her bosom. Then he knew it for Ysabel's, and thrilled to it as to living touch of her. He kissed it, murmuring to it broken words of endearment, and laid his head upon the railing before him, kneeling on the floor, and cried. The girl was in a mood to be touched by his grief; sick with longing, strange, tired with new habits, she began to gasp; tears filled her eyes, brimmed over and ran abroad on her cheeks as not having learned the way; filled and brimmed over as the pool of a rain-fed spring. Her father heard the drip of her tears on the floor, reached out and drew her in; kneeling they sobbed together. Jacintha's tears were purely hysterical, but Castro mistook them; they mingled with his and washed the wounds of her mother's hate.

The Commandante began to be inordinately fond of his daughter, touched the earth only at the points that served her. He ransacked the shops, and obtained extraordinary trading privileges for a Yankee vessel on the mere intimation that it carried women's fardels for barter.

Señora Romero was sent home with a handsome present, and the wife of one of Castro's lieutenants established Jacintha's duenna and adviser. Old Marta of the Mission Carmelo was brought over to be her personal attendant; it was the only preference the girl made in her new situation.

No one but the Indian woman and Delgardo knew of the wedding at San Antonio, and their mouths were effectively stopped by self-interest, for this was the one thing at which Castro's gorge rose. Jacintha had told him very simply how it came about, — the capture, bondage, and delivery, Isidro's discovery of her sex, the young man's high airs, and the virgin marriage, — all except the one important item that she loved him. A certain crisp manner of speaking and a boyish straightforwardness where one should look for blushes and tremors carried no information. The Commandante had the sense to see that if this story of boy's dress and Mascado ever got abroad, the marriage would prove the best cure for the girl's blown fame. He could appreciate Escobar's chivalry so far, but he stuck at the desertion. Was she good enough for bell and book, and not good enough for bed and board — the daughter of a Ramirez! — By the mass! Here he would fall to conning the insinuations of Don Valentin, to whom he was as extraordinarily grateful as he was fond of his child. Certainly there was reason enough for this unconsummated marriage to be set aside if reason ever was; and Delgardo was the better match. Saavedra, when he returned from the north, would have something to contribute. Castro had dispatched letters asking to be relieved from his command, to accompany his daughter to Mexico in the settlement of the estate, and nothing need be arranged until that time.

As for Jacintha, she took all her new life alike, as the caged animal takes the cage and the hand that feeds it. She was very still, especially through the day, when she was under her father's hand. This was the manner of their life together:

they would have chocolate in the patio of a morning; then, while her father left her for his official labors, she would go about the house with Marta, making great concern of the housekeeping, of which she knew very little. Castro would be running in and out all day to make excuse to see her. After the siesta she would sit for an hour or two with the lieutenant's wife, learning the mysteries of the toilet and needlework, of which she knew nothing at all. At the evening meal the Commandante sat long over his wine, sometimes in the patio, sometimes in the little balcony overlooking the sea. Then Don Valentin would come in and make conversation suited to ladies' company. He would bring his guitar and sing tender and passionate airs to which the girl was glad to listen. It was so she learned the phraseology of love. But when the house was shut and all lights out in the town, a wood mood came upon her. She could not sleep within walls at any time, but had her cot brought out to the patio under a vine; there she would lie, and the Indian woman crouch by her head; or at times she would pace the length of her cage with inconceivably light tread, and always they would talk. Now they would say how it would be in the forest at that hour, and what would be doing at certain dark pools where the wood creatures came to drink, or what roots or berries were best at that season, and the virtues of certain herbs. Other times the girl would despoil herself of tenderness and babble of Isidro and the joy of their riding, riding in the pleasant weather; now it would be the slow open heath of Pasteria with the shepherd fires and flooding moon; now a sudden small bluster of rain that sent them to shelter under a thicket where there was a smell of moist earth, and all the grass was wet; then the stony slopes of wild lilac that slapped the horses' flanks, and the sea fog drifting in. At times she fell sick with longing, lying dry-eyed and dumb; then it would be Marta who showed her straightly how a man's love is taken and kept, and how a woman must give wholly

without seeming to give all. Also it was ordained that as a man grew weary of kissing there would be young mouths at the breast to draw out that pain, so that if women had the worst of it in loving they had afterward the best.

"A lover is a great lord," she said, "but a son is a greater. Wait, most beautiful, till you have borne a son." The poor girl owned to herself there was little chance of that, and, in fact, she hardly asked so much. But the time wore on, and Escobar did not come. Then her pride began to be awake. She saw her father deeply fretted by Escobar's lateness, which he took for scorn. At last he ventured to speak to her of it, and once opened between them it was like fire out of cover. He perceived her hurt, which was really the wound of latent womanliness at being so lightly set aside, for she knew nothing of family pride and little of caste. It was enough for Don Jesus that she suffered at all, and he fumed accordingly.

All Jacintha's pride was not to be found wanting in anything befitting the wife of an Escobar. If resentment was proper to her station, she must make a show of it at whatever cost. So she took arms against her love to make herself more worthy of her lover. In this she followed Castro's lead. It is fair to say that of Don Valentin's courting she apprehended not a whit. When her father hinted at the possibility of a dissolution of the marriage she assented, believing in her heart that so Escobar wished. Affairs, being in this posture, remained without alteration until at the end of ten days they had word from the detachment following the cattle thieves in the hills eastward from Soledad.

XXII

A WORD FROM THE MOUNTAINS

One allows to the flight of wild pigeons, darkening the sky for days, a prescience germinating singly in each bluish breast

at the same hour, as gilies blow in instant myriads upon the spur of spring. Wild geese clang upward from the Tulares as recurrently as grapes ripen in the wood at the set time of the year; but when men begin to sway together, to move in companies and exhibit in widely scattered parts froth of the same churning desires, we are far to seek for the cause of it: usurpations, extortions, Pentecost or Judgment of God. It is all devil or Holy Ghost. So the Franciscans laid the mutinies, fallings off, and infringements of the savages to the first mentioned; even so the tribes braved themselves for such trespass by commerce with their disused gods. No doubt the god of the waterfowl and the wood pigeons would have served as well in either case.

About the middle of the month of waning bloom the free Indians drew to cover in the stony winding gullies of the mountains, about forty true born and a half-dozen mestizos and mongrels, led by Urbano, who had Mascado for his right hand. They made medicine daily; smoke of council fires went up by night, and the click of rattles sounded through the wood with singing and exultation. The prelude of their triumph rose like an exhalation from their camps, and settled over the Missions, where thousands of their blood had taken on the habits of a gentler life, swung censers for medicine sticks, had scapulars for fetiches, and prayed to the One God prefigured in a wooden doll. If the new faith went deeper it was not so deep that the roll of the ceremonial drums struck no chord under it. After the news of the skirmish at Las Chimineas, the neophytes kept close. By all accounts only rabbits and appointed couriers ran on the road between Soledad and Monterey, but the wood began to leak. Hints of distraction crept into the Missions; old men had glittering eyes and talked cautiously in corners. Scraps of news with no mouth to father them drifted from Carmelo to the town and were guaranteed by courier two or three days later. It was whispered that Marta had news of her

son, for whom she kept a candle burning before San Antonio and the Child. She went that day walking over from Monterey, and took away the candle from the little altar of Carmelo; she may have thought the saint inattentive, or perhaps that her son did well enough for himself where he was. She went straight to the blessed candle, snuffed it out, and hid it in her bosom. Unprecedented behavior. None saw her but an altar ministrant who dared nothing by way of interference; the chief's daughter had a commanding walk and the manners of royalty grew upon her in those days. Her eyes were bleak with memories, at other times bright and hot. She would be about the house crooning old songs, and would fall into set, unconscious stares. Of evenings they heard her chant low and wildly when the moon was up and a light wind came in from the sea. The sound of her singing mixed with the strumming of Don Valentin's guitar, and pierced Jacintha like a call from the wild. Then she wearied of love and its sickness, and would make occasion to slip away to Marta and talk of her life at the Grapevine before Escobar came. Out of sheer kindness she would recall hunting exploits of Mascado's, of which the older woman was greedy. There was much gossip of a hero-making sort afloat concerning him at Carmelo, where the Padres kept the smoke of incense going all day, increased the service of the mass, and had serious thoughts of attaching a penance to the singing of native songs. But the time drew on to the dark of the moon, when no dog howls and wolves will not run in a pack. The stir and the singing died, women grinding at the quern began to lift a hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

The soldiers were reported still following the cattle thieves who were retreating eastward. Then came the news of a skirmish near the Arroyo Seca in which three soldiers were killed and two hurt. A few only of the cattle were recovered, for the Indians had parted them in three bands and gone up from Soledad by divers trails. Many of the marauders had guns,

for which it was surmised the Russian traders would be paid in the hides of stolen beeves. This was stirring news for a lotus-eating land. A new detachment from the Presidio got off at once; Castro himself rode at the head of it. This satisfied a public sentiment, and his own sense of the seriousness of his position, which was great. It touched his honor to leave no loose ends of mutiny in his jurisdiction, since he had applied for and expected his honorable retirement. He drew heavily on the military resources of the province, and got away with twenty men provisioned for a month.

Saavedra came hurrying home from the north, and the same day came to him Delgado with his story of the wedding at San Antonio, and Pascual Escobar, ridden up from Las Plumas, demanding his brother from all the four winds. Word of Isidro's imprisonment and other extraordinary doings had penetrated so far, and the young man was jealous of the credit of his house. Saavedra put him off with fair words until he had revolved how much of Isidro's story could be told in fairness to all parties, and in the interim several things happened.

Affairs moved on much the same for Jacintha except that the lieutenant's wife sat with her evenings when Delgado came in with his guitar, and she, loving a lover as do most ladies, egged on the match with practiced art. Delgado was beginning to imagine himself vastly in love. Jacintha stirred a little to practice on him the arts in which she lacked no tutoring from her duenna.

Then Fray Demetrio, who had heard of this hedged young beauty whom one had no more than a glimpse of as she passed with her father in the promenade, thought himself of sundry past kindnesses on the part of the lieutenant's wife, and made a ghostly call. The man was at all times inordinately curious, and had a fine taste for ladies' looks.

"She is not to be seen, brother, I assure you," said the duenna; "the Commandante was most strict; but to one of your

holy calling, and an old friend — and you knew her mother, you say” — You may judge what exchange of compliments had gone to the visit up to this point. “Well,” said the lady, “when we cross the patio to look at the Castilian roses, look behind the vine there; we call it Jacintha’s vine. That is she with her needlework lying in her lap. It is always so, I assure you, when I am not by. Look now and tell me if the likeness is as striking as reported.”

Fages looked, choked, spluttered, came near to having an apoplexy, but had the wit to keep his tongue in guard.

“Ah!” cried the lady at the outer gate, “you find the resemblance extraordinary. So the Señor Commandante says.”

“Extraordinary, my dear lady, is not the word; it is miraculous; not a feature lacking, even to the bent bar of her brows.”

“But surely,” said the lady as she let him out, “the eyebrows she has from her father. So I have understood.”

Fray Demetrio went straight to Delfina. When those two worthies had their heads together there was sure to be gossip afoot. Within three hours Delfina came bustling about the quarters on a dozen well-devised errands, pertinacious as a wasp until she had a good look at the Commandante’s daughter, and went out humming with her news. By nightfall most matrons in the town knew that there was a reasonable supposition that Doña Jacintha was the same slim lad seen lurking about the Mission a month gone, with Señor Isidro Escobar, the same who had been carried off by an Indian, run after by one young man and brought home by another. By the next day they were sure of it, by the second it had reached the lieutenant’s wife and Pascual Escobar.

Pascual flounced off to Saavedra in a great fume. He felt the occasion demanded that he should fight somebody; not Saavedra, since he was a priest, nor Jacintha, for she was a lady; but when Padre Vicente had told him the whole story as far as it was known to him, Pas-

cual concluded it must be Delgado. From the start he would have taken to the young man immensely for his fine airs and sumptuous dress; had copied both and lost all his money to him at cards; but in view of what he purposed toward Isidro, — nothing less than possession of his wife, — Delgado had rather shrugged off an intimacy with the elder brother.

Pascual found the young man in front of his lodging, fixing his saddle in perturbation, with scant allowance for courtesies.

“A word with you, señor,” cried Escobar.

“Another time, señor; I have business in hand.”

“I also, señor; my business is with you.”

“I pray you hold me excused. I go upon a journey of great urgency.”

“You shall go upon a longer one if you do not hear me speedily. My business is the duello. Will you fight?”

“With you? Wine of Christ! Yes, when I return, if your affair has not passed off in vapors by that time.” Delgado sprang to the saddle and struck into a tearing gallop. Escobar galloped after and drew level.

“Señor, I challenge you. You offend. You are courting my brother’s wife. Will you fight?” The wind of their speed took the words out of his mouth.

“The devil!” cried Delgado. “You have heard that story!”

“I say again,” panted Pascual, “will you fight?”

“Señor, can you ride?”

“Ride, ride!” cried Escobar. “Judge if I can ride.” He cut his horse cruelly with the quirt and tore ahead. Delgado used the spur and came up with him.

“Then ride, señor, for if we make not good speed this day I know not how long you may have a brother. And as for his wife, I believe she has gone in search of him.”

“Explain, explain!” cried Pascual, the words pounded out of him by the jar of their riding.

"Word has come to me that Don Isidro is in captivity with the Indians. His wife, if wife she is, is not to be found. I think she has gone to find him. The woman Marta is with her. I go to Castro. Now will you fight or ride?"

"Ride, ride," gasped Pascual, "if it is as you say, and afterward if need be we will fight."

"Have it so," said Delgado; and after that they saved their breath, and lent their minds to the speed of the horses. They kept a running pace until they struck rising ground.

News of Isidro's detention in the camp of the renegades had come to Monterey from Soledad, where it was made known by a captive taken at Arroyo Seca. Marta had carried it straight to Jacintha.

"Sing, my bird of the mountain," she said. "I have a word for you. He is neither faithless nor unkind." Guess how the girl hugged that news, nursing it against her heart till it was warm with hope. Marta had known how to put tidings in a fruitful shape. She waited for the pang and the cry that followed in the wake of joy.

"But, Marta," she said, "Mascado?"

"What of him?" said the older woman.

"He is there with the Indians, next to the chief you said. He will kill Señor Escobar."

"He will not dare," said the mother of Mascado.

"Ah, but you do not know. When we came away from Las Chimineas, as I have told you, when my — when Señor Escobar had taken him with the riata and bound him, he looked at us as we rode away, — such a look! There he sat with his back to the tree and his knife on the rock before him; he looked from that to Señor Escobar and back again as if he would have drawn them together with his eyes, so great was his hate. There was death in his look. Ah, Marta, tell me what I shall do."

"But he has not killed him yet," said Marta.

"You do not know; the news is a week old. Mascado may not have seen him yet; they say the Indians are in three camps." The girl wrung her hands.

"Mascado would not dare," said his mother again.

But Jacintha fell to crying softly without noise or sobbing; then she would sit drawing counsel from her hope, and afterward the flood of grief would grow full and drip over in unrelieving tears. Marta made her *chili relenos* for dinner, green peppers stuffed with cheese and fried, but the girl would take no comfort in them. So at last when the sun had licked up the shadow like damp from the patio, and the whole town lay a-doze, Marta took the girl's hands between her palms and said her last word.

"Fret no more, my Briar," she said, "I will go and speak with my son."

"How will you go, Marta?"

"I can get a horse, and if any meet me in the hills I will say I seek my son. Mascado is a captain. They will not hurt me."

"But how will you know where he is?"

"I have a word, — a bird of the air brought it; never fear."

"And when you find him what will you do?"

The daughter of a chief drew herself up.

"What becomes me," she said.

"Ah, Marta, take me with you!"

"Most beautiful, what will you do in the hills?"

"I will go to my husband."

"There is war in the hills, and the tribes are bitter against the *gentes de razon*."

"But if I am of the *gentes de razon* I am also Indian bred. Seventeen years I myself knew no better." With such debates she followed the elder woman from room to room.

"What will your father say?" said Marta.

"What will he say to you whom he commanded not to leave me?" demanded the girl.

"Will you that I stay?"

"Ah no, no, — only take me with you."

There was another reason why Jacintha wished to get away from Monterey, one as deep as her desire and more inarticulate. By dint of many hints from the lieutenant's wife, the point of Delgardo's compliments grew plain to her. Now she saw her father's drift, and what prompted his ire against Escobar. That tie dissolved, Delgardo was to have her, to which her own quietude under her father's suggestion had in a measure committed her. All the simplicity of her forest breeding, which denies the approach of marriage to any feet but love's, and perhaps a wraith from Ysabel's unhappy grave, rose up to warn her dumbly. But it lay too deep for complaining; she could sense it, but not give it speech. All that afternoon she avoided her duenna and the needlework under plea of a headache, that she might find Marta among the cooking pots and pans, and with arms folded on the elder woman's knees make argument and persuasion.

XXIII

HIDDEN WATERS

Urbano, captain of the rag-tag of tribesmen, whose right hand was Mascado, was not the stuff of which new civilizations are made. That was about all there was behind his defection from Santa Clara. He and some dozens of his following wished not to live always in one place, wear clothes, marry one wife and stay by her; preferred to gather wild grapes rather than plant vineyards, to set snares for the wild fowl of the Tulares rather than raise barley for clucking hens; wished to have the wind on their faces, the stars over them, the turf underfoot. There were some savages in his fellowship, chiefly mestizos, begotten upon Indian women by drunken sailors or convicts sent into the country to serve as soldiers; but of scalping, tortures, massacres, all the bloody entourage of traditional Indian warfare, they knew as little as of the

Christian virtues. They hated holy water, houses, field labor, stocks, the whipping-post, the sound of a church bell; and as much as the Padres stood for these things, hated them also. But they had really not much grievance. Some of them had been detained in the Missions against their will, and that is an offense upon any grounds. Some had been hunted by soldiers in hills where their fathers were mesne lords, and whipped for seeking every man's right to live in what place best pleases him; that was the full extent of imposition. The Missions never appropriated to their own use one half the lands claimed by the tribes they baptized, and since the Padres preferred raising cattle to hunting deer, the wild game increased without check. The remnant of the tribes, having more ground to hunt in than they could well cover, were not happy in it. They missed the excitement of tribal feasts and dances, feuds and border wars, the stir of a numerous people in large land.

So for sport they took to cattle stealing, relishing the taste of mission beef, and coveting the knives, beads, and ammunition which the Russians paid them for hides, pleased, no doubt, to harry the Padres on any account. Possibly they dreamed, as their numbers were augmented by success, of driving out the Franciscans and restoring the old order, for no better reason than that they wished it so. Beginning in a small way, running off two or three head of stock at a time, they grew in impertinences until they had planned and executed in full force the raid on Soledad, and so brought out the Commandante fuming from Monterey, and the ruin of their company.

Urbano, *El Capitan*, had deserved his election. He was shrewd, hearty, temperate, and expedient. Mascado, who had joined him to slake a private vengeance, ended by giving him a full measure of regard. The expedition had come through the hills in open order, not too carefully since there were none stirring in the region to carry alarm to the Missions, and

with so little soldierly attention to their rear that Isidro Escobar and Arnaldo the tracker had come well within their lines before discovery. Even then, had the two men given no evidence of suspicion, of having noted the camps and the numbers of them, they might have passed without hindrance; and Arnaldo's ruse of lying down as if for the night's sleep within cry of their sentries had almost served, would have answered, perhaps, to throw off pursuit; but word of their passing had reached Mascado, and acted as an irritant to the unhealed scratches he had brought away from Las Chimineas.

Mascado had not two thoughts in his head when he set himself upon the trail of Escobar. He followed it as a hound follows the slot of a stag, merely pursuing, and whetting pursuit by the freshness of the trail. He wished to come up with the young man, to take him, and to take him by his own hand; to wreak himself not merely on the inert body, as he might have done when Isidro lay asleep under the oak, but upon his mind and spirit. Mascado had a good hour of gloating as he sat by the sleepers, feeding his jealous rage by every point of the other's advantage: race, beauty, fine clothing, the lordly air, — yet he held himself the better man; — so his musing hate advanced by leaps until it burned through the curtain of oblivion and woke Escobar from sleep.

Mascado should really have killed him as he lay, for no sooner was the caballero awake than his spirit was up to cope with the mestizo's and beat it down. In the first of their encounter Isidro had saved Mascado's life from the buck that had him down, and at their next meeting, which was really of Mascado's own provoking, had offered him fair battle which had been taken unfairly. The sense of these things turned the scale a little between them. Isidro, as he looked into his own weapon, yawned to cover any amazement, looked the mestizo over, looked up the trail and saw a dozen of Urbano's men come riding on stolen ponies, and turned back affable and smiling.

"*Buenas dias*, Mascado," he said, "how did you get loose?"

"Eh, have you not heard?" said Arnaldo taking the cue. "One beast helps another out of a trap; his brother the coyote came in the night and gnawed his bonds."

Mascado flinched at the insult that he, who was *El Capitan's* best man, should be called kin to the dog of the wilderness; but without replying got them up and to the trail, had them bound and placed on their own horses brought up by the riders, and so to Urbano, since he could not at that moment think of any better thing to do with them. He would have liked to meet Escobar man to man as they had met at Las Chimineas with the girl looking on; — then, — but he blinked the possibility of ending as the other encounter had ended, — against all odds he would not miss his stroke another time. Urbano, however, would allow no outrage. He understood too well the advantage of a hostage, and perhaps an advocate, in case of evil days. Mascado would have kept the captives trussed like fowl, but *El Capitan* had a trick worth two of that, — he put the young man upon parole. Urbano was a man of middle years, and understood the ways of the *gentes de rason* much as he understood those of deer and elk. To a caballero of Isidro's make-up he realized that his word held where no bonds would, so he was allowed to move about the camp of the renegades hardly constrained, but making no attempt to escape. Arnaldo, whose ingenuity showed him a thousand expedients, fretted continually.

"Let us be off," he said; "we have affairs in Monterey. What is your word to these swine?"

"*No ha cuidado*," said Isidro; "swine they are, but it is the word of an Escobar."

There was one other besides Arnaldo the tracker in the camp of the renegades who found himself put out of calculation by Escobar's devotion to his parole. That was Urbano's right hand, Mascado. Owning his life and some courtesy to Escobar, the mestizo admitted that he needed

a provocation to the attack, — outbreak or attempted escape, or, at the least, an occasion for holding him in less esteem, since, though he schemed night and day to make good the humiliation of Las Chimineas upon the other's body, circumstances were in a fair way of making them friends.

Urbano's men had come coastward as far as a certain cover of dense forest, heading up among the hills, fortunately situated for defense, and admitting of raids from it to Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, or Soledad, but far enough from these to allow of such twists and turnings of retreat as would throw pursuit off the trail. There was not one of the renegades but believed himself better at such ancient crafts than any mission-bred Indian of the lot.

The main body of the cattle thieves did not go at once to the rendezvous, but spread abroad in the country about Soledad expecting communication with a disgruntled neophyte within its walls. Meantime a dozen of the less adventurous fighting men and a few women, coming on slowly behind the company, established a camp and base of supplies at Hidden Waters. The place lay toward the upper side of a triangular cape of woods that spread by terraces down from the highest ridges of those parts. The wood was fenced on two sides; south by the Arroyo Seca, boulder-strewn wash of an intermittent river; north by a wide open draw, almost a valley, a loose sandy soil affording foothold only for coarse weedy grass. Eastward the redwoods thinned out toward the high windy top of the ridge, passing into spare slanting shrubs.

About the middle of this tongue of forest, one of the terraces, which promised from its approaches to be exactly like all others, hollowed abruptly to a deep basin of the extent of a hundred varas. On its farther rim a considerable spring welled insensibly out of a rock, and, after circling the hollow, slipped tinkling under boulders, to reappear on a lower terrace a

runnel of noisy water. Scattered over the basin, islands of angular rock lifted up clumps of redwood and pine to the level of the unbroken terrace, and gave it the look of a continuous wood. Tortuous manzanita clung about the shelving rim and masked the hollow; no trail led into it; the Indians saw to that; more than a rod away it would be scarcely suspected. Only from the slope above, looking down, one might have glimpses of wet flowery meadow between the tall sequoias, but be puzzled how to come at it.

In this pit of pleasantness, then, the renegades made their camp of refuge, there to bring their prisoners and wounded, or to lie quiet until pursuit had blown by. Escobar, however, was not at first placed at Hidden Waters. He was, in fact, on the night his wife and Delgado's party rested at Soledad, bound to a madroño tree not far from the mission inclosure, waiting the result of the raid. He made out so much of Urbano's plan, that the cattle were to be parted in three bands, one to go to the rendezvous at Hidden Waters, the other two by devious ways to go east and east till they came to the wickiups of home, where the women and children awaited them, where at the worst they might be driven into the marshes of the great river beyond any pursuit. Escobar, believing his wife still at San Antonio, and fretting at his delay, was driven with the third part of the cattle to the camp in the triangular wood of sequoias, Mascado heading that expedition. But the renegades missed reckoning with their own savagery. The detachment having one band of cattle in care turned in at Las Chimineas and camped there until they had killed a beef and stuffed themselves with it, being so overtaken by the twelve soldiers from Monterey. Themselves they hid in the rocks among the gray chimneys, but the cattle they could not hide. The soldiers found these in the meadow, and driving them down, drew the Indians from their holes. Then both sides smelled powder, saw their dead, and called it war.

The first move of the renegades was to draw into Hidden Waters to council, and await the return of their men who had gone eastward with the remaining cattle. This gave Castro time to get his troops in order, and Escobar and the mestizo to become a little acquainted.

Isidro, always under necessity of keeping a keen edge on his spirit by trying it on another, used Mascado, who could no more keep away from him than an antelope from a snare. Escobar mocked him and his new dignities, frothed his anger white, or cleared it away with nimble turns of speech, and Mascado was always coming back to see if he could not learn the trick, or at least bear himself more to advantage. It was very pleasant there at Hidden Waters, the days soft and languorously warm, the nights scented and cool. The camp lay on an island of redwoods raised a few feet above the rank blossoming meadow. The litter of brown needles looked not to have known a foot for a hundred years. Waning lilies stood up among the coarse deep fern, the wild rose bushes hung full of shining scarlet fruit. Deer went by in troops; great, nodding, antlered stags came and looked into the hollow with gentle, curious eyes; a bear came poking about the half-ripened manzanita berries on the rim; hot noons were censured by the odorous drip of honey from the hiving rocks. Scouting parties came and went softly, keeping watch on the soldiers who had drawn off to wait reinforcements from the Presidio. The camp needed little guarding; one man might keep watch of the whole south side of the forest, fenced by the mile-wide open gully, over which not a crow could flap unspied upon. On the north, sentries were posted among the rocks, where the river, only such during the brief torrent of winter rains, now ran no farther than the point of fan-shaped wood. Higher up it showed broad, shallow pools strung on a slender thread of brown water.

Then came word of the Commandante's sally from Monterey, and Urbano kept away from the camp, beginning a game

of hide and seek to draw the soldiers and all suspicion away from Hidden Waters, and tire them in the fruitless hills. Then, Mascado being left with the remnant to keep the camp, Isidro would make sport of him, gambling every day afresh with Arnaldo for the few coins he had in his pocket.

"Why do you stay so close in the camp, Mascado?" he would say. "Is it because you know the Father President is looking for you?" Or if the mestizo went abroad in the wood, "Were you looking for birches, Mascado? They grow better at Carmelo I am told, and no doubt the Padre has one peeled for you."

"At least they have no right to whip me," said Mascado, stung to retort. "My father was of the *gentes de razon*, though because the Church meddled not at my begetting they hold me as one of the Mission."

"Is it so, señor?" said Escobar, with exaggerated amazement. "Then I am no longer at a loss to account for your capacity and discernment." Then human interest coming uppermost, —

"Was it for that you left the Mission?"

"No," said Mascado; "it was for leaving I was whipped. Much good may it do them. I left because, being a free man, I wished to live freely."

This was a sense of the situation which, Escobar recalled, Zarzito had expressed. It seemed to him rather a singular one for an Indian.

"In the Mission," he said, "you were clothed and fed?"

Mascado grunted. "You also, señor, have eaten well; do you wish nothing more?"

What Escobar wished, very badly, was to get back to his wife, but that would not bear saying. He began to take an interest in Mascado on his own account, and took occasion to talk with him oftener as men talk with men, though with a quizzing tone; and Mascado, being never able to keep up with his nimble tongue, paid him an odd kind of respect for it, though it also augmented his hate. One

thing that drew him continually within reach of Escobar's tongue was the hope that he might drop a hint of the Briar; but Isidro, because she was now his wife, and for several reasons he could not very well define, would not bring her into the conversation. That did not prevent her being much upon his mind. He wanted her if for no other reason than to share the jest against Mascado or the zest of this entertainment of events. If she were but stretched beside him on the brown litter, — of course that could not be since she was a girl, — but if the boy El Zarzo lay there beside him, it would give new point to his invention; also they could watch the squirrels come and go, or read the fortunes of Urbano in the faces of his men. And in the early dark, when a musky smell arose from the crushed fern, they might hear the whisper of the water and piece out the sense of sundry chirrupings and rustlings in the trees, — and of course she might very well be lying there and no harm, for was she not his wife? Then he bethought himself that there were sundry matters upon which he should have questioned her more closely. It became at once important to him to know how she thought upon this matter or that. He had been wrong to leave her in ignorance at San Antonio, believing herself only Peter Lebecque's foster lad when she was a great lady and an heiress. No question he owed her explanation for that. He began to hold long conversations with her in his mind, in which everything conduced to the best understanding.

With this he occupied much of his time, for though he fretted at the enforced hiatus in his affairs, he was not greatly alarmed, even when Mascado gloomed on him, and now and then a wounded man came into camp and gave him black looks as being of the party that dealt the wound. For it began to appear that Castro was not to be drawn off from making an end of the freebooters. He owed something to destiny for the turns she had served him; he wanted nothing so much as to get back to his daughter; he had

his adieux to make to the office of Commandante, — reasons enough if a soldier had wanted any for pushing a campaign. He had scouts as cunning as any of Urbano's, and, having an inkling of the camp at Hidden Waters, began to push steadily in that direction. The renegades had more than one brush with him, and when Escobar caught a presage of defeat in the air he left off bantering Mascado. It was a consideration the mestizo felt himself incapable of under the same conditions, and though he held Escobar in a little less esteem as being so womanish as not to twit an enemy in distress, he, curiously enough, began to like him a little on that account.

XXIV

THE LADY'S SECOND FLIGHT

"Go softly, dear lady," said Marta, "the horses are not far. In that clump of willows José should have left them. It is wet underfoot; stay you here."

The night was soft black, woolly with sea fog, underfoot was the chug of marsh water livened by croaking toads, overhead some strips of starry sky between pale wisps of cloud. From the willow thicket where the horses champed upon their heavy bits rose the odor of crushed spikenard.

"Mount here," said the Indian woman; "I must find a boulder or a stump; I am not so young. The horses are not much, but I had to give that José two reals to get them. He said the thing had a secret look and lay upon his conscience. Ts! st! Two reals' worth! Can you manage without a saddle?"

"I have seldom used one," said the girl.

"Now," said Marta, "go lightly across the field until we are safe from the town; then we find the road and hard riding."

Hereabout the ground was swampy and sucked at the horses' feet. All lights were out in Monterey; to the left they

heard the rustle of the tide along the foot of a hanging wall of fog. The riders kept to the turf for an hour; it seemed longer. The fog cut in behind them, flanked them right and left, folded them in a pit, at the top of which they could see some specks of light pricked in the velvet blackness.

Once on the road the horses struck into a jiggling trot, which is the pace for long journeys as a tearing gallop is for short ones. Jacintha rocked to the motion, and drew deep breaths of freedom and relief.

"What an excellent beast a horse is," she said. "How long shall we be upon the road?"

"Until we are both well weary," said Marta.

The girl swung herself for pure delight from one side of the horse to the other.

"That will be long, then," she said. "How good boy's clothes feel again! I doubt I shall ever grow to like skirts."

"I see no use in them myself," said the older woman; "it was not so in my mother's time, but is a custom of the Missions. No doubt it is an offense to God to look on a priest or a woman and know that they have two legs."

"I would that the moon shone, then we might try a gallop," said Jacintha.

"With a moon," said Marta, "we could hardly have come so easily off from Monterey."

The girl was alive with the joy of motion and the freedom of the road. She had a thousand speculations, questions and surmises, but got very little out of the older woman, whose thoughts were all of their errand and how to accomplish it. After a time Jacintha began to come under the spell of her taciturnity. The damp of the fog penetrated to the marrow and dripped from them like rain. They rode and rode. It should have been about one of the clock, and a sea wind cutting the fog to ribbons, when they turned from the highway into a deer trail, followed that until they came to a creek, turned up it and kept the middle of the stream for an hour. The horses needed urging for that

work, the water was cold and rushing, the creek bed shifty with loose cobbles. It was necessary to go cautiously, to break no smallest bough of leaning birch and alder and so leave a trail.

"For we will surely be followed," said the Indian woman.

From the creek they led the horses up by a stony place to firmer ground. Jacintha was stiff with cold, slipped and stumbled.

"Have a good heart, my Briar," said Marta, "it is not long to rest." She chafed the girl's hands between her palms, the walking relieved the numbness of the limbs. Another hour began to show a faint glow in the east. They had come clear of the fog, though the drenching grass showed it had been before them in the night. When the peaks of the high hills eastward began to show rosily light, Marta grew talkative and cheerful.

"It is not far, dear lady, it is near at hand," she said. "I remember the place very well; a safe hollow under hanging rocks. It has a blasted pine before it. I was there with my father when I was a child, and that was the first time of my being in the hills, for I was mission-born. My father, though he was captain of his people, had seen that the God of the Padres was greater than his god, and what they wrought was good; therefore he was baptized, and all his people. But he was a man grown, and it is ill learning when the youth is spent, so it irked him to live always in one place, and because he was chief to have one say to him, Stay, and he should stay. So when I was grown to the height of his thigh he took me and my mother and came away in the night. It was the spring of the year, about the time when roots began to be good to eat and wood doves were calling all the smoky days. We came to this place where we will soon be, most beautiful, and it was all set about with flowers by the spring, and had a pleasant smell. Never will I forget the smell of the young wood in the spring. But it came up a storm of rain and wind, and my father saw that God

was against him, for it was not the time of storms. Then it increased with thunder, and fire out of heaven struck a great pine in front of where we lay. It ran like a snake into the earth, with a noise so that we were all as one dead. Then my father was afraid, and he took my mother and me back to Carmelo. So because he came back of his own accord, and because he was of great influence, he was not whipped. That was in Serra's time."

"I have heard Señor Escobar speak of him; he was a great saint, was he not?"

"God knows; he was a great man; for though my father had seen the miracle of the blasted pine which was performed for a warning, he could in no way shut his mind to the call of the wild. So at the time of the year when he was weary of his life because of it, he went to the Padre Serra and begged a little leave to go into the hills, loose and free. Otherwise he would be drawn by the evil of his heart to run away and bring great scandal on the community, and on himself the wrath of God. Now look you, it may be that the Padre was a saint, for my father has told me that no sooner had the word passed between them than he felt the evil go out of him like sickness. And when Serra had considered the matter, he sent my father apart into the hills to gather herbs; and so every year. At the end of a month my father came again to Carmelo, and there was no further talk of running away. Afterward my father took me with him and taught me the virtues of all plants. Padre Serra wished the knowledge not to die out among his people. He told my father once he had been cured of an ulcer by the use of Indian herbs. That was how I came to know this place, for as often as we came we rested here the first night, and saw the blasted pine pointing like the finger of God."

It was full moon when they came to the place of hanging rocks and found deer tracks in the soft mud by the spring. An evergreen oak grew out of a cleft of the rocks and, spreading downward, formed

a screen. Here they cooked a meal, and when Jacintha had eaten she stretched her limbs and slept with her head on the Indian woman's knee. Marta waked her in an hour, and though the night's excitement and hard riding left her stiff and fagged she set her face and rode steadily through the blazing sun.

They took some degree of caution as they went, looking out from every high ridge, but saw nothing moving, neither Indians nor soldiers. They watched too, as they rose on the crest of the range, the white mission road like a snake among the pines, but saw no shadow of pursuit upon it. The news of their flight was not confirmed at Monterey until mid-morning of that day.

They rode without talking, drank at springs, ate what they had with them, and though the girl bent heavily forward on her horse with sleep, Marta allowed no rest until four of the afternoon, when they had come to a little meadow beset with trees, which she judged safe, and affording pasture for the horses. They rested here for the night.

Thereafter they had no thought of interference from Monterey, but bent all upon getting to the camp of the renegades. The night's rest put them in better trim for what was before them. Jacintha had times of trembling, falling sick and afraid, thinking how she would present herself to Escobar in boy's dress when his expressed wish was that she should remain at San Antonio in proper guise. She wished to talk of him, but Marta would hear only of Mascado. Nothing strange, she said, that he should take to the mountains and freedom from the law, for he was begotten in lawlessness in these same hills. It was a famine time in the Mission, when the old corn was exhausted and the new corn just springing in the field, and the men of the Mission were sent out to seek their meat from God.

"I had come," she said, "with Manuel and his wife and a party of hunters, she to cook and I to gather roots. It was a golden time, and the quail went up in

pairs to the nesting. Hereabouts we fell in with a party of soldiers from Santa Clara hunting for runaways from their Mission. Mascado's father was a soldier. It is true I was taken by force, but my heart consented. It was mating weather and we both young. When all was known the Padre would have had us to marry, but it was discovered he had a wife already. Santa Maria! it was no doubt a great sin, but my heart consented."

By this time, although they had seen no Indians, they knew well enough by the stillness of the wood that they had come within their borders. No deer cropped by the water courses, no beasts larger than the squirrels were stirring or abroad, rabbits cowered trembling in the thickets, or ran like gray flashes in the meadow, proof enough that they had been lately hunted. The gossiping jays let them pass with no outcry, sign that men were no strange sight to them. Marta would be often getting down from her horse to study signs unguessed by the girl, muttering to herself or breaking out with snatches of reminiscence of the youth of Mascado. Her mind dwelt more and more upon him as they went through the wood, tiptoe with expectancy. Once they made sure of an Indian moving at a distance parallel to their course, possibly spying upon them, but they could not come up with him nor get speech. Here the forest grew more openly, and they rode abreast, steering by certain points of the hills, but keeping a sharp lookout for signs. They had so arranged their course that they would strike the corner of the forest where the Indians had their camp at about midway of one side of the triangle. To do this they had to cross the stony open space that fenced it from the rest of the tree-covered country, at that point nearly a mile of tedious riding.

It was while they were picking a way among broken boulders that they heard afar off, toward the point of the fan-shaped wood, the noise of firing. The shots came faintly and confused, mere popping and bluster, and held on at the same rate for

as long as the horses stumbled in the stony waste, and at last drew near and sharper. But it seemed to them then and afterward that they had a sound different from all other shots, biting and waspish. It seemed as if a prescience of disaster settled upon them as they entered the rustling tongue of woods. The light was low and came slanting and yellowly through the pines. Fragments of lost winds went mournfully through the trees. The two women pressed close together, crowding the horses on toward Hidden Waters. They had not the material for guesses or surmises. The firing had fallen off, but not the sense of battle, which rested on them like a thing palpable. The common noises of the wood were of ominous presage. Suddenly Marta laid a hand on the other's bridle; the two horses were neck and neck; from the close thickets before them an Indian broke running, his bonnet of feathers torn by the hanging boughs, the streaks of paint on his body smudged with blood, his gun trailed uncocked from his hand. Beyond him were three others bent and running, with broken bows. Then one plunged through the buckthorn, panting, swinging a maimed arm, welling blood from a shoulder wound. His legs crumpled under him from weakness, but he sprang up with a bound and died in mid air, dropping limply back to earth.

"Beaten, beaten," said Marta; her voice was a mere whisper, but it took on a tinge of a savage wail. The place seemed full of flying Indians. They came in groups, sometimes supporting the wounded, but mostly these were left to themselves, trailing the blood of their hurts across the sod. A panic of haste laid hold of the two women; they pressed the horses, but kept with the main body of the fleeing, dreading as much to be alone ahead of them as behind. It was frank and open flight; where the trees parted to a kind of swale or draw, smooth and treeless, the lines of refugees converged, making for the easiest path toward Hidden Waters. It was here the women had first sight of

Mascado. He came out of the forest on their right, fit to burst with running, holding a spear wound in his side, the blood of which ran down between his fingers. He was sick and reeling with fatigue. Marta saw him first. Jacintha had no eyes but for the trail, no fears but for Escobar. The Indian woman's first impulse was to get down from her horse in the common extremity of haste when it seems nothing carries so fast as one's own feet. She went ploughing across the meadow, pulling the horse, panting, not sparing breath to cry out; he not observing her, but running with his head down like a dog; both forging forward, but slantwise of the swale, so that they came together at the head of the open where it merged again into the wood. They bumped together as not being able to check the speed of their flight, and Marta had her arms about him to steady him from the shock. He shook her off, not yet recognizing his mother, and at that moment Jacintha, who had followed Marta's lead without understanding it, drew up and dismounted beside them.

Mascado shook the mist of wounds and battle out of his eyes and saw her there in her boy's dress, the same slim lad of the Grapevine, rounded and ripened to the woman of his desire. It flashed

on him that she had sought him in the forest as the partridge comes shyly to the drumming of her mate, come of her own accord to the call of the tribesman, his, *his*, and the savage in him cried with delight; from the consciousness of the finer strain that lay fallow in him swept up a flood of self-abasement that made his love clean for her handling. Then all went down before the common, curious wonder of her glance. He threw open his hands with the motion of defeat.

"Son, son, you are hurt!" cried Marta. The blood welled from his side, and he drooped downward, grunting. Marta eased him to the ground, tore strips from her dress and bound up the gash, a lance thrust, Jacintha fetching water from a creek that babbled mindlessly among the grass. The act and her quiet rendering of it brought the flying braves to check. They went more collectedly, realized the falling off of pursuit, took time to help the wounded, came and offered themselves to Mascado, now as much ashamed of his faintness as of dishonor. They got him on Marta's horse; Jacintha gave hers to a man with a gunshot wound in his knee. The party drew together in better shape, and still hurrying, but without panic, began to move toward the camp at Hidden Waters.

(To be continued.)

A PERMANENT ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATY

BY CHARLES CHENEY HYDE

THE settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute by a joint commission at London in 1903 has afforded opportunity for the revival of a movement in the United States in behalf of a permanent Anglo-American arbitration treaty. As early as 1890, in a concurrent resolution of Congress, the President was requested to invite negotiations with other friendly states for the adjustment by means of arbitration of differences which should prove incapable of settlement by diplomatic agencies. The House of Commons, on July 16, 1893, adopted a resolution cordially sympathizing with the purpose of Congress, and expressing the hope that Her Majesty's government would coöperate with the United States in the negotiation of a treaty. The two governments thereupon entered into a discussion concerning a permanent convention of arbitration. Negotiations were, however, suspended in 1895.

In 1896 the American Conference on International Arbitration, comprising some three hundred citizens of distinction, assembled at Washington and adopted resolutions urging "the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain of a permanent system of arbitration." Simultaneously negotiations were resumed between the two governments. The correspondence between the late Lord Salisbury and the Secretary of State, Mr. Richard Olney, in regard to a permanent treaty, illustrates clearly the views of the two governments at that time. It furnishes such a lucid statement of the comparative merits of particular plans for the adjustment of Anglo-American differences, that no discussion of a permanent convention can now be profitably undertaken without considering the points of view of these two statesmen.

In March, 1896, Lord Salisbury in-

formed Mr. Olney that neither government was willing to accept arbitration "upon issues in which the national honor and integrity is involved." He divided controversies between states into two classes: those which concern merely private disputes, such as a claim for indemnity; and those which concern the state as a whole, such as a claim to territory or sovereignty. The former he deemed to be capable of arbitration, the latter to be on a different footing. He did, however, submit to Mr. Olney the draft of a treaty, in which provision was made for the arbitration of disputes involving even territorial, sovereign, or jurisdictional rights. According to his plan, if a protest were made by either government within a specified time after an award, the award was to be reviewed by a tribunal comprising three British and three American judges, whose decision, by a majority of five to one, should be necessary to affirm the decision and render it valid. The draft contained the further provision that any difference "which in the judgment of either power materially affects its honor or the integrity of its territory, shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty, except by special agreement." It was also provided that any controversy might be referred to arbitration with the stipulation that, unless accepted by both powers, the decision should not be valid. In support of this plan Lord Salisbury argued that his government was not prepared for the complete surrender of freedom of action until fuller experience had been acquired. He said:—

"Obligatory arbitration of territorial claims is, in more than one respect, an untried plan, of which the working is consequently a matter of conjecture. In the first place, the number of claims which would be advanced under such a rule is

entirely unknown. Arbitration in this matter has as yet never been obligatory."

He contended that the provisions of international law applicable to such controversies were not ascertained. Under such circumstances, he deemed it wiser "for nations to retain in their own hands some control over the ultimate result of any claim that may be advanced against their territorial rights." Finally, he contended that knowledge on the part of either state that there would be an escape from an unjust decision would "make the parties willing to go forward with the arbitration, who would shrink from it behind this plea, if they felt that by entering on the proceeding they had surrendered all possibility of self-protection, whatever injustice might be threatened by the award."

Mr. Olney submitted an amended draft of a convention. By its terms, all differences, even those involving territorial claims, were *prima facie* arbitrable. Either nation was to reserve the right, however, prior to the convening of the court, to withdraw from the operation of the treaty any particular dispute which might be deemed to involve the national honor or integrity. But if a dispute were once submitted to the tribunal, its award, if unanimous, was to be final; if assented to by a bare majority, either state, within any specified time, might protest. Thereupon, an appellate court, comprising three American and three British judges, was to review the award. If they were equally divided in their decision the judges were to add to their number three impartial jurists. The award rendered by a majority of the court so constituted was to be final. In support of his plan and in reply to the contentions of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Olney pointed out the advantage of allowing a dispute to go before the arbitral tribunal unless affirmative action were taken by either government to annul the jurisdiction of the court. He urged the wisdom of the finality of a majority award, even in respect to territorial claims. Replying to the fear of Lord Salisbury as to

an unknown number of territorial disputes which might be submitted to the court, Mr. Olney asked from what quarter they might be expected to arise. He contended that the rules of international law were adequate for the proper consideration and decision of any territorial differences between the United States and Great Britain. His chief objection to the British plan was tersely expressed in these words:

"The United States proposals contemplate no rejection of an award when once arbitration has been resorted to — they reserve only the right not to go into an arbitration if the territorial claim in dispute involves the national honor and integrity. The British proposals also reserve the same right. The vital difference between the two sets of proposals is therefore manifest. Under the British proposal the parties enter into an arbitration, and determine afterwards, when they know the result, whether they will be bound or not. Under the proposals of the United States the parties enter into an arbitration having determined beforehand that they will be bound."

The treaty which was finally signed by Mr. Olney and the then Sir Julian Pauncefote, in January, 1897, was a compromise. It was there provided that all disputes should be submitted to arbitration, except territorial claims, or those involving the determination of questions of principle, touching the national rights of either party. For their adjustment the following provision was made: —

"Any controversy which shall involve the determination of territorial claims shall be submitted to a tribunal composed of six members, three of whom (subject to the provisions of Article VIII) shall be judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, or Justices of the Circuit Courts, to be nominated by the President of the United States, and the other three of whom (subject to the provisions of Article VIII) shall be judges of the British Supreme Court of Judicature, or members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be nominated by Her

Britannic Majesty, whose award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. In case of an award made by less than the prescribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either power shall, within three months after the award has been reported, protest that the same is erroneous, in which case the award shall be of no validity.

"In the event of an award made by less than the prescribed majority and protested as above provided, or if the members of the Arbitral Tribunal shall be equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited by one or both of the High Contracting Parties."

The treaty embodied Mr. Olney's idea in so far as provision was made *prima facie* for the settlement of all classes of disputes, and in that it contemplated complete surrender of control by either litigant over any controversy which should be referred to the court for adjustment. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, succeeded in retaining the requirement that a majority of five to one should be necessary for the final determination of a dispute involving a territorial claim. The most important feature of the convention was the provision for the settlement of questions of such a character. The plan for a joint commission was not a new one. As early as 1785 the Honorable John Jay as Secretary of Foreign Affairs submitted to Congress a paper concerning the eastern boundary dispute with Great Britain, in which he recommended that that controversy be submitted to an even number of commissioners to be named by the king and by the United States. Each appointee should receive a commission from both governments. The judgment of the tribunal was to be "absolute, final, and conclusive." In 1790 a special committee of the Senate recommended that if the boundary dispute should not be otherwise amicably settled, a proposal should be made to Great Britain to ad-

just the matter according to the Jay plan.

Great disappointment throughout the United States attended the announcement of the failure of the Senate to ratify the Convention of 1897, even in amended form. The feeling of regret was intense on account of the large majority of senators who favored the convention. Discouragement on the part of those who had labored for the negotiation of an Anglo-American treaty was marked. As a result, the convention was almost forgotten, the correspondence between the two governments was left unread, and the precise arrangements of the convention were unstudied. Not until the United States became a party to the Hague Convention of 1899, for the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, and secured the adjustment of the Pious Fund claim against Mexico by recourse to that tribunal, and finally witnessed the settlement of the Alaskan boundary, did the Olney - Pauncefote treaty receive close study in this country. Even now, among those who most zealously desire a permanent convention with Great Britain, there is a surprising lack of knowledge of the provisions of the model of 1897.

The significant feature of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty in providing for the adjustment of territorial claims by a joint commission fortunately has received careful examination in England, although it has there invited some criticism. It has been urged that a joint commission is not an arbitral tribunal, but a substitute therefor; that it is in reality a diplomatic and not a judicial body; that the establishment of such a tribunal would be at the expense of the Hague Convention of 1899, establishing a permanent court of arbitration in that city; and that the Convention of 1897 is not a model which should be followed in treaties to which Great Britain may be a party.

It cannot be denied that a commission composed of an equal number of judges representing the parties to a dispute is not a court of arbitration. Such a body lacks the neutral umpire, whose final vote, cast

by one who is in no sense the representative of either litigant, ultimately decides the issue. An agreement to submit to a joint commission emphasizes retention of control over the rights in dispute by the parties to the controversy. An agreement to arbitrate signifies complete surrender of those rights to the arbitral court. In the former case an equally divided commission may leave the dispute unsettled. In the latter, a final decision by a majority may always be anticipated. However much a joint commission may differ from a court of arbitration, a tribunal of the former type cannot be said to be a substitute for one of the latter, if the differences to be submitted for settlement are of a kind which the opposing states would be unwilling to arbitrate. It is difficult to see in what respect a joint commission differs from a judicial body. The procedure resembles that in vogue in courts of justice. The decisions of the commissioners are based on the evidence presented, and on the arguments of counsel. To compromise conflicting claims for reasons of expediency, according to the usage of diplomacy, or to render a decision not based on law as applied to the facts presented, is beyond the scope of the powers of the court. According to the terms of the Hague Convention of 1899, the signatory powers reserved "the right to conclude new agreements, general or special in character, with a view to extend compulsory arbitration to all cases which they shall judge possible to submit to it." The implication is clear that there was contemplated the possible negotiation of treaties of a general and permanent character for the settlement of international differences by any peaceable method. The establishment of a permanent court at The Hague, always accessible to the signatory powers, was intended to facilitate the settlement of controversies which diplomatic agencies should fail to adjust. It was not intended to compel nations to employ that particular method of solving a controversy even where diplomacy should fail, if some

other means of settlement were available. An agreement, therefore, to submit Anglo-American differences of a grave character, such as those involving territorial claims, to a joint commission would not be at the expense of the Hague Tribunal if it be a fact that such controversies are of a kind which neither nation would be willing to submit to arbitration.

Whether or not the Olney-Pauncefote convention furnishes the best model for permanent treaties between states other than the United States and Great Britain is immaterial to the present discussion. It may not. The question is pertinent, however, and fortunately at the present time is raised on both sides of the Atlantic, whether that treaty may not, as a whole, offer an effective and desirable means for the settlement of Anglo-American differences within a wide range. The opinion of Lord Alverstone, expressed at a meeting of the International Law Association at Glasgow in 1901, deserves attention. He said:—

"Gentlemen, I do not intend to go into that treaty in detail, or to say more than this: that it has always seemed to me that it embodied more of the principles on which a general treaty of arbitration might proceed, than any other state paper which has ever been published."

Still more recently, at a meeting of the same organization in 1903, Mr. Justice Kennedy said, with respect to the Olney-Pauncefote treaty:—

"Whatever views one may have of other things, there can be no doubt that it was a treaty most carefully devised, and one which it is difficult to think could be bettered."

The practical value of a joint commission was put to the test in the settlement of the Alaskan boundary. The questions at issue in that controversy were of the gravest character, and had proven incapable of settlement by diplomacy. The United States was unwilling to refer its claim to an arbitral tribunal having a neutral umpire. The Senate would undoubtedly have declined to ratify any

treaty providing for the arbitration of the controversy by the Hague Court or any other similar body. A joint commission offered a means of solution. The Hay-Herbert treaty of 1903 providing for the submission of the controversy to such a tribunal met with but little senatorial opposition. Within eight months after the ratification of the convention, the court, by a majority of four to two, rendered its decision. Aside from the natural gratification in the United States in the recognition of the American contentions, the attitude of Lord Alverstone produced a profound impression. Throughout the nation it inspired a renewed confidence in the fitness of an Anglo-Saxon jurist of highest repute to aid in the determination of Anglo-American disputes. It established more strongly the belief, which is not of recent origin, that between Great Britain and the United States there may be difficulties of grave aspect, incapable of diplomatic adjustment and possibly not adapted to proper settlement by means of arbitration, and yet still capable of solution by a commission of British and American jurists.

The practical difficulty which confronts the President to-day in concluding a permanent compact with Great Britain is the problem of ratification. There is a natural reluctance on the part of an executive to submit to the Senate a treaty, the approval of which may be withheld. In negotiating a convention, the Secretary of State is, therefore, compelled to recognize the fact that there are many senators who are opposed to a permanent agreement to arbitrate matters of grave import, such as territorial claims, who, nevertheless, might not be hostile to a plan for the adjustment of differences of equal magnitude by a joint commission. The question thus forcibly presents itself, whether it is better for the United States to conclude with Great Britain a convention of arbitration, providing merely for the adjustment of controversies of a minor character by an arbitral court, such as that at The Hague, or to

enter into an agreement contemplating the settlement of the more serious class of difficulties, such as territorial claims, by some tribunal other than a court of arbitration. Friction between the United States and England sufficient to endanger their peaceful relations and alarm commercial interests can only be aroused by controversies of the gravest character. For more than a century both nations have employed peaceful methods in the settlement of their mutual differences of the most serious kind, including even those involving the ownership of land. This experience, extending from the determination of the location of the St. Croix River under the Jay treaty of 1794 to the settlement of the Alaskan frontier in 1903, has a significance in Anglo-American diplomacy which is not likely to be overestimated. It emphasizes a fact which is clearly understood at Washington, that the relations between the United States and Great Britain, whether friendly or unfriendly, are *sui generis*; that the problems and controversies which may unhappily vex these two nations are capable of settlement by some peaceful means, whatever their kind and magnitude, even though they might result in war if the opposing states were not Anglo-Saxon. A permanent treaty, of wider scope than either the United States or Great Britain might be willing to conclude with any other power, would not be an "entangling alliance." It would merely express the national recognition of a relationship which the Declaration of Independence in 1776 failed to dissolve, and which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in 1850, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, and finally the Alaskan Boundary Convention of 1903, have served to strengthen.

On the other hand, it may be said that a treaty providing for the settlement of a limited class of controversies by recourse to arbitration is the most appropriate means of initiating a policy which subsequently may lead to an arrangement for the peaceful settlement of differences of the most serious character. A national

sense of approval of a system of international arbitration, indicated by the negotiation of conventions adapted to such an end, whatever be their scope, must wield a powerful influence in extending the principles of arbitration to the solution of graver differences. Great Britain and Russia were signatories to the Hague Convention of 1899, by the terms of which it was recommended that, in the event of international disputes arising from differences of opinion on questions of fact, the parties, if unable to come to an agreement by diplomatic methods, should institute an international commission of inquiry to aid in the solution of such disputes "by elucidating the facts by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation." This recommendation was, however, necessarily limited to cases "involving neither honor nor vital interests" of the contracting parties. Nevertheless, when the recent collision between the Russian Baltic fleet and the fishermen of Hull excited the feelings of two nations over a disputed question of fact, of the very type which the signatories of the Hague Convention did not hesitate to exclude from the operation of their recommendation, Great Britain and Russia quickly agreed to create an international commission of inquiry to investigate the matter and thus facilitate the solution of the controversy.

Of great significance are the recent assurances by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, that the administration is ready to enter into treaties of arbitration with such friendly powers as desire them. Announcement in England and America that negotiations have been undertaken for a permanent Anglo-American treaty has aroused wide-spread approval. Whether its scope be great or small, ratification of such a convention ought to be assured. Already the International Arbitration Conference, under the presidency of the Honorable John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, and the International Arbitration Society of Chicago, under the leadership of Dr. Edmund J. James,

President of the University of Illinois, as well as local committees in the larger cities, have taken active measures to further the accomplishment of that end. A treaty based on the model of the Anglo-French arbitration agreement of October, 1903, referring to the Hague Tribunal differences of a judicial order or relative to the interpretation of existing treaties, may mean much, even though there be withdrawn from the operation of the convention questions involving the vital interests or independence or honor of the signatory powers. The national experience to be gained from the habit of recourse to a tribunal for which provision may be made, may lead to the submission to that court of controversies of the most serious type. Nevertheless, an Anglo-American treaty of limited scope should be deemed but the beginning of a policy capable of large development. The real value of a permanent convention lies not in the establishment of the principles of arbitration or in strengthening the usefulness or prestige of a particular court, but in firmly establishing the peaceful relations between the United States and Great Britain, and in removing the possibility of war. The resolutions adopted by the National Arbitration Conference in January, 1904, express the growing sentiment of the country at large. It was there recommended that the attempt be made by the United States to negotiate with Great Britain a treaty "to submit to arbitration by the permanent court at The Hague, or, in default of such submission, by some tribunal specially constituted for the case, all differences which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations;" and "that the two governments should agree not to resort in any case to hostile measures of any description till an effort has been made to settle any matter in dispute by submitting the same either to the permanent court at The Hague, or to a commission composed of an equal number of persons from each country, of recognized competence in questions of international law."

HANS BREITMANN¹

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

And you, our quasi-Dutchman, what welcome
should be yours ?

For all the wise prescriptions that work your
laughter-cures ?

"Shake before taking" — not a bit ; the bottle-
cure 's a sham,

Take before shaking, and you 'll find it shakes
your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty — where ish dot
barty now ?"

On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth
the careworn brow !

A health to stout Hans Breitmann ! How long
before we see

Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man
as he !

THE lines are by Dr. Holmes, and the occasion — which would not have been an occasion without lines from him — was a dinner in 1881, when Charles Godfrey Leland, home from a ten years' visit to England, his Hans Breitmann still in the floodtide of popularity, had been invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard.

This was almost twenty-five years ago, and I have heard it said that the "younger generation" no longer reads the *Breitmann Ballads*. But then I have also heard that the "younger generation" has grown too superior to read Dickens, and so, apparently, publishers persist in producing rival editions of the *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield* just because it has become a habit in the trade, or because it amuses them to invest their money without hope of return, which is scarcely the businesslike method publishers are usually given credit for. Editions, in the case of Breitmann, were, if not so many, at least many enough to show that, for half a century, everybody did read the *Ballads*, and I venture to predict that everybody will go on reading them after the young and their fashions have passed.

For Breitmann has in him the stuff that endures, — the stuff that ensured his success at the start, though to us, in looking back, the moment of his appearance seems the one of all others when no American could have had time or inclination to try the "Breitmann cure." For the first Ballad was written in 1856, the first collection was published in 1869, and the earliest and gayest verses, therefore, cover the period when the national self-consciousness, always alert, had reached its most acute stage, when the country was engrossed in its own affairs as it had never been before, as, pray Heaven! it may never be again. Hans Breitmann reflected nothing American, he satirized nothing American. Any creature more unlike that long, thin, lank, nervous, almost ascetic Uncle Sam America has evolved as its national type, could not well be imagined than the big, fat, easy-going, beer-drinking, pleasure-loving German who was the hero of the *Ballads*. He was not of the soil, as were Parson Wilbur and Hosea Biglow, and the others who roused the laughter of overwrought patriotism. He was not even Pennsylvania Dutch, as critics who had never set foot in Pennsylvania were so ready to assert. He was in every sense an alien; by birth, in his language, — which was not Pennsylvania Dutch either, whatever the critics might fancy, — an alien in his thoughts, his habits, his ideals, if he can be said to have ideals. No figure could have been more unlooked-for in American literature, up till then so intensely national in character, — or "provincial," I can fancy Mr. Henry James correcting me. Only now and then had a rare poet, like Poe, evaded this national responsibility and concerned himself with beauty alone, — very much as a rare artist, like

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Whistler, was beginning to prove in Paris that art knows no nationality, just when the *Breitmann Ballads* were being written in Philadelphia. But Poe was the exception. The typical American of letters — if genius can be typical — was Hawthorne, in whose prose, as in Lowell's verse, the American, the New England inspiration cannot be forgotten for a minute.

Were it known of the author of the *Ballads* only that he was a Philadelphian, who, during those eventful years, worked as hard for his country as a man whose business it was to write could, the fact of his having created Breitmann then, or indeed at any other period, might seem as extraordinary. But a great deal more is known, and in this knowledge lies the explanation. To be told what a man laughs at is to be told what that man is, according to an old saying, more hackneyed than it deserves to be. For it is quite as true that, to be told what a man is, is to be told what he will laugh at. Charles Godfrey Leland being what he was, Hans Breitmann follows as a matter of course. Really, if for no better reason, I might recommend the study of Breitmann to the younger generation as a human document of uncommon interest.

For these are the circumstances. Charles Godfrey Leland — my Uncle, perhaps I should explain — was born in Philadelphia in 1824. This means that his most impressionable years belong to the period when children, happily for themselves, had not been supplied to any great extent with a literature of their own, and, if they happened to care for reading, had to read what their elders read, or what chance threw in their way. Philadelphia, just then, was passing through an interval of comparative indifference to the intellectual responsibilities of her great past, and chance, having the entire charge of the reading of this one child in particular, managed to direct it into the most unchildlike channels. He was deep in Jacob Böhme and Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus, and translating François Villon,

at an age when the American boy to-day is still enthralled by *St. Nicholas*, and in verse has not got much beyond *Mother Goose*. His schools were what schools mostly were then, the one master whose influence counted being Alcott, the last to show him the way out of the maze of mysticism and romance in which he was fast losing himself. His college was Princeton: in the early forties, "simply a mathematical school run on old-school Presbyterian principles," as he describes it; and there he lived more than ever in the past with philosophers and poets, less and less in the present with the problems of actual life. I need hardly add that, his parents being New Englanders, the Quaker City his home, Presbyterian Princeton his college, he was brought up, morally and socially, as well as intellectually, with Puritanical strictness. Many a school-boy of fourteen was more versed in the ways of the world than he when he left Princeton, he writes in his *Memoirs*. And it was at this point, of a sudden, that he hurried off to complete his training, not, as would have seemed consistent, behind the plough and in the potato patches of Brook Farm, not in the frigid atmosphere of Concord, but in the warmth and light, over the beer and through the smoke, of Heidelberg and Munich. That was why he used often to say he had been "Germanized." It was in Germany, where people are at once more absorbed in philosophy and more submerged in material living than anywhere else, that he first studied in a sympathetic atmosphere, that he first gained his experience of life. And in Germany, and afterwards from Germany, he traveled where and as students on the Continent mostly traveled in the forties, winding up in Paris, settling there in the Latin Quarter, attending lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège Louis le Grand, fighting at the barricades of '48.

And, after this, he came back to Philadelphia, of all places, to find a profession. Had he lived in New York or Boston and studied at Harvard, he probably would

have been turned out a professor on the regulation lines. That Philadelphia and Princeton between them, with the more vividly colored student life of Heidelberg and Paris as antidote, were going to make him, instead, one of the most picturesque figures in American literature, he had no reason to know at that early date, and it would not have been much consolation to him if he had. To become a picturesque figure in the future could not help to pay his way at the present. First he tried the law, to satisfy his father. That the law would not answer, surely, must have been a foregone conclusion to himself. To cast a spell or work a charm for his clients would have been more in his line than to draw up a brief for them. But he had to do something, and he plunged into journalism, in those days no pleasant sinecure for anybody, no easy way of making the steady income odd literary commissions were to supplement, — odd literary commissions by themselves having a tendency to lead to nothing more brilliant than Poe's tragic little cottage on the Hudson, for instance. From early in the fifties to late in the sixties, there was no busier journalist in America. He worked on papers in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, at different times editing, or helping to edit, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and the *Philadelphia Press*, *Knickerbocker's* and *Graham's*: the two magazines that might serve now as records of all that was best in the American and much in the English literature of the day, *Graham's* boasting the further distinction of having once had Poe for its editor. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause of abolition; he did what he could to uphold the central government, — *Centralization versus State Rights* was the title of one of his pamphlets read far and wide at the outbreak of the Civil War. He fought the battles of the North valiantly in the press, until he too shouldered a musket and marched to the front. As long as his country needed him, he was entirely at his country's service. And yet, all the time, his real life — the life he

loved, the life he would have chosen if free to choose — was in the world of thought, far removed from the practical affairs of America, where he had wandered with mystics and strange people through his years in school and college. It was his ambition to climb the heights of mysticism and romance, — when freedom came with his later years, did he not start straight away adventuring with Gypsies and Witches, studying Sorcery, wrestling with problems of Will and Sex? But, for the time, Fate had drawn him deep down into the whirlpool of fact. To make up for it, however, Fate had endowed him with a sense of humor, and he was the first to laugh at the absurd contrast between the philosopher that would be, and the man of practical affairs that was. When he shaped this laughter into words, the result was, naturally, Breitmann; that is, the German, with his head in the heavens of philosophy and his feet in the ditch of necessity, spouting pure reason over his beer-mug, dropping the tears of sentiment on his sausage and sauerkraut.

Breitmann "flashed into being," as Henley says of Panurge. How spontaneous was the laugh from which he sprang, the history of the early *Ballads* and the character of Breitmann himself go far to prove. This history I am able to give with details never before published. It was partly told in the author's prefaces to the editions of 1871 and 1889. But it is more fully supplemented by the author's marginal notes in his copies of these two editions, now in my possession. I read chance throughout, — the chance there is in any laugh that rings true. To begin with, it was the language that made Breitmann, and not Breitmann who made the language. For Breitmann did not appear until one, at least, of the ballads that now go by his name had got to the point of being printed. "*Der Freischütz* was written before *Hans Breitmann's Barty*," is the note on a slip of paper inserted in the copy of the 1871 edition, open before me, "one season when a German troupe was

playing at the Opera House in Philadelphia. It was first published in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, of which paper I was one of the editors. I subsequently republished it in *Graham's Magazine*, with a small wood-cut, not larger than an English shilling, before each verse. These cuts were very clever and were executed by an engraver named Scattergood. *Der Freischütz* was one of several burlesque opera librettos which I wrote. They all had a great run through the newspapers. *Der Freischütz* was especially popular, but when published in a work with the rest of the *Breitmann Ballads*, the reviews declared it to be much inferior to any of the others."

No matter what the reviews then said, of all these burlesques, *Der Freischütz* alone has lived. Only one besides, *La Somnambula*, have I found, even among my Uncle's papers. It is in pamphlet form, the verses witty, a characteristic drawing by him decorating the title. But of the remaining numbers in the series, I doubt if a trace could be discovered by the most ardent collector. *Der Freischütz* in everyday English would probably have gone with the rest. For the sake of the parody, however, it had been put into the English of the German still struggling with an unfamiliar grammar and construction. To the hard-worked journalist, who had scribbled it off in his scant leisure moments, the subject and the language must have brought some charm of old associations, some memories of Heidelberg and Munich days. For once tried, it pleased him so well that he tried it again before that same year had come to an end. —

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Where ish dot barty now?

I do not believe any lines by an American — not the sayings of "John P. Robinson he," nor the "Excelsior" of Longfellow's insufferable youth, nor the catchwords of the *Heathen Chinee* and *Little Breeches* — were ever so bandied about from mouth to mouth, so quoted, so used, so abused. In all likelihood, the "younger generation" that never heard of Breitmann has

been loudest in asking, "Where ish dot barty now?" But no lines were ever less premeditated, ever more wholly the result of chance. "While editing *Graham's Magazine* I had one day a space to fill," their author says in his *Memoirs*, as he had already written in his copy of the 1871 edition. "In a hurry I knocked off *Hans Breitmann's Barty* (1856); I gave it no thought whatever." "It was written only to fill up a page," the note in the 1889 edition says, "and I never expected that any one would notice it."

He thought so little of it, that in the *Ballads* immediately following the *Barty*, Breitmann was left out as often as not. The real link at first was the language, though nothing was further from his intention than that there should be any link of any kind. For, to quote again from the unpublished notes, "The *Love Song*, 'O, vere mine lofe a sugar-powl,' was composed, the first two verses, one night in Philadelphia after going to bed. It was with a great effort that I rose and wrote them down. I lived at the time at Mrs. Sandgren's in Spruce Street." The ballad of *De Maiden mit Nodings On* "was composed while sitting in a railway carriage, I think in Ohio in 1864. I carried it for a year or more in my memory before I wrote it down." *Wein Geist* was written in a letter to Miss D. L. Colton to show "that it was easier to write such rhymes than prose," — just as a few years later *Breitmann in Rome* was written in that city for Miss Edith Story. *Schnitzerl's Philosopede* was "the result of a suggestion of John Forney, Jr." "With the exception of the *Barty*, most of the poems in the first edition were written merely to fill up letters to Charles Astor Bristed," a fellow journalist living in New York.

But if Breitmann were an accident, it was an accident that could have happened to no other man. Whistler has established beyond contradiction that the picture painted by the artist in a few days may represent the training of a lifetime. And so, the *Ballads*, knocked off anyhow, were the outcome of a long apprenticeship.

ship of study and travel and experience. Otherwise, they would never have developed into a great Breitmann myth. The language alone was not sufficient to ensure their survival, though it counted for more in the days before the rising of the flood of dialect than it could now. It was clever,—uncouth in itself, but pliant and rhythmical as he wrote it. And it was real, not an invention. He had the sense to realize that not only would no two Germans, new to English, speak it alike, but that “no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or inaccuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language.” The consistency of its inconsistency gave Breitmann’s English a picturesqueness, to which his further experiments in other tongues contributed so flamboyantly that Octave Delapierre, the authority who had defined macaronics as “the extravagance of poetry,” pronounced Breitmann’s *Interview with the Pope* to be one of the finest examples. If extravagance depends on recklessness or first-rate badness, then “from this point of view,” the author modestly admits, “it is possible that Breitmann’s Latin lyric is not devoid of merit, since assuredly nobody ever wrote a worse.”

But macaronics are for the few; for the many, the cleverness of the German-English would have been no attraction, would, on the contrary, have been a drawback, the many finding it quite hard enough work to read at all, without the additional labor of consulting a glossary. Even the down-East Yankee would have made Hosea Biglow impossible, if Hosea Biglow had not had something to say that people wanted to hear. And Breitmann, too, had something to say, something that his author could not have said as expressively in any other way. Moreover, like all popular types, from Macchus, through the innumerable Pulcinellos and Pierrots,

Harlequins and Pantaloons of centuries, Breitmann had in him the elements of human nature. He may have been an alien in America, but he was a man, and a very real man, wherever he might go. He lived in the *Ballads*; that is why the *Ballads* have lived.

What the author saw in him, as he gradually grew into a definite, substantial personality, is plainly stated in the author’s preface to the English edition, 1871,—“one of the battered types of the men of ’48,” beneath whose “unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details, identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity;”—or, to quote from a letter to me, a man in whom “a kind of heroic and romantic grandeur is combined with German naïveté and rowdiness.”

In other words, Hans Breitmann, adventurer and vagabond, was as German by nature as by birth; and that was his salvation. Had the *Ballads*, like the *Biglow Papers*, been intended to convey a moral satire or preach a patriotic sermon, Breitmann would have been intolerable to Americans; they could not have stood the cynical indifference with which he began his career, by drinking and rioting his way through scenes and events that were so little of a laughing matter to them. But the beauty of Breitmann was that he was not an American. It was possible to look on at the part he took in the great national drama, and still laugh—“the laughter which blends with tears.” Besides, in no native adventurer would there have been the mixture of “philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance” that enabled this one American in particular, with his German training and traditions, to laugh a little at himself, as he laughed with Breitmann. The native adventurer would have left sentiment at home when he went looting, he could not have drunk his beer to the murmur of metaphysics, nor searched for contraband

whiskey to the symphonies of Beethoven, nor played the game of politics on the romantic stage. He might, I do not deny, have got "troonk ash bigs" at his own or any other man's "barty." But only the German could have moralized at the end of the orgy.

An American in the rôle of "Bummer" may not be inconceivable, but no one could believe in the American "Bummer" who read Fichte, and speculated as to whether

De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir idées.

But speculation and argument were as much a habit with the German "Bummer," as his beer and his pipe, — that is what redeems him from sheer animalism. There is no humor in mere brutality. Breitmann, being a German, when he drank himself drunk on the battlefield, once drunk, could touch the skies. His inspiration might be schnapps, —

De schmell voke oop de boetry, —
but inspired, he could burst into lyrical song: —

Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll pe troonk among de roses
Und get soper on de shtraw!

He might be the most inveterate looter in the train of a great army, but let the organ peal out

dings from Mozart,
Beethoven und Mehül,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Soopline und peaudiful,

and he was feeling "like holy saints," and the tears running down his face, while he and his men, "droonk as blitz" on contraband whiskey, —

singed ash if mit singen dey
Might indo Himmel win.

Whatever Breitmann did,
He dinked and dinked so heafy
Ash only Deuschers can.

Wherever he journeyed, he was sure to be

A workin' out life's mission here
Soobjectifly und grand.
Some beoblesh run de peaudiful
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash one eternal shpree.

A vagabond of vagabonds, rollicking from adventure to adventure like the hero of the old Picaresque novel, he was a German through it all; the feeling of romance young in his heart, his soul susceptible to the sound of music or the summons of sentiment, the pathos lying very close to the humor, and poetry in the laughter. "I have a letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes in which he says that the death of Von Stossenheim drew two long-tailed tears from his eyes," is a note written on the margin of *Breitmann's Going to Church*, while George Boker's admiration for a special verse in the same poem is recorded in another marginal note. And Breitmann's thoughts were ever soaring so to the Infinite, so many tags of old verse and bits of old legend were ever running through his head, that only those familiar with German philosophy and literature can appreciate the learning crammed into what, to the casual reader, seems mere "comic verse." And he had, as has been written of him, "a ripe talent for events," and as it happened, adventure was more than ever in the way of the Philadelphia journalist back from the war, who, in those chaotic times, — profitable for none but the contractor, — found himself, to his own surprise, now oil-prospecting in guerrilla-swept Tennessee; now rent-collecting in the wilds of West Virginia; now off on some great railroad-advertising excursion to Kansas and the then furthestmost frontier of civilization, among Indians and buffaloes. And wherever he had to go, sometimes with sad sinking of heart and depression of spirits, he could take Breitmann and carry it off with a laugh.

If the German in Breitmann was beyond the average American's comprehension, if his "well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism" was peculiarly

Teutonic; still he was so human, such a good fellow, he was so gay in his endurance as in his excess, that every American could understand the man himself, while his humor was of a kind that every American could enjoy, without a suspicion of the discomfort there was in the laugh over Hosea Biglow's humor. And so, though Breitmann's creator thought little of him, other people, fortunately, began to think a great deal. The public became conscious of the existence of this big, jolly German with his unquenchable thirst and irrepressible good spirits, and were on the lookout for his reappearance. Letters containing the ballads were preserved by the friends lucky enough to have received them, especially by Bristed, who, after sending his series to a sporting paper, tried to surprise the author with a privately printed collection. The attempt failed. The *Ballads* might never have appeared at all, it is stated in the preface to the 1871 edition, had not Ringwalt, a collaborator on the *Philadelphia Press*, also a printer, had such faith in the work as to have it set up in his office, offering to try an edition, which, however, was transferred to Peterson Brothers. In the correspondence of a very much later date, I have come upon a letter (dated March 10, 1896) from an old friend, a fellow journalist on the *Press*, who tells an amusing story I now publish for the first time, of this printing. "I recall," he says, "one curious incident that might be worth putting into your second volume of memoirs. In the *Breitmann Ballads* the compositors frequently made mistakes in setting up the German patois, and you would consider with respect their errors, whether or not to adopt them. I recollect your frequently consulting me on such points, and we would weigh the merits or demerits of their slips — or involuntary scholarship."

Breitmann, the creature of chance, when he achieved the dignity of publication in book form, took the world by storm. The Petersons, uncertain, I sup-

pose, as to his reception, had begun timidly by issuing the *Ballads* in parts. But the First was quickly followed by Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth. The publishers, one of the old, highly respectable firms of my native town, showed small consideration for future collectors and bibliographers. Dates — in *Breitmann* anyway — were nothing to them. But from the year of the copyright entry according to Act of Congress, contemporary letters, and the date of the first English edition, I know that the *Ballads* were published in 1869, in the little paper-covered "Parts," of which, to my sorrow, odd numbers only have survived in the far from complete Breitmann collection I have been able to make from the books and papers left by my Uncle to my care. In 1871 the five Parts were collected into a fat, solid, substantially bound volume, but before this they had already gone to England. In a word, Breitmann "flashed" into popularity, as into being. Trübner, who went to the trouble of writing an introduction and extending the glossary, was the authorized English publisher, a note in the English edition signed "Charles Godfrey Leland" and dated "Philadelphia, 1869," distinctly states. But this made no difference to English publishers, whose virtuous objection to piracy weakened at the point where piracy meant profit to themselves. Two pirated editions appeared in the same year. One of the pirates, in a letter now among my Breitmann papers, suggested that the *Ballads* should be his because he was the first English publisher of the *Biglow Papers*, though what Lowell thought of him in that capacity he did not trouble to explain. Both these editions amiably presented Breitmann with a ballad he could not have claimed had he wanted to, and both published an introduction that almost reconciles me to-day to the piracy. For, in accounting for Breitmann, it explains that, "already the English language in America has become to some extent Germanized. Thus, all the familiar words in German speech,

the questions and answers of every-day life and the names of common objects, are as well known and recognized among all classes throughout the Union as the coins of Prussia and Austria are current and acceptable tender;" and I have no doubt the Englishman, upon whom it had not then dawned that complete ignorance of everything American might turn out a bad investment, closed the book confirmed in his disdain of a country where people talked such barbarous English.

In England, as in America, Breitmann went into edition after edition, in "Parts," and "Complete." He himself appeared on the popular stage, and songs were made of his ballads. I have the music of the *Maiden mit Nodings On*, dedicated to the Crichton Club. His name was given to the cigars smoked by the many, and it was borrowed for their work by the few who, no doubt, hoped to find in it a passport to fame. I have a curious little pamphlet called *De Gospel according to Saint Breitmann* (1871), the first number in a series of *Ramequins* by "Cullen Morfe," — of whom and his *Ramequins* I know no more, and, taking this number as a sample, I think it likely that more is not worth knowing. I have also the second and third numbers (the first, alas, missing) of a paper called *Hans Breitmann*, a weekly after the pattern of *Punch*, started in the same year (1871): poor stuff as I try to read it now, but for a moment threatening to be serious in its consequences. For there were critics of the time, too obtuse to distinguish between the real and the sham, who declared that the joke was being carried too far, that the British public was not going to stand a surfeit, even of Hans Breitmann, and that Mr. Leland might as well know it; and to Mr. Leland, Trübner in a panic sent one of these criticisms posthaste. "It is written in such a nasty spirit," the accompanying letter says, "that I think you should not pass it over in silence. As the continued identification of your name with the Hans Breitmann periodical, which in its last number

is exceedingly weak and shallow, could possibly damage you, will you not publicly disclaim all connection with it, perhaps in a letter to the *Athenæum*?"

I am not sure if the letter was written, but Trübner's panic seems the less necessary in the face of other and worse things Breitmann had to face, — the indignation of Germany, for instance, and the praise of France. It was his exploit as Uhlán, included in the 1871 complete edition of the *Ballads*, that roused Germany's indignation. "This poem," says one of those little marginal notes that are invaluable in the authentic history of Breitmann, "gave offence to many Germans, even to those who had been in the war." But the author's preface in 1871 had already protested: "It is needless, perhaps, to say that I no more intended to ridicule or satirize the German cause or the German method of making war . . . than I did those of the American Union, when I first introduced Breitmann as a 'Bummer' plundering the South." However, most people, if they must be laughed at, would rather do the laughing themselves, and after 1870 the Germans, in the pride of conquest, would probably have resented their own laughter. As to the praise, it took the form of translation by Théodore Bentzon, who was writing a series of articles on "Les Humoristes Américains" for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and undertook to introduce Breitmann to French readers (August, 1872). I do not suppose, in the whole course of his career, Breitmann could ever have felt himself so complete a stranger as at his own "Barty" transformed into a *soirée*, and I quote the first and last verses to show how severe may sometimes be the penalty of praise.

"Hans Breitmann a donné une soirée; on y a joué du piano. J'y tombai amoureux d'une Américaine; son nom était Mathilde Jane; elle avait des cheveux bruns cendrés comme un craquelin; ses yeux étaient bleu de ciel; lorsqu'ils regardaient dans les miens, ils fendaient mon cœur en deux."

"Hans Breitmann a donné une soirée, où est cette soirée maintenant? où est l'aimable nuage d'or qui flottait au front de la montagne? Où est l'étoile qui brillait au ciel, lumière de l'esprit? Tous sont passés comme la bonne bière, passés dans l'éternité."

When the Breitmann excitement was at its height, the author of the *Ballads*, who had broken down from years of overwork, and who had now, by the death of his father, come into an independent fortune, arrived in London. He was received with no less enthusiasm than Breitmann; indeed was received *as* Hans Breitmann, — the one "thorn in his cushion," for he resented nothing so much as being identified with the disreputable old adventurer, who was no more like him than the Heathen Chinee was like Bret Harte. "Breitmann has become my autocrat who rules me with a rod of iron, and has imposed his accursed name on me — and *thou* helpst him!" he wrote once to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who, publishing his photograph, had printed "Hans Breitmann" below. Indeed, knowing him as I did, I can fancy him wincing even under that prettily turned welcome from Dr. Holmes. A more cordial reception was seldom given to an American in England in the days before the English had begun to talk of the "blood that is thicker than water," and to sentimentalize over the *entente cordiale*. The miracle is, how Breitmann survived, — a smaller success has crushed many verses as gay. But Breitmann had the secret of perennial youth, he was a true cosmopolite. That was why he retained his freshness in every fresh adventure found for him by the Rye, — really, I can no longer call my Uncle by any other name, for it was while Breitmann was winning him fame in England that, on the English roads, he was beginning his Romany studies and making himself known and loved as "the Rye," not only by every Gypsy in the land, but by his friends; it was the name I best knew him by, and probably half the letters to him that have

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come into my hands begin "My dear Rye." The Rye, then, could send his hero everywhere he went himself, without risk of repetition. He had already set Breitmann to singing a Gypsy song, had sent him back to Munich Bier Kellers and to the Latin Quarter haunts, had started him on travels through Belgium and Holland, down the Rhine, to Rome. But I have always thought that Breitmann's vitality never asserted itself so triumphantly as in 1882, when the Rye was back in Philadelphia and Philadelphia was celebrating its Bicentennial, with a big Bicycle Meet among other ceremonies. To this Meet, or its dinner, or reception, or whatever its very special function may have been, my husband (not yet my husband) invited the Rye, as the author of the first bicycle poem: *Schnitzerl's Philosopher* of fifteen years earlier. The Rye, who, socially, was just then living a hermit's life, refused, but to make up for it wrote for the occasion two new verses, practically a third part to the poem, and made a drawing of Breitmann on his "crate philosopher." Whoever has read Breitmann remembers this philosopher, a copy of Schnitzerl's wonderful original: —

Von of de pulleyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And had n't none behind.

The ballad is one of the best and gayest, one in which Breitmann surpassed even himself in his philosophical flights and lyrical outbursts. It was therefore with delight that I chanced upon the rough copy of the two new verses, and, as they have never been printed before, I am glad to print them now. Schnitzerl's philosopher, it will be recalled, had

pounded onward till it vent
Gans tyfelwards afay.

But the new verses explain that —

Joost now and den id makes a halt
Und cooms to oos adown,
To see how poys mit pysickles
On eart' are kitten on,
Und if he pees mit us to-day
We gifes him our abblause,
De foorst crate martyx in de world
Who berished in our cause.

Dere 's lessons in de foamín' sea,
 Und in de foamín' bier,
 In every dings dots in our life
 Und all dat is n't here,
 Und dis is vot der Schnitzerl taught
 Oopon dis eardly ball,
 It's petter to be cut in dwo
 Dan nefer cut at all.

The whole incident pleased the Rye.
 When, in 1885, he wrote an introduction
 in verse for the account my husband
 and I had made of a tricycle ride from
 Florence to Rome, he boasted in it that he

was the first man of modern time
 Who on the bicycle e'er wrote a Rime.

And in the 1889 edition of *Breitmann*, the
 marginal note to *Schnitzerl's Philosopede*
 ends by saying, "I believe it is the first
 bicycle poem ever written." I do not
 know why the success of Breitmann's
 prophecy should have put him in the
 mood to write *Breitmann's Last Ballad*,
 but in the year of this introduction (1885)
 he wrote for Mrs. Alec Tweedie, then
 Miss Ethel B. Harley, what he called
Breitmann's Allerletztes Lied, which also
 — as far as I know — has never been
 printed before. Here are two verses, the
 first and last: —

I dink de sonn' haf perisht in all dis winter
 rain,
 I never dink der Breitmann vould efer sing
 again.

De sonne vant no candle nor any erdenlicht, —
 Vot you vant mit a poem bist selber ganz Ge-
 dicht?

Du bist die Ideale of efery mortal ding,
 Ven Poets reach de Perfect, dey need no longer
 sing,

Das Beste sei das Letzte — de last is pest in-
 deed!

Brich Herz und Laut! zusammen — dies ist
 mein letztes Lied!

But it was by no means the last of Breit-
 mann, though in his gallantry he might
 have liked to think so. An adventurer of
 his type does not go out with a compli-
 ment on his lips. There was other work
 to do. He went to Turkey, he tried his

luck in California and his hand at Gypsy
 and Witch ballads, and he had five new
 adventures, or poems, to add to the 1889
 edition. Memories of his old *Barty*
 haunted him, and another verse for it is
 written on the margin of the 1871 an-
 notated edition. It should not be left
 unpublished, though the *Barty* may
 "reach de perfect" without it.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 Gott's blitz — vot foon we had!
 Ve blayed at Küss im Ringe
 Dill de gals vos almost mad!
 And ven indo de gornier
 Py Tilda I vos dook,
 Mine eyes vos boost in Thränen
 To dink how schweet she look.

And Breitmann went to the Tyrol, in
 the more peaceful occupation of courier
 or guide, and wrote a whole book about
 it, mostly in prose, published by Mr.
 Fisher Unwin in 1895. Beer flows free-
 ly in the Tyrol, and Breitmann's spirits
 always flow as freely with it. But some-
 how, this Breitmann book does not give
 the same impression of reckless enjoy-
 ment, perhaps because of the prose, or
 perhaps because the old "Bummer" and
 "Uhlen" was cast down by the mildness
 of his new adventures. And Breitmann
 even had an eye to affairs in South Africa.
 For the Rye, a very old man in Florence
 when the Boer War broke out, in looking
 back to his many years in England, re-
 membered only the pleasures they had
 brought him, and sent, as his special
 envoy to the English, Breitmann, with a
 word of sympathy. These verses were
 published in *Flaxius* (1902), a book
 brought out a few months before his
 death. There they were called *Breit-
 mann's Last Ballad*, and this time they
 really were. Breitmann has passed
 through his last adventure, through his
 last debauch of beer and pure reason.
 But he still lives, he surely always will
 live as long as the American retains his
 sense of humor, and that will be as long
 as America is — America.

MILE-STONES

BEING A BRIEF RECORD WHICH CONCERNS THE COMING AND GOING OF YEARS, AND THE RISE AND FALL OF ADMINISTRATIONS, FROM 1836 TO 1861, AS TOLD BY THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY PARSON

[Some uncertainty having been expressed as to the genuineness of the extracts from the Journal of a Country Parson, published in the July *Atlantic*, a brief sketch of the writer of the Journal is here given. The Reverend Caleb Bradley was born in Dracut, now Lowell, in 1772. He was a great-grandchild of the noted Hannah Dustan. He graduated at Harvard in 1793, and was settled over the parish of Westbrook, Maine, where he remained during the rest of his life. His Journal dates from 1829 to three days before his death in 1861. It is of interest both as a chronicle of the time and as the writing of a man of marked originality.]

Jan. 1, 1836. Friday. New Year's Day. O may it be a happy New Year for me, for my family, and for all the families of this town. May I be diligent, faithful, and persevering, not daub with untempered mortar, but be always plain and pungent.

Dec. 31, 1836. Saturday. This day closes the year. I and my family have enjoyed good health, and my farm has yielded abundance. Notwithstanding I have received some abuse by the way of tattling and slander, yet I can imagine that it will be all for the best. It is only for me to be still and God will order all things aright.

Jan. 1, 1837. Sabbath. A cold snow storm. This year will no doubt be pregnant with great events. A new president will be introduced into the chair, and Jackson will retire from his labors as chief magistrate.

March 4, 1837. Saturday. Went into the city. All bluster and noise. Some rejoicing at the political death of Jackson, and that Van Buren takes the chair, others mourning at his elevation. Hope he will be a whole president, and show no more affection nor favor for one political party than another.

March 11, 1837. Saturday. The inquiry is, "Have you seen Jackson's dying speech?" "No, and don't wish to." "Have you seen Martin Van Buren's inaugural address?" "No, but have it in my pocket, and shall look at it at my lei-

sure." "Well, you will find it rather a smooth kind of thing. He will not consent to a law to emancipate the slaves in the District of Columbia, unless the slaveholding states wish for it." So he has committed himself.

Dec. 31, 1837. Sabbath. Rather a warm day. It has been a year of pressure, money scarce, provisions high, flour eleven dollars and sometimes twelve dollars a barrel. This year will be remembered as the political death of Andrew Jackson, who has been a Dictator and Tyrant for eight years past. I consider him as having been raised up as a scourge and a curse.

Jan. 1, 1838. Monday. The salutation a "Happy New Year" echoes and reëchoes through the land. I would sincerely wish prosperity temporal and spiritual to my wife, to my children, to the families with whom I am connected by the ties of nature, or the bonds of friendship, to my town, to my state, to my country, to the world.

The Abolition question is put aside for a moment, but it must be disposed of sooner or later. Lord hasten the time. Another matter will soon come before Congress, the annexation of Texas. O may we be kept from having any political connection with that portion of the continent, whose inhabitants, many of them, are made up of the offscouring of creation. Thieves, robbers, murderers, man-stealers, and the like characters, such are the

inhabitants of Texas. The Lord have mercy upon them!

March 12, 1838. Tuesday. Fine summer day, my birthday. I must be sixty-six years old. Is it possible that I have lived so long and to so little purpose? I have preached much, prayed much, visited many sick chambers, conversed with many dying, and pointed to the sinner the way to Heaven. It can't be known in this life how much good or harm I have been the means of doing. I have had remarkable health, a good support, much enjoyment, some anxiety, some patience, some irritation. I have had my share of comfort. *Laus Deo.*

Dec. 31, 1838. Monday. The year is gone as a tale that is told.

Jan. 1, 1839. Tuesday.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay,
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

Dec. 31, 1839. Tuesday. Very cold. Evening at the City Hall to hear the report of the Harrisburg delegation, who had returned after having nominated a president and vice president for the next four years. John Neal made the report, and was very animating in his remarks. I hope the result will be equal to his wishes.

Jan. 1, 1840. Wednesday. Happy New Year to us all, and it will be if we live as we ought.

Dec. 31, 1840. Thursday. While writing this, it is moderating, and the weather mild. The early part of the year there was a great religious excitement. Then politics took the front seat. The presidential election became the engrossing subject, and the great question was, who shall be the next President. The first Wednesday in this month closed the scene, and William Henry Harrison was said to be elected.

Jan. 1, 1841. Friday. Warm and moderate. I wish to all who cast their eyes upon this page, whether it be this year, or the next, or twenty years hence, or forty, or a hundred, a happy New Year. I have bid farewell to last year. May

whatever I did amiss be forgotten and forgiven.

March 4, 1841. Thursday. A cold day, a day of roaring of cannon, of ringing of bells, of playing of fife and beating of drums. This day William Henry Harrison becomes the chief magistrate of the nation.

April 7, 1841. Wednesday. This moment we have heard that General Harrison is dead. A great calamity. At noon the bells began to toll and the minute guns to fire, and continued till one.

April 10, 1841. Saturday. Tyler has assumed the presidential chair. We hear he intends to follow Harrison's plans. If he does, all will be well.

April 21, 1841. Wednesday. A violent rain storm. The principal business going on through the country is honoring the memory of General Harrison by parades, sermons, and orations. All political parties unite in commemorating his death. No man has been more popular since the days of Washington, and perhaps no man more deserving. He has gone to his God and his widow is desolate.

Dec. 31, 1841. Friday. Warm and pleasant. A meeting of the church in conference. Seven male members present and eleven females. All the male members prayed. The question was asked again and again, what can be done to promote a revival of religion. At length I concluded to reply, and I remarked, that if every member would make it a matter of conscience to attend to all the requirements to which he had obligated himself, we might hope to have a revival. Therefore the first step was to make confession of our sins and to love and forgive one another.

Jan. 1, 1842. Saturday. Happy New Year to my wife and children, and all connected with the family. Happy New Year to Westbrook, to the ministers, churches, to the county, state, and all the habitable world.

People are moving about, as it were, on the wings of the wind. Railroads and steamboats are multiplying. Candles are

made in New Bedford in the morning, and at evening these same candles light up the stores and parlors in the city of Albany, over two hundred miles distant.

Dec. 31, 1842. Saturday. To-day closes another great portion of time. What changes do we find as to circumstances and situations of multitudes. Thousands of thousands have passed through the bankrupt mill without paying any toll. Does this free them from moral obligation to pay their honest debts? By no means. They will always be bound to do this till it is done. This has been a year of much enterprise. A railroad from Portland to Boston has been completed, also one from Boston to Albany, also the great work of bringing water into the city of New York. A great change this year among the ministers. Formerly ministers could remain with their congregation forty, fifty, and sixty years, and do an immense amount of good. Now their race is soon run. One happy event must not be left unrecorded: the North-Eastern Boundary, so long a bone of contention between us and Great Britain, is settled to the satisfaction of both parties concerned. This was accomplished by Daniel Webster on the part of America, and by Lord Ashburton on the part of England.

Jan. 1, 1843. Sabbath. A happy New Year to all who may cast a glance upon this page. What time this world is to be burned by fire we do not certainly know. We are told that 1843 will wind up its concerns. Many are spending their whole time in what they call a preparation to meet the Saviour, expecting to see him descend from Heaven in a cloud, with the voice of an Archangel and with the trumpet of God.

Dec. 31, 1843. Sabbath. It is six o'clock in the evening. Have just returned from the poorhouse, where I preached. Spoke of the shortness of human life; a kind of funeral discourse, a corpse being present, a woman who died suddenly, Mrs. Blake, aged sixty-six. It was a solemn occasion.

Jan. 1, 1844. Monday. A happy New Year to everybody.

Oct. 11, 1844. Friday. A fine day. The political excitement increases, all eyes and ears are open. What news! Who do you think will be President. Clay, I hope; and he will be, if the Whigs do their duty. Millerism grows hotter and hotter. Yesterday was the time appointed for the advent and ascension, but it did not take place. It was put off till the 22d, which I understand is to be the day of all days, when the sea is to give up the dead which is in it, and death and hell are to give up the dead which are in them, and those who are alive, to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

Oct. 22, 1844. Tuesday. Went into the city to see how the Millerites were acting. It was said there were a number of them together looking for some sign of the coming of the Son of man. Made calls and left for home about eight. As I walked moderately along, heard no cry, "behold the bridegroom, go ye out to meet him." Everything was quiet, calm, and still. The queen of the night appeared, grand, noble, majestic, and smiled upon me.

Nov. 4, 1844. Monday. The election swallows up everything. A discouraging time for ministers. How hard to preach when their hearers are all inquiring, who has carried the day, Polk, or Clay? Sad state of things.

Nov. 14, 1844. Thursday. The political strife is over. I don't expect this election of Polk is going to alter the order of nature. The grass will still grow, the sun rise and set as usual. All is for the best.

Dec. 31, 1844. Tuesday. The year has been one of great excitement politically. Let it be remembered that Polk, the President elect, was not chosen by the American people, but by foreign paupers and criminals, sent to this country, instead of to Botany Bay, and made voters for the purpose of voting for Polk. *O tempora, O mores!*

Jan. 1, 1845. Wednesday. Happy New Year, wife, happy New Year, chil-

dren, happy New Year, Westbrook; and may it be a year of good tidings to all the people of the land.

March 4, 1845. Tuesday. The sun rose pleasantly. James K. Polk became President of the United States. How he will act is among future contingencies. The Lord reigns.

March 27, 1845. Thursday. I am pleased because it is a pleasant day. The devil is pleased because things are moving on agreeable to his wishes. He is pleased because James K. Polk has become President of the United States. He is pleased to see the country so much divided into parties, and especially is he pleased to see the doctrine, which he preached in the Garden of Eden, flourish. He is pleased to see the multiplicity of female fairs to raise money to propagate the gospel, and dispose of their articles, in many cases, for a hundred per cent more than they are worth.

Dec. 31, 1845. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1846. [Volumes missing.]

Dec. 31, 1846. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1847. Friday. Happy New Year to the ends of the earth!

Dec. 8, 1847. Wednesday. A summer-like day. Have you seen the President's message? No, we expect it in the next mail. Well, it will be the same old story about the Mexican war. He will tell of the glorious victories, of the boldness and perseverance of our officers. He will not tell how many widows and orphans have been made, how many brave men murdered.

Dec. 14, 1847. Tuesday. I have read the message. I am heartily sick of it. It is full of justification and war spirit.

Dec. 20, 1847. Monday. All eyes seem fixed on Congress, all ears listening to hear what is going to be done to put an end to this infernal war.

Dec. 31, 1847. Friday. A year of shedding of human blood. The Mexican war has been an awful calamity both to the Mexicans and to the Americans. It is a matter of great rejoicing with half the people of the United States, when they

hear of the murder of two or three thousand Mexicans, but how sad, how distressing the murder of an individual.

Jan. 1, 1848. Saturday. Congratulations are spreading. "I wish you a happy New Year!" Congress, the collective wisdom of the nation, or rather the collective rogues of the nation, are now in session. They have an awful responsibility. They have it in their power to put an end to this shedding of human blood. They are becoming divided. There is now some hope, agreeable to the proverb: "When rogues are divided, honest men may obtain their rights."

Oct. 12, 1848. Thursday. Nothing now conversed upon but "Who do you think will be the next President?" "Think Taylor will carry the day?" "No, I think it will be Cass." "But," says another, "I should rather have Van Buren." "O no," says another, "he is a turncoat. I disliked him when he was President, and notwithstanding he professes to have altered his mind, I won't trust him, he changed for the sake of promotion."

Nov. 7, 1848. Tuesday. Pleasant. The electors for the next President are chosen to-day throughout the United States. I don't like the candidates well enough to vote for either one of them.

Nov. 9, 1848. Thursday. A little spitting of snow last night. My man gone to the city to hunt up a girl. Returned with one by the name of Augusta Field. Not likely she will stay long. It will be too quiet for her after the bustle of the city. Taylor, the Whig candidate, is elected.

Nov. 13, 1848. Monday. A pleasant day, but the ground frozen hard. The Bostonians are giving information of the fact of Zachariah Taylor's election so far as three thousand guns will convey the sound, one thousand to be fired on Copp's Hill, one thousand on Dorchester Heights, and one thousand on Boston Common. The Bostonians think it glory enough that "Rough and Ready" is elected President of the American people. I think it is a bad policy and a capital mistake thus to

rejoice over opponents. The noise of the cannon may conquer, but not convince.

Dec. 11, 1848. Monday. The President's message has arrived, and it is a monster. He is exceedingly loth to give up the ship, but go he must.

Dec. 31, 1848. Sabbath, and the sun appearing in his greatest splendor. During the year provisions have been scarce and high, and the fruits of the earth not very abundant. A treaty was signed and ratified between the Mexicans and Americans. The St. Lawrence and Atlantic railroad put into operation. I have been wonderfully blessed with good health. Farewell 1848.

Jan. 1, 1849. Monday. Very still and calm. May I spend this year as if it were my last. May thy will be done with me and by me as the angels do thy will in Heaven, and thine be the glory forever. Amen.

March 5, 1849. Monday. An interesting day, the inauguration of Zachariah Taylor.

March 12, 1849. Monday. Snow melting fast. Let it be remembered that this is my birthday. I was born in 1772, and am as well as I ever was, and have this day rode horseback with as much ease and comfort as I ever did.

Dec. 31, 1849. Monday. Farewell, farewell forever to 1849.

Jan. 1, 1850. Tuesday. A happy New Year to the whole world in general, and America in particular. Also to the present administration now assembled in Congress, who commenced their session on the first Monday of last December and have done nothing for the good of their country. May the members of that assembly come to their senses and act like men and Christians, then it will be a happy New Year to them, and they will be likely to have some agreeable reflections at the close of the same.

July 9, 1850. Tuesday. A fine day. I record the melancholy death of the President of the United States, General Taylor. God's ways are not our ways. He sees the end from the beginning. He asks no one's advice and gives no one his rea-

sons. When he commissions the messenger Death to go forth and take a human being, it is done, whether a babe or a president.

July 12, 1850. Friday. Fine day for making hay. The President has already a successor equal to filling the vacancy, Mr. Fillmore, the Vice President.

July 13, 1850. Saturday. Another fine day, a great funeral day. In our seaports colors are displayed upon the masts. Bells are tolling, minute guns firing, processions forming, not because the dead man was the best man in the world, or the greatest, but because he was President of the nation, and the nation respected him living and honors him dead.

Dec. 31, 1850. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1851. [Volumes missing.]

Dec. 31, 1851. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1852. A happy New Year to the great family of man. I am now in my eightieth year. It is more than probable that it will be my last. How old time wears away, the older he grows, the sprigger he seems to be. He appears to dispatch the business of the year with more dispatch than formerly, but it can't be so, the difference is in me. The nigher I approach my journey's end, the shorter the days. When I have been on a long journey and am returning home, I anticipate much enjoyment. Now as I draw near my eternal home, are my anticipations pleasing? Do I rejoice that I am so near the end?

Dec. 31, 1852. Friday. Farewell 1852. Thou hast prospered the nation, but while I record her prosperity, I must not forget to mention the dark cloud and sable mourning which have shrouded her. Three of her greatest statesmen have departed this life, in course of the year, Calhoun of South Carolina, Clay of Tennessee, and Daniel Webster of Massachusetts.

Jan. 1, 1853. Saturday. "A happy New Year, Pa, a happy New Year, Ma," are heard in the household. Congratulations are echoed and reëchoed. All seem to enjoy the harmonious sound.

Dec. 31, 1853. Saturday. It came to pass on the 4th of March of this year Franklin Pierce was declared President of the United States. In September there was much excitement in the state of Maine concerning the election for state officers, upon which the establishment of the Maine Liquor Law in a great measure depended. The rum sellers, the rum drinkers, and all those favoring the rum traffic were at the polls in time. A dollar was offered for a vote against the Maine Liquor Law. How many dollars were expended in this way I say not. The no rum ticket prevailed. *Laus Deo.*

Jan. 1, 1854. Sabbath Day. Tedious snow storm. I had been in the habit heretofore of writing down many congratulations, of expressing many good hopes, making promises, and adopting resolutions. I have never come up to my promises, nor have I fulfilled my resolutions. God give me grace to improve this last span.

Dec. 31, 1854. Sabbath. Quite cold. The Maine Liquor Law is becoming more popular. The masses are beginning to see what havoc and destruction rum dealers have done in days gone by. What an awful account must those give who have been active agents in producing so much distress in the land.

Jan. 1, 1855. Monday. The sound of the human voice this morning is, I wish you a happy New Year. I have commenced reading Dr. Channing. He is a most excellent writer, and an excellent man. He is not what some call Orthodox, because he cannot see how there can be three distinct persons, all separate from each other, and yet merged in one being. He believes in the supreme God. He believes in a Son, who made atonement for sin. He believes in the gracious presence of the Holy Ghost. All Orthodox prejudice aside, he is one of the most spiritual religious writers I have ever read.

Dec. 31, 1855. Monday. A pleasant morning. A general dissatisfaction has been created in the minds of the people by the stand the President seems to have

taken respecting the slavery question. The South are determined that the North shall submit to their dictation, but the North say "no." It has been a year of political excitement, a year of prosperity, but alas, God and religion have been kept in the background. The ministers of the gospel have less zeal and animation. In many of the churches the people no longer rise to unite with the minister in prayer.

Jan. 1, 1856. Tuesday. A fine day. I wish all who may read these pages a happy New Year, whether now or a hundred years hence. Let it be recorded and remembered that Congress have been in session four weeks to-day, and not organized to do business, owing to officers and office-seekers. A more corrupt administration cannot be found.

Dec. 31, 1856. Wednesday. The year is closed. It remains that I repent of misspent time and redeem it, before my feet stumble upon the dark mountains of death.

The most part of the year has been of confusion, and discord, lying, deception, and wickedness. Great confusion in Congress. Senator Sumner nearly killed by a member of the House named Brooks. Great trouble among the negroes and in Kansas.

Jan. 1, 1857. Thursday. A pleasant day. Congratulations are sounding from every mouth, from the gray head to the lisping babe. A new administration will come into power on the fourth day of next March. May the fear of the Lord preside over those in authority.

March 4, 1857. Wednesday. A day long to be remembered for good or evil. James Buchanan is inaugurated President of the United States, and Franklin Pierce is divested of his authority.

Dec. 31, 1857. Thursday. A year of bloodshed and murder. Kansas one continued place of disturbance. It appears that the President and the present administration love to have it so.

Jan. 1, 1858. Friday. "A happy New Year" are words heard to-day from the rising to the setting of the sun. The first

sleighting of the winter. Three P. M. walked up to the meeting-house to attend a lecture preparatory to communion. Door not opened. No fire. Mr. Wheel-right, the minister,¹ appeared. We tried to make a fire, but did not succeed. What is best to be done? These women will take cold. I said, "talk to us five minutes, it will be more than we can remember, and more than we shall be likely to practice." We talked a short time and then separated.

March 12, 1858. Friday. Let it be remembered that eighty-six years ago the writer of this page was introduced into this world a helpless little fellow, and he has lived to this day. I have a desire to live so long as I am free from aches and pains, and can enjoy society, and wish to do good, and do it. I have a desire to live till I am called and then to be ready to answer, "Lord, here I am."

Dec. 31, 1858. Friday. A year of great attention to religion, and of not much business. God seems to have said, "you have leisure now, attend to me!"

Jan. 1, 1859. Saturday. Warm. A happy New Year is announced the length and breadth of the land. Let us leave what is passed and attend to the future, and notice the dealings of Providence as they occur.

Nov. 30, 1859. Wednesday. Froze hard last night. The general conversation is the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and the execution of John Brown, to take place day after to-morrow.

Dec. 2, 1859. Friday. This day will be noted throughout the world. The name of John Brown will be spoken of with respect, so long as George Washington's name is spoken of with respect. Christ said, do as you would be done by in an exchange of circumstances. Brown's blood will not be shed in vain.

Dec. 3, 1859. Saturday. All anxiety to hear from Virginia to know how Mr. Brown appeared on the gallows. How was he as to stability and courage? Did

¹ This was Mr. Bradley's successor in the active pastorate.

he act the hero? Time will not efface from memory the cruel transaction of the second day of December, 1859, when John Brown was murdered in cool blood for what he thought to be his duty.

Dec. 31, 1859. Saturday. Various have been the scenes of this year. One excitement was the expectation of a visit from the Great Eastern. It is now expected that the breath of life will be put into her next June, and she will be able to pay us a visit according to promise. Another excitement I shall mention was that at Harper's Ferry, when twenty men, under the direction of one John Brown, undertook to invade the Virginian state, and free the negroes. Brown and four others were taken prisoners, found guilty of murder and high treason, and sentenced to be hung, and were hung. Many sermons have been preached on this subject.

Jan. 1, 1860. The Lord's Day. Preached at the poorhouse. My theme was "A happy New Year." God had suffered them to commence a new year, and it was very desirable that they should be happy, and they had been told how: Fear God and keep his commandments, hope in Christ, and let the spirit of truth lead you in the way of life everlasting.

Dec. 31, 1860. Monday. Some snow last night. A recapitulation of the year would be more than I could undertake. The two political parties have acted as though Pandemonium had opened her doors and disgorged all her infernal inmates. The state of North Carolina has declared itself out of the Union. Congress is in session, but divided, as much as was the case at the building of Babel. They don't understand each other. The President is too fearful, too diffident, to take an independent ground and use all the power he possesses.

Jan. 1, 1861. Tuesday. Weather moderate. The atmosphere is verberating and reverberating with congratulations, but I fear there will be more tears than laughter for those who live through the year.

Feb. 19, 1861. Tuesday. A delightful day. The most important matter to be

collected from the newspapers is the journey of Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, from his home on his way to Washington, and his speeches at the different stopping places. Great enthusiasm of the people. It was hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. Every one is believing and feeling that should he take command of the ship of state a favorable change would soon be brought about.

Feb. 20, 1861. Wednesday. We expect no important news until after the Fourth of March. The story is in circulation that the seceders will have a powerful force in Washington, equal to the taking of the capital.

Feb. 21, 1861. Thursday. Warm and pleasant. The seceders are not quite so enthusiastic. They dread the Lincoln administration. They know he is a man of sound common sense and some uncommon sense.

Feb. 26, 1861. Tuesday. Pleasant. The great anxious day is near at hand, when the new President will take the chair of state, if he is not murdered before that day. We fear, we tremble.

March 2, 1861. Saturday. Cloudy and damp. This night the present Congress draw their last breath. Hope for the best and pray for the best.

March 4, 1861. Monday. Sloppy and bad getting about. This 4th of March will be remembered as long as time shall last. Abraham Lincoln will be inaugurated to-day. He will need much grace, much wisdom, much go-forward principle and discernment, enough to know when to say yes, and when to say no. May he be a blessing to his country and have the approbation of Heaven.

March 5, 1861. Tuesday. Calm and pleasant. Walked to the city. The first inquiry was, "Have you read the President's message?" "No, I have not seen it yet; have you?" "Yes." "How do you like it?" "Very much, no one can find any fault with it."

March 6, 1861. Wednesday. Very cold. I have read the President's message. It is mild, quiet, conciliating. No ill temper, no improper feeling. The laws must be executed. If not obeyed willingly, he must resort to force. Stolen property must be restored, duties collected, traitors called to account. To these sentiments I say Amen.

March 12, 1861. Tuesday. Cold night and day. It is my birthday. The gateway is clear and open for me to proceed on my ninetieth year. I am well, strong, and hearty, a miracle of mercy.

RABBI

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

WHAT teachest thou, Rabbi,
That man shall do and live?

*Grudge none; set out unsparingly
Thy best red wine, and give.*

Thy counsel is unplain;—
How give if wine be not?

*Sell all thou hast, till knowledge stain
The edges of the Pot.*

Then when the jar is filled—
What doth thy counsel say?

*Empty it till the last be spilled;
Grudge lest one drop should stay*

Nay, Rabbi, answer me—
Poor were I as before!—

*What Jar except it emptied be,
Think you, is filled with more?*

THE COUNTRY STORE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

STANDING before the door of his long-established but modest emporium, his ample form flanked by windows displaying hoes and pancake flour, boys' suits and writing-paper, washboards and cigars, while a garish sign, "General Merchandise" creaked above, the pioneer proprietor pointed to a heap of freight the train now disappearing over the plains had dumped on the depot platform.

"More work of the catalogues," he commented bitterly. "Three sacks of 'em came to the post office last week,—

now the folks are sending for the goods. Think they are saving money, I suppose."

"Perhaps they are?"

"Not much. If they will give me all their orders and pay cash as they have to do with the catalogue mail-order houses, I'll get 'em just as good stuff, and just as cheap. Some things they may buy cheaper, but they're cheaper goods."

"Why do they do it, then?"

"Because it's the city,—it sounds better, somehow; and the catalogues make everything look so fine. Why, the other day

a farmer came here to borrow wrenches to set up a windmill he had sent to Chicago for. Then they expect me to take what's left,—or when they have n't the cash to send away. It's getting so that the farmer can live ten miles from town and even buy his groceries in St. Louis or New York and have 'em delivered without leaving the place. It means that we might as well shut up shop."

Such is the attitude of most small store-keepers in the western states. The rapid progress of the rural delivery route and the farm telephone line have brought new conditions to the section where for forty years the country merchant has attained substantial glory.

The development of the prairies during the past half century has brought rich opportunity to the country merchant. He entered with the forefront of the tide of emigration from eastern homes. Scarcely had a settlement been formed when his square-gabled store was set up and his team was hauling varied cargoes of merchandise overland from the railroad, a score of miles away. He became post-master and notary. The town hall—or "opera house," as it was most frequently called—was in the second story of his building; the first preaching service was there; the first lodge established a mysterious tabernacle in its ample space. The store became the centre of the community life.

Some of these early country stores drew trade twenty miles in every direction, and their owners, investing their savings in the rapidly growing settlement around, became wealthy. The fortunes of many of the capitalists of the middle West were laid in such establishments, where the sugar barrel jostled the lace counter and boots mingled frankly with the tin-ware.

Prosperity brought competition; rivals appeared, dividing the countryside trade; but usually the business grew correspondingly, so there yet remained enough. Later, as new railway lines came, and as farms took the place of ranches, other

country stores were started to repeat the old experience and absorb yet more of the business. The creamery industry brought about the establishment of thousands of small stores, one at each station to which the farmers carried their milk.

Such was the record of the country store, until, with the final opening of Oklahoma, the frontier passed away, and more settled conditions were manifest in the prairie West.

Then rural mail delivery wagons began their twenty-five-mile journeys from the county seats; farm telephones entered prosperous homes, and daily papers, which had been only for the townspeople, were read before noon ten miles from the railroad. The influence of the central settlement—usually the county-seat town, because the largest in the county and the point from which radiated the rural routes and telephone lines—was resumed, after having been lost in the scattered trading-points established with the incoming immigration.

This, however, merely changed the plan of the trading; it did not remove it from the locality. The merchant who had been in business at the isolated cross-roads creamery station changed to a small town, went to farming, or perhaps moved on to newer fields. The convenience of communication stimulated trade.

"This is Mr. Harvey," came over the telephone one February morning, and the groceryman recognized the voice as that of a farmer living ten miles away. "I see in the paper that you advertise some fresh lettuce,—I wish you would send out a quarter's worth by the carrier,—and what else have you that is nice?"

To the order were added other extra-season eatables suggested by the dealer. Had there been no telephone there would have been no sale of that bill of goods. Multiply the incident by hundreds in every town, and the result is the impetus given to the farmer's life by modern conveniences. They have stimulated business, and have created wants before unknown. The necessity of a trip of several

miles over bad roads or through storm gave good reason for foregoing many purchases that are made gladly under easier conditions.

It is fair to presume that these conveniences, by adding to the pleasures and comforts of the farmer's life, will increase the rural population and so make a larger patronage for the business men.

Substantial conditions have succeeded the experimental period of early days. In towns of practically unchanged populations fewer stores usually are doing business to-day than fifteen years ago. The transient store has passed away. It takes more capital to succeed now than then; it takes better goods and a larger stock. Brick buildings have succeeded the frame square-gabled structures. Only in the villages or in newer portions do the old forms appear. Land has doubled in value in half a decade; the farmers are well out of debt, and are seeking the luxuries as well as the necessities of modern life. They recognize the saving grace of a bathroom and understand the good points of a furnace.

Into this fair field entered the mail-order house with its persuasive eloquence.

For the asking, it sent bulky catalogues containing over a thousand pages each, illustrated with as many pictures of every article that the average family of moderate means could possibly desire to purchase. These catalogues go largely to country people,—the mail-order houses do not seek city trade. The goods are selected for country people, and the prices are made as low as the buying of immense quantities can force them. It is often true that articles are sold thus for less than the modest country merchant can buy them of his wholesale jobbing houses. But that does not mean that they are the same articles in every particular, or that everything in the bill of goods the farmer orders is equally a bargain. Supposing one can save a cent a pound on ten pounds of dried prunes, what profits it if half the prunes spoil before so large a quantity can be used? It saves freight to buy large

quantities of the distant store, and the bills are generous,—more liberal, frequently, than the circumstances warrant.

Then there is not a cent of credit,—not even personal checks will be accepted. Everything is paid for when it leaves the store, and if the buyer five hundred miles away is not satisfied, he has double transportation to pay in getting an exchange. Little wonder that there is an advantage over the country merchant, with his perpetually accommodating good nature, and his many trifling accounts which often are not paid for months.

A few weeks ago I visited the largest mail-order store in Chicago, where millions of dollars' worth of merchandise is sent out every year. Its dozen floors are crowded with goods and employees—and some customers. Few of the latter are from the city. At the door stands a clerk who carefully inspects every visitor.

"From out of the city, sir?"

If the answer be "No," you may enter or not as you please,—little does the well-trained employee care.

"Yes,—from Iowa," and how the hand goes out in greeting!

"Glad to have you come in; look over the store,—and here is a ticket for the elevator to the tower."

The ticket is marked "25 cents," and you are told it costs that sum to a resident of the city. The store caters only to out-of-town visitors. Of course you go to the tower,—you had paid gladly to reach lesser heights elsewhere. In the elevator you find people who are evidently strangers to the big town; some are farmer folk making their first visit to the metropolis. "We bought all Kate's house-furnishing from here," is overheard as a group is pressed against the iron railing at the top. They are overcome by the wonders spread out far below them, and will go back home with marvelous tales of the greatness of the city and of the magnitude of this supply-house in particular, the bestower of a free elevator ride.

When the rural delivery routes were started in country communities, the mail-

order houses were quick to see their advantage. They secured an order from the post-office department that the names of all patrons of the routes should be posted publicly in the lobbies of the post offices from which the routes started. In a short time they had a magnificent list of names to which to address catalogues. This order was recently rescinded.

It is probable that there is in prosperous farm life an influence that tends toward an assumption of independence of the towns. In the development period the townspeople are generally supposed to lead an easier existence than do those who are breaking the rough sod and founding homes on the new lands. When the soil has bestowed riches, the farmer becomes independent and looks at things from a new point of view.

A representative midwestern farmer addressed his state's agricultural society recently, making this plea for buying wherever he pleased: the farmer is able to sell as well as can the man of whom he buys, and he sells for cash; hence he is entitled to buy where he can buy cheapest. He went on: "Your nearest merchants claim the right to buy where they can buy the cheapest, whether it be of you, from Kansas City, or New York; it is also true that they exercise this right, for one day I happened in one of our home stores just as a town lady was buying some cabbage. The merchant was, of course, praising his wares, and would use his set form of speech by saying that those cabbages he had had shipped in from Wisconsin. Knowing that there were plenty of cabbages for sale by farmers, we put in our oar to the extent of asking why he did not buy his produce from those who bought goods of him. 'Well, you see,' he explained, 'we can get Wisconsin cabbage laid down in our store for the same as we have to pay for home stock, and these' — giving the crate the vegetables were shipped in a kick with his foot — 'are solidier than any we can buy here.' How hollow their cry, 'Buy of your home merchant, the man who takes your pro-

ducts,' sounded to us after hearing this bit of talk from the dealer himself.

"But does the merchant you pay money to for goods keep it at home any more than you do when you send to Kansas City or Chicago for what you want? Let us see. Suppose you want a sack of granulated sugar. Your home merchant sells you a sack for six dollars, puts a dollar of it in his own pocket for handling it for you, and sends the rest to the sugar trust in the East to pay for the sugar. On the same day you buy the sugar from your home dealer, let us suppose you send to some mail-order house for another sack of a like grade. You send away \$4.75, and when the sugar comes you pay fifty cents in freight, making it cost you \$5.25, and saving you seventy-five cents. The reason we quote no freight charges against the home dealer is because all dealers usually buy on a basis of 'delivered at your store,' but the freight charges have been added, and the consumer has to pay them, no matter where the goods originally came from. You have seventy-five cents instead of the merchant having one dollar."

This is a typical argument of the mail-order house's farmer buyer, but it does not include the legitimate outcome of such a proceeding extended to an entire community. It is probable that few of the farmers who exploit so glibly the process by which seventy-five cents is kept at home would care to have their county towns come to the natural result from universal adoption of this policy. Instead of streets of brick blocks where thriving business houses bring the attendant features of modern town life, there would be only a railway station, post office, blacksmith shop, doctor's office, and grain elevator. The lawyers would have their offices in their homes or in the court house; there would be no need of storerooms, and the county newspaper, which would contain no advertising except mail-order house announcements printed on its "patent inside," could probably occupy one end of the commodious freight depot which

would be necessary to care for the many shipments of goods. The rural districts of the nation would be very dismal places were this the situation and were all the local places for distribution of the needs of the home wiped out.

It is also interesting to note the magnitude to which the central establishments for furnishing goods under such conditions would attain. They would overshadow the mightiest emporiums of the present. The railroads would be burdened with small shipments to individuals, and the mails would be heavy with orders. The few large cities would contain these great dispensing centres, and the remainder of the commercial life of the country would be practically nothing, being confined to the minor trades and needful professions. The country store would be a thing of the past; business would be centralized beyond any conditions now existing.

Some gloomy prophets seem convinced that such is to be the outcome. Here is the dark prediction of a dweller in western Nebraska:—

“The future of the ordinary merchant in the country towns is very discouraging, as the mail-order business is constantly increasing, while they are on the decrease, and our citizens are building up the large centres.

“The mercantile interests largely make the conditions of the town, and conditions of the town generally regulate the value of the real estate. Land sells near this town from seventy to one hundred dollars per acre, while several miles out it sells for fifty to sixty dollars per acre, and yet this has no material consideration for those who are looking for immediate bargains in merchandise.

“I predict that in a few years’ time all the business the small merchant will get is what coffee and sugar he can trade for stale butter and doubtful eggs, as the large commission houses will get the good eggs and the creameries the cream. He may possibly sell a little to some, on ‘after harvest’ terms, when they have not

the money to buy the money order from the rural mail clerk.”

Were this true, the outlook for the country merchant would be sad indeed; but there are some things to be said on the other side.

To go back to the genesis of the country store: from the beginning, as the nucleus of the settlement life, it has become one of a dozen struggling enterprises desirous of securing the trade of the surrounding country. As the town grew and reached its permanent position among the municipalities of the state, the pioneer store, if it was managed with intelligence, retained its general character, but, branching out, took on the nature of a department store on a small scale. It yet sold washboards and millinery, but it did so in the different departments, each with a head and a corps of clerks. The probabilities are that its owner has become a “mercantile company,” meaning that the originator has taken into partnership some of his helpers in order to get more faithful service. These stores, of which nearly every county seat has two or more, are to the country communities what the great emporiums are to the city trade. They occupy full pages in the county weeklies, and their advertising, prepared by some bright clerk or book-keeper, does not suffer in comparison with that of high-priced “adsmiths” who give professional service in the announcements of the city department stores. Smart delivery wagons make prompt and accommodating disposal of goods at customers’ houses. Frequent visits of the proprietors to the large cities keep in evidence through carefully arranged display windows a touch of the world’s newest designs.

The strength of these stores is this,—they carry large stocks; their owners are often interested in mills or elevators that buy the farmer’s grain; they take all the eggs and poultry brought to town,—being the feeders for the commission houses of which the Nebraskan complains,—and they meet the prices of the mail-order

houses as closely as possible. Many of them keep standing in the local papers such announcements as this:—

“We will duplicate the price of any article advertised in a mail-order catalogue.”

Such a statement does not secure all the trade, but it goes a long way to convince the buyers of the value of their home store.

The vividness of the illustrated advertising done by the mail-order houses, compared with that done by the country merchants, is held by many to be responsible for the success attained in securing trade, and it is probably a most important factor. The bulky catalogue introduces its readers to hundreds of articles never before dreamed of as possibilities of the home; it pictures these goods in all their imagined beauty and describes them in terms of eulogy. The reader sees therein an opportunity for supplying a want never before suspected,—the country merchant had never suggested this line of thought to him.

Herein lies a lesson for the country merchant of to-day. The latter, with his proximity to the buyer, his acquaintance with the community needs and abilities, his weekly access to the homes through the country paper which is read from first to last column by every member of the family, his lessened freight rates on large quantities instead of single orders, has an advantage over the city merchant which he ought to utilize, and which, in many places, he is seizing as a lever for trade-bringing.

The country papers which get no local advertising from the mail-order houses (many will not admit it to their columns) help along this home buying sentiment by vigorous sermons on the value of standing up for home industries. Here is a sample of their argument:—

“When your baby died, did the mail-order house send its sympathy? When your crop failed, did it offer to carry you a while? When your daughter was married, did it send a present? Has it helped build

the churches, the schoolhouses, or the bridges of the community? Stand by your home merchant who has done all of these things. Help home industries and home people.”

The country department store that uses modern methods in trade and advertising cannot be broken up. Its business is so interwoven with the industry of the people that it grows as the community grows; but there is not room for many such stores in a given town, not so many as there would be if the mail-order house and the city department house with its mail-order division did not exist.

Then there is the grocery store,—no mail-order house can destroy that. It is true that the master of the household may order sugar, coffee, prunes, canned goods, and oatmeal sent by freight; but the majority of the eatables must be seen by the mistress of the home before being paid for. Likewise the men’s clothing store,—little that men and boys wear can be bought satisfactorily at a distance of five hundred miles. So with the hardware and implement house; the farmer may order a windmill or a lot of binding twine by mail, but he gets his nails, stoves, building hardware, and implements at home. So with drugs, millinery, harness, and furniture stores,—there is a local demand for them because their articles are such that most people want to examine the goods before the order is given.

But all these lose some trade to the city. In every community many people visit the nearest big town once or twice during the year,—and those who go oftenest are usually the most generous spenders. On every trip some purchases are made, often the principal ones of the family or individual for the season.

This city buying is naturally most common in towns within short distances of the metropolis. With the frequent train service that enters the city depots the temptation to buy in the greater markets is irresistible. For fifty miles outside of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other

large cities, there is little life visible in the business streets of the towns. Deserted store buildings are common, paint is needed,—many of the towns look as if the very life-blood had been sapped out of them. There may be beautiful residence streets and fine homes, but prosperous stores are few.

It is, naturally, impossible to put a stop to personal expenditures in the city by those who visit trade centres, except as public opinion may discourage it; but the country merchants through their business organizations endeavor to compel jobbing houses to coöperate with them in the protection of trade.

If the purchase be made of a firm, that has also a wholesale department serving a merchant in the buyer's town, that home merchant is not worrying; he will get a check for the amount of his margin on the goods sold. The profit comes as surely as if he had made the sale. A good deal of public sentiment exists in the small town against city purchasing trips, and very little publicity is sought by the buyers concerning them. Everybody likes to keep up an appearance of loyalty to the home merchants, whether it be practiced or not. In one western town the leading daily paper undertook a movement to compel home buying by publishing each day the names of shoppers who went to the large city forty miles away. It was an heroic measure, and the paper soon discontinued it because of the enemies it made among subscribers,—but while the tactics continued they kept many a buyer from leaving town.

The retail trade associations—and the country merchant generally agrees with them—look with great disfavor on the parcels post, considering the scheme as another menace to their trade. "If," say they, "the rural delivery carrier is to become a hauler of express, we may as well go out of business,—the farmer now is compelled to come to town after most goods he orders by mail; then he may remain on his farm and have them brought to his door." The up-to-date country

merchant, like his competitor, is utilizing the rural delivery. In many counties half the people can be reached by it. Being nearer to the people, he is finding ways to combat the foreigner, and is including modern methods and better system as prominent features in his campaign.

If a wholesale dealer sells ploughs to a grocer who proposes to put in these as a side line, the officers of an association, with a thousand or more retail implement dealers as members, ask him for an explanation. If he does not wish to be black-listed by the legitimate trade, he must regain good standing. Such is the country merchant's protest against the transference of trade from himself to the city dealer and for the specialization of business within certain bounds.

So the country merchant has friends left, and while he finds his trade curtailed and his business lessened by the wide-reaching mail-order house, he fills a place in the economy of the rural portions of the nation that cannot be taken from him. He is close to the heart of the neighborhood. He may be harassed by rivalries and annoyed by the freight shipments from the city, but he is certain to be a factor in the community life, and it is probable that he will, as he accepts the new conditions and learns how to adapt his business to the modern ways, become even more influential. There is more business to be done now than of old, and he can spare a large portion of it and yet have in his hands the making of a comfortable living. His success depends on his own aggressiveness and his own grasp of modern conditions.

Vivid in the memory of the passing generation is the old-fashioned country store. To-day, though 56,000,000 of the 84,000,000 people of this nation live outside towns of 8000 population and over, and hence are more or less patrons of country stores, they find these business houses influenced by the advancement of the times and despoiled of much of the picturesque individuality that formerly made them such cheerful resorts,

such sympathetic features of the village.

The country store we shall have always with us. Though the old-time variety is found only here and there, and has for its keeper some aged gentleman or curl-wearing gentlewoman who seems a ghost of the past among the flesh and blood of the present, the type remains. The country store shares the development of the times; it sells syrup in bottles instead of from a keg; it disposes of butter in paper packages, and of dried beef in tin cans;

the cracker barrel and the open coffee sack are seldom seen; breakfast-food boxes succeed the bulk oatmeal supply. It encounters the perils of city competition and combats new business conditions,—but it is yet the nearest and most intimate commercial affair for hundreds of thousands of homes. It may not be so great a factor in the life of the people as it once was, but the country store is certain to remain an essential element in our existence.

THE STORY OF ITŌ NORISUKÉ

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

In the town of Uji, in the province of Yamashiro, there lived, about six hundred years ago, a young samurai named Itō Tatéwaki Norisuké, whose ancestors were of the Heiké clan. Itō was of handsome person and amiable character, a good scholar and apt at arms. But his family were poor; and he had no patron among the military nobility, — so that his prospects were small. He lived in a very quiet way, devoting himself to the study of literature, and having (says the Japanese story-teller) “only the Moon and the Wind for friends.”

One autumn evening, as he was taking a solitary walk in the neighborhood of the hill called Kotobikiyama, he happened to overtake a young girl who was following the same path. She was richly dressed, and seemed to be about eleven or twelve years old. Itō greeted her, and said, “The sun will soon be setting, damsel, and this is rather a lonesome place. May I ask if you have lost your way?” She looked up at him with a bright smile, and answered deprecatingly: “Nay! I am a *miya-dzukai*,¹ serving in this neighborhood; and I have only a little way to go.”

¹ August-residence servant.

By her use of the term *miya-dzukai*, Itō knew that the girl must be in the service of persons of rank; and her statement surprised him, because he had never heard of any family of distinction residing in that vicinity. But he only said: “I am returning to Uji, where my home is. Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you on the way, as this is a very lonesome place.” She thanked him gracefully, seeming pleased by his offer; and they walked on together, chatting as they went. She talked about the weather, the flowers, the butterflies, and the birds; about a visit that she had once made to Uji; about the famous sights of the capital, where she had been born; — and the moments passed pleasantly for Itō, as he listened to her fresh prattle. Presently, at a turn in the road, they entered a hamlet, densely shadowed by a grove of young trees.

[Here I must interrupt the story to tell you that, without having actually seen them, you cannot imagine how dark some Japanese country villages remain even in the brightest and hottest weather. In the neighborhood of Tōkyō itself there are many villages of this kind. At a short dis-

tance from such a settlement you see no houses: nothing is visible but a dense grove of evergreen trees. The grove, which is usually composed of young cedars and bamboos, serves to shelter the village from storms, and also to supply timber for various purposes. So closely are the trees planted that there is no room to pass between the trunks of them: they stand straight as masts, and mingle their crests so as to form a roof, that excludes the sun. Each thatched cottage occupies a clear space in the plantation, the trees forming a fence about it, double the height of the building. Under the trees it is always twilight, even at high noon; and the houses, morning or evening, are half in shadow. What makes the first impression of such a village almost disquieting is, not the transparent gloom, which has a certain weird charm of its own, but the stillness. There may be fifty or a hundred dwellings; but you see nobody; and you hear no sound but the twitter of invisible birds, the occasional crowing of cocks, and the shrilling of cicadæ. Even the cicadæ, however, find these groves too dim, and sing faintly; being sun-lovers, they prefer the trees outside the village. I forgot to say that you may sometimes hear a viewless shuttle — *chaka-ton, chaka-ton*; — but that familiar sound, in the great green silence, seems an elfish happening. The reason of the hush is simply that the people are not at home. All the adults, excepting some feeble elders, have gone to the neighboring fields, the women carrying their babies on their backs; and most of the children have gone to the nearest school, perhaps not less than a mile away. Verily, in these dim hushed villages, one seems to behold the mysterious perpetuation of conditions recorded in the texts of Kwang-Tze: —

"The ancients who had the nourishment of the world wished for nothing, and the world had enough; — they did nothing, and all things were transformed; — their stillness was abysmal, and the people were all composed."]

. . . The village was very dark when Itō reached it; for the sun had set, and the after-glow made no twilight in the shadowing of the trees. "Now, kind sir," the child said, pointing to a narrow lane opening upon the main road, "I have to go this way." "Permit me, then, to see you home," Itō responded; and he turned into the lane with her, feeling rather than seeing his way. But the girl soon stopped before a small gate, dimly visible in the gloom, — a gate of trellis-work, beyond which the lights of a dwelling could be seen. "Here," she said, "is the honorable residence in which I serve. As you have come thus far out of your way, kind sir, will you not deign to enter and to rest a while?" Itō assented. He was pleased by the informal invitation; and he wished to learn what persons of superior condition had chosen to reside in so lonesome a village. He knew that sometimes a family of rank would retire in this manner from public life, by reason of government displeasure or political trouble; and he imagined that such might be the history of the occupants of the dwelling before him. Passing the gate, which his young guide opened for him, he found himself in a large quaint garden. A miniature landscape, traversed by a winding stream, was faintly distinguishable. "Deign for one little moment to wait," the child said; "I go to announce the honorable coming;" and she hurried toward the house. It was a spacious house, but seemed very old, and built in the fashion of another time. The sliding doors were not closed; but the lighted interior was concealed by a beautiful bamboo curtain extending along the gallery-front. Behind it shadows were moving — shadows of women; — and suddenly the music of a *koto* rippled into the night. So light and sweet was the playing that Itō could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. A slumbrous feeling of delight stole over him as he listened, — a delight strangely mingled with sadness. He wondered how any woman could have learned to play thus, — won-

dered whether the player could be a woman, — wondered even whether he was hearing earthly music; for enchantment seemed to have entered into his blood with the sound of it.

The soft music ceased; and almost at the same moment Itō found the little *miya-dzukai* beside him. "Sir," she said, "it is requested that you will honorably enter." She conducted him to the entrance, where he removed his sandals; and an aged woman, whom he thought to be the *Rōjo*, or matron of the household, came to welcome him at the threshold. The old woman then led him through many apartments to a large and well-lighted room in the rear of the house, and with many respectful salutations requested him to take the place of honor accorded to guests of distinction. He was surprised by the stateliness of the chamber, and the curious beauty of its decorations. Presently some maid-servants brought refreshments; and he noticed that the cups and other vessels set before him were of rare and costly workmanship, and ornamented with a design indicating the high rank of the possessor. More and more he wondered what noble person had chosen this lonely retreat, and what happening could have inspired the wish for such solitude. But the aged attendant suddenly interrupted his reflections with the question:—

"Am I wrong in supposing that you are Itō Sama, of Uji, — Itō Tatéwaki Norisuké?"

Itō bowed in assent. He had not told his name to the little *miya-dzukai*, and the manner of the inquiry startled him.

"Please do not think my question rude," continued the attendant. "An old woman like myself may ask questions without improper curiosity. When you came to the house, I thought that I knew your face; and I asked your name only to clear away all doubt, before speaking of other matters. I have something of moment to tell you. You often pass

through this village; and our young Himégimi-Sama¹ happened one morning to see you going by; — and ever since that moment she has been thinking about you, day and night. Indeed, she thought so much that she became ill; and we have been very uneasy about her. For that reason I took means to find out your name and residence; and I was on the point of sending you a letter when — so unexpectedly! — you came to our gate with the little attendant. Now, to say how happy I am to see you is not possible; it seems almost too fortunate a happening to be true! Really I think that this meeting must have been brought about by the favor of Enmusubi-no-Kami, — that great God of Izumo who ties the knots of fortunate union. And now that so lucky a destiny has led you hither, perhaps you will not refuse — if there be no obstacle in the way of such a union — to make happy the heart of our Himégimi-Sama?"

For the moment Itō did not know how to reply. If the old woman had spoken the truth, an extraordinary chance was being offered to him. Only a great passion could impel the daughter of a noble house to seek, of her own will, the affection of an obscure and masterless samurai, possessing neither wealth nor any sort of prospects. On the other hand, it was not in the honorable nature of the man to further his own interests by taking advantage of a feminine weakness. Moreover, the circumstances were disquietingly mysterious. Yet how to decline the proposal, so unexpectedly made, troubled him not a little. After a short silence, he replied:—

"There would be no obstacle, as I have no wife, and no betrothed, and no relation with any woman. Until now I have lived with my parents; and the matter of my marriage was never discussed by them. You must know that I am a poor samurai, without any patron among

¹ A scarcely translatable honorific title compounded of the word *himé* (princess) and *kimi* (sovereign, master or mistress, lord or lady, etc.).

persons of rank; and I did not wish to marry until I could find some chance to improve my condition. As to the proposal which you have done me the very great honor to make, I can only say that I know myself yet unworthy of the notice of any noble maiden."

The old woman smiled as if pleased by these words, and responded:—

"Until you have seen our Himégimi-Sama, it were better that you make no decision. Perhaps you will feel no hesitation after you have seen her. Deign now to come with me, that I may present you to her."

She conducted him to another larger guest-room, where preparations for a feast had been made, and having shown him the place of honor, left him for a moment alone. She returned accompanied by the Himégimi-Sama; and, at the first sight of the young mistress, Itō felt again the strange thrill of wonder and delight that had come to him in the garden, as he listened to the music of the *koto*. Never had he dreamed of so beautiful a being. Light seemed to radiate from her presence, and to shine through her garments, as the light of the moon through flossy clouds; her loosely flowing hair swayed about her as she moved, like the boughs of the drooping willow bestirred by the breezes of spring; her lips were like flowers of the peach besprinkled with morning dew. Itō was bewildered by the vision. He asked himself whether he was not looking upon the person of *Amanokawara-no-Ori-Himé* herself,—the Weaving-Maiden who dwells by the shining River of Heaven.

Smiling, the aged woman turned to the fair one, who remained speechless, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, and said to her:—

"See, my child!—at the moment when we could least have hoped for such a thing, the very person whom you wished to meet has come of his own accord. So fortunate a happening could have been brought about only by the will of the high gods. To think of it makes me weep for

joy." And she sobbed aloud. "But now," she continued, wiping away her tears with her sleeve, "it only remains for you both—unless either prove unwilling, which I doubt—to pledge yourselves to each other, and to partake of your wedding feast."

Itō answered by no word: the incomparable vision before him had numbed his will and tied his tongue. Maid-servants entered, bearing dishes and wine; the wedding feast was spread before the pair; and the pledges were given. Itō nevertheless remained as in a trance: the marvel of the adventure, and the wonder of the beauty of the bride, still bewildered him. A gladness, beyond aught that he had ever known before, filled his heart—like a great silence. But gradually he recovered his wonted calm; and thereafter he found himself able to converse without embarrassment. Of the wine he partook freely; and he ventured to speak, in a self-depreciating but merry way, about the doubts and fears that had oppressed him. Meanwhile the bride remained still as moonlight, never lifting her eyes, and replying only by a blush or a smile when he addressed her.

Itō said to the aged attendant:—

"Many times, in my solitary walks, I have passed through this village without knowing of the existence of this honorable dwelling. And ever since entering here, I have been wondering why this noble household should have chosen so lonesome a place of sojourn. . . . Now that your Himégimi-Sama and I have become pledged to each other, it seems to me a strange thing that I do not yet know the name of her august family."

At this utterance, a shadow passed over the kindly face of the old woman; and the bride, who had yet hardly spoken, turned pale, and appeared to become painfully anxious. After some moments of silence, the aged woman responded:—

"To keep our secret from you much longer would be difficult; and I think that, under any circumstances, you should be

made aware of the facts, now that you are one of us. Know then, Sir Itô, that your bride is the daughter of Shigéhira-Kyô, the great and unfortunate San-mi Chûjô."

At those words, — "Shigéhira-Kyô, San-mi Chûjô," — the young samurai felt a chill, as of ice, strike through all his veins. Shigéhira-Kyô, the great Heiké general and statesman, had been dust for centuries. And Itô suddenly understood that everything around him — the chamber and the lights and the banquet — was a dream of the past; that the forms before him were not people, but shadows of people dead.

But in another instant the icy chill had passed; and the charm returned, and seemed to deepen about him; and he felt no fear. Though his bride had come to him out of Yomi, — out of the place of the Yellow Springs of death, — his heart had been wholly won. Who weds a ghost must become a ghost; — yet he knew himself ready to die, not once, but many times, rather than betray by word or look one thought that might bring a shadow of pain to the brow of the beautiful illusion before him. Of the affection professed he had no misgiving: the truth had been told him when any unloving purpose might better have been served by deception. But these thoughts and emotions passed in a flash, leaving him resolved to accept the strange situation as it had presented itself, and to act just as he would have done if chosen, in the years of Jû-ei, by Shigéhira's daughter.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he exclaimed; "I have heard of the cruel fate of the august Lord Shigéhira."

"Ay," responded the aged woman, sobbing as she spoke; — "it was indeed a cruel fate. His horse, you know, was killed by an arrow, and fell upon him; and when he called for help, those who had lived upon his bounty deserted him in his need. Then he was taken prisoner, and sent to Kamakura, where they treated him shamefully, and at last put

him to death.¹ His wife and child — this dear maid here — were then in hiding; for everywhere the Heiké were being sought out and killed. When the news of the Lord Shigéhira's death reached us, the pain proved too great for the mother to bear, so the child was left with no one to care for her but me, — since her kindred had all perished or disappeared. She was only five years old. I had been her milk-nurse, and I did what I could for her. Year after year we wandered from place to place, traveling in pilgrim-garb. . . . But these tales of grief are ill-timed," exclaimed the nurse, wiping away her tears; — "pardon the foolish heart of an old woman who cannot forget the past. See! the little maid whom I fostered has now become a Himégimi-Sama indeed! — were we living in the good days of the Emperor Takakura, what a destiny might be reserved for her! However, she has obtained the husband whom she desired; that is the greatest happiness. . . . But the hour is late. The bridal-chamber has been prepared; and I must now leave you to care for each other until morning."

She rose, and sliding back the screens parting the guest-room from the adjoining chamber, ushered them to their sleeping apartment. Then, with many words of joy and congratulation, she withdrew; and Itô was left alone with his bride.

¹ Shigéhira, after a brave fight in defense of the capital, — then held by the Taira (or Heiké) party, — was surprised and routed by Yoshitsuné, leader of the Minamoto forces. A soldier named Iyénaga, who was a skilled archer, shot down Shigéhira's horse; and Shigéhira fell under the struggling animal. He cried to an attendant to bring another horse; but the man fled. Shigéhira was then captured by Iyénaga, and eventually given up to Yoritomo, head of the Minamoto clan, who caused him to be sent in a cage to Kamakura. There, after sundry humiliations, he was treated for a time with consideration, — having been able, by a Chinese poem, to touch even the cruel heart of Yoritomo. But in the following year he was executed by request of the Buddhist priests of Nanto, against whom he had formerly waged war by order of Kiyomori.

As they reposed together, Itō said: —
 "Tell me, my loved one, when was it that you first wished to have me for your husband."

(For everything appeared so real that he had almost ceased to think of the illusion woven around him.)

She answered, in a voice like a dove's voice: —

"My august lord and husband, it was at the temple of Ishiyama, where I went with my foster-mother, that I saw you for the first time. And because of seeing you, the world became changed to me from that hour and moment. But you do not remember, because our meeting was not in this, your present life: it was very, very long ago. Since that time you have passed through many deaths and births, and have had many comely bodies. But I have remained always that which you see me now: I could not obtain another body, nor enter into another state of existence, because of my great wish for you. My dear lord and husband, I have waited for you through many ages of men."

And the bridegroom felt nowise afraid at hearing these strange words, but desired nothing more in life, or in all his lives to come, than to feel her arms about him, and to hear the caress of her voice.

But the pealing of a temple-bell proclaimed the coming of dawn. Birds began to twitter; a morning breeze set all the trees a-whispering. Suddenly the old nurse pushed apart the sliding screens of the bridal-chamber, and exclaimed: —

"My children, it is time to separate! By daylight you must not be together, even for an instant: that were fatal! You must bid each other good-by."

Without a word, Itō made ready to depart. He vaguely understood the warning uttered, and resigned himself wholly to destiny. His will belonged to him no more; he desired only to please his shadowy bride.

She placed in his hands a little *suzuri*, or ink-stone, curiously carved, and said:

"My young lord and husband is a

scholar; therefore this small gift will probably not be despised by him. It is of strange fashion, because it is old, having been augustly bestowed upon my father by the favor of the Emperor Takakura. For that reason only, I thought it to be a precious thing."

Itō, in return, besought her to accept for a remembrance the *kōgai*¹ of his sword, which were decorated with inlaid work of silver and gold, representing plum-flowers and nightingales.

Then the little *miya-dzukai* came to guide him through the garden; and his bride with her foster-mother accompanied him to the threshold.

As he turned at the foot of the steps to make his parting salute, the old woman said: —

"We shall meet again the next Year of the Boar, at the same hour of the same day of the same month that you came here. This being the Year of the Tiger, you will have to wait ten years. But, for reasons which I must not say, we shall not be able to meet again in this place; we are going to the neighborhood of Kyōtō, where the good Emperor Takakura and our fathers and many of our people are dwelling. All the Heiké will be rejoiced by your coming. We shall send a *kago*² for you on the appointed day."

Above the village the stars were burning as Itō passed the gate; but on reaching the open road he saw the dawn brightening beyond leagues of silent fields. In his bosom he carried the gift of his bride. The charm of her voice lingered in his ears, — and nevertheless, had it not been for the memento which he touched with questioning fingers, he could have persuaded himself that the memories of the night were memories of sleep, and that his life still belonged to him.

But the certainty that he had doomed

¹ This was the name given to a pair of metal rods attached to a sword-sheath, and used like chop-sticks. They were sometimes exquisitely ornamented.

² A kind of palanquin.

himself evoked no least regret: he was troubled only by the pain of separation, and the thought of the seasons that would have to pass before the illusion could be renewed for him. Ten years! — and every day of those years would seem how long! The mystery of the delay he could not hope to solve; the secret ways of the dead are known to the gods alone.

Often and often, in his solitary walks, Itō revisited the village at Kotobikiyama, vaguely hoping to obtain another glimpse of the past. But never again, by night or by day, was he able to find the rustic gate in the shadowed lane; never again could he perceive the figure of the little *miya-dzukai*, walking alone in the sunset-glow.

The village people, whom he questioned carefully, thought him bewitched. No person of rank, they said, had ever dwelt in the settlement; and there had never been, in the neighborhood, any such garden as he described. But there had once been a great Buddhist temple near the place of which he spoke; and some gravestones of the temple-cemetery were still to be seen. Itō discovered the monuments in the middle of a dense thicket. They were of an ancient Chinese form, and were covered with moss and lichens. The characters that had been cut upon them could no longer be deciphered.

Of his adventure Itō spoke to no one. But friends and kindred soon perceived a great change in his appearance and manner. Day by day he seemed to become more pale and thin, — though physicians declared that he had no bodily ailment; he looked like a ghost, and moved like a shadow. Thoughtful and solitary he had always been, but now he appeared indif-

ferent to everything which had formerly given him pleasure, — even to those literary studies by means of which he might have hoped to win distinction. To his mother — who thought that marriage might quicken his former ambition, and revive his interest in life — he said that he had made a vow to marry no living woman. And the months dragged by.

At last came the Year of the Boar, and the season of autumn; but Itō could no longer take the solitary walks that he loved. He could not even rise from his bed. His life was ebbing, though none could divine the cause; and he slept so deeply and so long that his sleep was often mistaken for death.

Out of such a sleep he was startled, one bright evening, by the voice of a child; and he saw at his bedside the little *miya-dzukai* who had guided him, ten years before, to the gate of the vanished garden. She saluted him, and smiled, and said: "I am bidden to tell you that you will be received to-night at Ōhara, near Kyōtō, where the new home is, and that a *kago* has been sent for you." Then she disappeared.

Itō knew that he was being summoned away from the light of the sun; but the message so rejoiced him that he found strength to sit up and call his mother. To her he then for the first time related the story of his bridal, and he showed her the ink-stone which had been given him. He asked that it should be placed in his coffin, — and then he died.

The ink-stone was buried with him. But, before the funeral ceremonies, it was examined by experts, who said that it had been made in the period of *Jō-an* (1169 A. D.), and that it bore the seal-mark of an artist who had lived in the time of the Emperor Takakura.

OUR FIRST-BORN

BY JOHN B. TABB

It died so young! and yet,
Of all that vanished hence,
Is none to lingering Regret
So lost as Innocence:

For wheresoe'er we go,
Whatever else remain,
That Favorite of Heaven, we know,
We shall not find again.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON

HUGO GROTIUS

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

THE first characteristics which the book of Grotius revealed were faith and foresight. Great as it was, — the most beneficent among all volumes not claiming divine inspiration, — yet more wonderful than the book itself was the faith of its author. In none of the years during which he meditated it, and least of all during the years when it was written, could any other human being see in the anarchic darkness of the time any tribunal which could recognize a plea for right reason in international affairs, or enforce a decision upon it. The greatness of Grotius lies first of all in the fact that he saw in all this darkness one court sitting supreme to which he might make appeal, and that court — the heart and mind of man.

What the darkness was which his eye alone could pierce was stated in his preface. He says: "I saw many and grave causes why I should write a work on

that subject. I saw in the whole Christian world a license of fighting at which even barbarous nations might blush. Wars were begun on trifling pretexts or none at all, and carried on without any reverence for law, Divine or human. A declaration of war seemed to let loose every crime."¹

To understand the significance of Grotius' work, let us glance over the evolution of international law up to his time.

The Hebrews, in their wars with their neighbors, considered themselves bound by hardly any of the rules of humanity which in these days prevail as axioms. On sundry neighboring nations they thought themselves commanded by the Almighty to exercise merciless cruelties: "to save nothing alive that breatheth;" to burn cities; to mutilate and murder captives; to spare neither men, women, nor children. Any exceptions to this bar-

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis, Prolegomena*, par. 28.

barity were, as a rule, confined to populations which would consent to be enslaved.

Exhortations to cruelty are not only constant in the laws of Moses, but they ring loud and long through the Psalms and Prophecies. Yet here and there we see an evolution of a better view: out of this mass of savagery there was developed some regard for treaties and for the persons of ambassadors, and from time to time precepts and examples of mercy.

During the Hellenic period, germs of humanity had appeared. Among themselves, the Greek states observed truces and treaties, took pains at times to make war less barbarous, occasionally gave quarter, substituted slavery or ransom for the murder of prisoners, spared public monuments, respected the persons of heralds and ambassadors. Such, with exceptions many and cruel, was their rule among themselves; but in dealing with those who were not of Hellenic origin, their rule, in peace and war, was outrage and slaughter.

The Roman Republic, struggling constantly with tribes, nations, and races not bound to it by any recognized tie, acknowledged, as a rule, no claims of humanity. In conquering the world, it demanded none, and, as a rule, granted none.

Under the Roman Empire a better evolution was seen. The Roman feeling for system and order took shape in their municipal law, and this was extended largely and wisely over their conquests. Though it was really a law imposed by conquerors upon conquered, it came to have many characteristics of an international law between the subject states. Law to nations began to look much like a law of nations: the *jus gentium* came to be mistaken by many, then and later, for a *jus inter gentes*.

In the confusion which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, there was one survival to which the world seemed likely to turn at once, and this was the idea of an imperial power giving laws to the nations. The heirship of this power was naturally claimed by

the mediæval empire in northern Europe, based upon German characteristics but permeated by Roman ideas; and had the successors of Charlemagne proved worthy of him, there might have been imposed upon Europe a *pax Germanica* as strong and as durable as the *pax Romana* had been. But the German Empire, fallen to weaklings and broken into discordant states, lost more and more its power to enforce a mediating will upon Europe; and, though at the Reformation it still called itself "Holy" and "Roman" and an "Empire," it had become merely a single party in a great struggle of warring religions and policies.

But there had arisen another power which soon appeared even more likely to inherit the old Roman mission of enforcing peace and law throughout the world. For this mission the Papacy seemed to fulfill every requirement. Seated on the hills once occupied by the Cæsars, representing an unquestioned spiritual authority, it seemed, even more than the German Empire, fitted to impose upon Europe, and indeed upon all mankind, a true law of nations, or at least to establish a court before which the nations should appear.

Great pontiffs came, like the early Gregories and Leos and Innocents, who worthily proclaimed this high mission. The Church at large, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was clearly ready to join in it, and at various centres throughout Europe the spirit of the blessed Founder of Christianity asserted itself in efforts to check the mediæval flood of cruelty in war. Most striking among these efforts was the "Truce of God" which condemned and largely prevented war at various sacred seasons and on certain days of the week. But, unfortunately, the central hierarchy began to show an alloy of human weakness which gradually deprived the Papacy forever of this splendid and beneficent function.

The first element in this alloy was the lust for a petty earthly dominion. There came the pretended "Donation of Con-

stantine," the false Decretals, the struggles with sword and pen to despoil this petty prince, to win that petty territory, to establish a petty temporal throne, in the shade of which grew luxuriantly and noxiously nepotism and scoundrelism.

A far more serious obstacle in the way of the Papacy to recognition as a mediator and moderator between states was its doctrine regarding dealings with unbelievers and misbelievers. For the fundamental doctrine which permeated theological thought and ecclesiastical action was condensed into the statement that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." Throughout the Middle Ages and afterward, this doctrine steadily undermined confidence in the Papacy as an international umpire. The burning of John Huss by the Emperor Sigismund at the behest of ecclesiastics, in violation of a solemn promise and safe conduct; the advice to Charles V to violate the safe conduct he had given Luther; and various similar cases, quietly had their effect. Memorable was the solemn declaration, just after the Reformation, made by the Bishop of Augsburg: "There can be no peace between Catholics and heretics; as well attempt to make agreements between light and darkness." Significant, too, in Grotius' own time, was the declaration of an eminent professor of theology at Mainz, the seat of the German Primate, that "a peace which permits men to be Catholic, Lutheran, or Calvinist is absolutely null, because it is contrary to the law of God." Even in 1629, four years after the appearance of Grotius' work, came a treatise, eminently approved by the older Church throughout Europe, which declared: "Any treaty between Catholics and heretics is originally void." Indicative of a recognized fact was the declaration of the Jesuit father, Ribadeneira: "If Catholics sometimes make agreements with Protestants, it is solely in order to gain time and to get forces together with which to overwhelm them."¹

¹ See citations in Laurent, *Histoire du Droit des Gens*, Paris, 1865, vol. x, p. 439.

But that which most fatally undermined the Papal position as a law-giving and moderating umpire in Europe was its assertion, loud and frequent, of its power to break treaties and annul oaths. The fundamental doctrine of the Church on this subject, which theologians had devised and which ecclesiastics had enforced, was laid down in the decretal which declared in express terms that "an oath contrary to the interests of the Church is void."²

What this meant was seen when Clement VI gave to the confessors of a French king power to give releases from various oaths and vows which it might be found "inconvenient to keep;" when Eugenius IV released Nicholas Piccino from his solemn agreement with Francis Sforza; when Julius II released Ferdinand of Spain from the oath sworn upon his treaty with Louis XII of France; and, above all, when the Papal absolution, and indeed persuasion, led Francis I of France to break his solemn oath and pledges to the Treaty of Madrid, and to renew the war which desolated France, Germany, and Spain. So fearful had this evil become in Grotius' own land and time, that William of Orange made a solemn protest against the annulling of oaths and treaties as "leaving nothing certain in the world."³

War to extermination thus became the only means of obtaining peace. This was the strictly logical basis of the decree of the Holy Inquisition which Philip II solemnly approved, condemning to death the entire population of the Netherlands. All treaties had thus become illusory.

Nor was there any possibility, after the Reformation, of a Protestant international tribunal. For the breaking of oaths was sanctioned also by the Reformed Church. Noteworthy was the case of the Count of Nassau, of the great Protestant

² For the Latin text of this decretal, see Laurent, as above, vol. x, p. 429, note.

³ For the Latin text of the permission to absolve from oaths which were found "inconvenient to keep," see Laurent, vol. x, p. 432, note.

house of Orange. He had sworn to a treaty tolerating the worship of his Catholic subjects, but the Calvinist theologians insisted that he must violate his oath on the ground that Catholics were idolaters. It is something, however, that William of Orange and Beza opposed this decision.¹

In another important respect, Protestant practices were less excusable than Catholic. The Roman authorities and all that obeyed them throughout Europe felt themselves, in all their cruelties, to be striving for the "salvation of souls." The Protestants had no such excuse. They waged war, not only against conscientious Catholics, who, as they thought, came under the Old Testament denunciation for idolatry, but also against their Protestant brethren who differed from them on merely metaphysical points not involving salvation. The only thing to be said in mitigation of Protestant intolerance is that, though more inexcusable than the intolerance of the older Church, it was less inexorable: for in the Protestant Church there was no dogma of infallibility which prevented an open modification or even reversal of any teachings which the evolution of humanity had gradually proved false and noxious.

But, despite this mitigation, the Protestants found, as they thought, a sure warrant for cruelties quite as great as any practiced by Catholics. Among all who broke away from Papal authority in the sixteenth century, there had come an especial appeal to the Jewish and Christian sacred books. They were read as never before. From the Protestant pulpit, whether Lutheran, Calvinist, or Anabaptist, constant appeals were made to them as final in the conduct of war. On both sides of the great controversy which had taken such fearful shape in the middle of the seventeenth century, but especially on the Protestant side, the minds of men

were devoted, not to seeking that peace which was breathed upon the world by the New Testament, but to finding warrant for war — and especially the methods of the Chosen People in waging war against unbelievers — in the Old Testament. Did any legislator or professor of law yield to feelings of humanity, he was sure to meet with protests based upon authority of Holy Scripture. Plunder and pillage were supported by reference to the divinely approved "spoiling of the Egyptians" by the Israelites. The right to massacre unresisting enemies was based upon the command of the Almighty to the Jews in the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy. The indiscriminate slaughter of whole populations was justified by a reference to the divine command to slaughter the nations round about Israel. Torture and mutilation of enemies was sanctioned by the conduct of Samuel against Agag, of King David against the Philistines, of the men of Judah against Adoni-bezek. Even the slaughter of babes in arms was supported by a passage from the Psalms, — "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Treachery and assassination were supported by a reference to the divinely approved Phinehas, Ehud, Judith, and Jael; murdering the ministers of unapproved religions, by Elijah's slaughter of the priests of Baal.

But while the Germanic Empire and the Papacy had proved their unfitness to mediate between the nations of Christendom, and while the Reformation had shown itself utterly unable to diminish the horrors of war or to increase the incentives to peace, there had been developed some beginnings of an appeal to right reason.

The first of these were seen when plain merchants and shipmasters devised such maritime codes as the *Jugemens d'Oleron*, the *Consolato del Mare*, the *Laws of Wisby*, the *Customs of Amsterdam*, and others. Still more important, there had come, during the closing years of the Middle Ages and at the beginning of

¹ For the case of John of Nassau, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, t. vii, pp. 127 ff. For Beza's view, *ibid.* pp. 248-254. For William of Orange, *ibid.* p. 133, note.

the modern period, even more hopeful evidences of a growth of better thought. Men like Vittorio, Soto, Vasquez, and Suarez in Spain, Conrad Bruno in Germany, Ayala in the Netherlands, and, above all, Albericus Gentilis in England, were the main representatives of this evolution of mercy. But the voices of these men seemed immediately lost in the clamor and confusion of their time. And yet their efforts were not in vain.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

It is beyond a doubt that the ideas of these men, no matter how imperfect and inadequate, were received into the mind of Grotius. He himself makes ample acknowledgment of this.

But, as the Renaissance progressed, the system developed in diplomacy, and war became more and more vile. The fundamental textbook was Machiavelli's *Prince*. Lying and treachery were the rule. Assassination by poison and dagger, as supplementary to war, was frequent. Catherine de Medici, Philip II, Alva, Des Adrets, Tilly, Wallenstein, were simply incarnations of the Machiavellian theories which ruled this period.

The treatment of non-combatants is perhaps the most fearful element in all this chaos. The unspeakable cruelties of the war in the Netherlands, spread along through more than half a century, the world knows by heart.

The Thirty Years' War in Germany was in many respects worse. Apart from a few main leaders, of whom Gustavus Adolphus was chief, the commanders on both sides prompted or permitted satanic cruelties. Ministers of religion were mutilated in every conceivable way before murder; the churches drenched in the blood of non-combatants and refugees; women treated with every form of indignity and cruelty; children hacked to pieces before their parents' eyes; the limbs of non-combatants nailed to the doors of churches; families tied together and burned as fagots; torture used to force revelations regarding buried treasure;

whole city populations put to the sword; people of great districts exterminated; those not exterminated by the sword swept off in vast numbers by pestilence and famine. At the taking of Magdeburg by Tilly, four years after the publication of Grotius' book, the whole city was burned, — only the cathedral and a few houses being left, — and from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants were massacred. Other captured cities were reduced to one fourth their original population; hundreds of towns disappeared from the map of the empire. During all that period men might cry, with the king's son in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, —

"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Two hundred and fifty years after the Treaty of Münster, Germany had not fully recovered the prosperity which she enjoyed before this war of thirty years.

Especially to be noted in Grotius' work are the sources from which he develops it. These are two. The first is the principle of natural morality, — the commands of justice written, as he claims, by God on the hearts and minds of men. These, he says, are to be ascertained by right reason, — by the powers of discernment which God has given; thus is obtained what he calls the "Law of Nature." His second source he finds in the institutions, or enactments, or ideas, which the nations or gifted men have agreed upon as right, necessary, or final; thus is obtained what he calls the "Law of Nations."

Difficulties and dangers, many and great, meet him at once. Frequently the elements obtained from these sources did not at all agree; — indeed, in some cases could not by any ordinary means be made to agree. There were struggles as regarded "Natural Law" with theologians who pointed triumphantly to texts of Scripture; there were conflicts as regarded the "Law of Nations" with jurists who showed that what he maintained was by no means what had been held "always, everywhere, and by all."

No man of less splendid powers, in-

tellectual and moral, could have grappled with such opponents and triumphed over such difficulties. His genius as a reasoner, his scholarship so vast in range, his memory bringing to him the best thoughts of the best thinkers in all literature, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, his skill in applying the doctrines of Roman jurisprudence, enabled him to develop out of these elements a system. But his main guide through all this labyrinth of difficulties was his own earnestness and unselfishness, his nobility of mind, heart, and soul. He fused together right and authority on every fundamental question, and with precious results.

Some of the elements he cast into his crucible were doubtful, and some of his reasoning faulty; yet, when all were submitted to the fervor of his love of justice, the result was always the same, — a new doctrine, clear and lustrous, a new treasure for humanity.

Take, for example, the fundamental question which met him at the outset, regarding the right of waging war. He declares that war is legitimate if just, and in answer to the question what is a just and proper motive for war, he allows simply one cause, — a sincere desire for justice. To those who confront him with the Sermon on the Mount, he answers that similar arguments can be drawn from the Gospels against civil and penal justice, and concludes that the doctrines alluded to were ideals and not intended for literal embodiment in actual law.¹

As another example of his method, take his dealing with the question of wars for religion. He gives many reasonings which are precious, but, with them, some which seem to us in these days fallacious and even dangerous. He allows, for example, with all men of his time, that war is lawful to avenge insults offered to God, and brings this into accord with his fundamental assertion as to the proper motive for war by arguing that since any nation which insults the Almighty endangers the very foundations upon which all nations

repose, the rights of all are violated, and war to maintain these rights is of course allowable.

The danger of this concession is evident, for who is to decide what constitutes an insult to God? In one country, men see such an insult in a neglect to kneel before the consecrated wafer; in another country they see it in disrespect to the sacred cattle; here, in eating flesh on Friday; there, in catching fish on Sunday. But to this concession Grotius adds deductions from natural law which, in connection with his previous statements, give a noble product, for he arrives at the conclusion that war against infidel nations or against heretics as such is unjust. He says, "Christianity consists of mysteries which cannot be established by material proof, and therefore nations cannot force them upon any man's conscience, or make disbelief in them, by any person, a crime." He reminds his readers that all cannot believe who would gladly believe, that belief comes by the grace of God; and if war against infidels cannot be justified, still less, he says, can we justify war against heretics who have separated themselves from the Church on merely secondary beliefs; and he cites the words of Christ, of St. Paul, of St. John, and various fathers and doctors of the Church, as disapproving forced conversions.²

A striking example of Grotius' method, both in its weakness and in its strength, is his discussion of the question how far war shall be extended as to methods and persons. This was a question of capital importance. In his time, the theory and practice of antiquity and the Middle Ages were in cruel force. A vast array of authorities, from the commands of Jehovah to the children of Israel down to the latest orders in the Thirty Years' War, were frightfully cruel. Not only might combatants who had laid down their arms be massacred, but non-combatants; and not only men, but women and chil-

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. i.

² *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xx, par. 48-50.

dren. To the question — where is the limit to what is lawful and unlawful? — he answers: “The substance of the evil ought to be in proportion to the right sought and the culpability of the enemy refusing to grant the right.” From this it is easy for any one to follow him to the conclusion that, in modern times, the criminality of the enemy can rarely, if ever, be so great as to warrant the massacre of prisoners, and never so great as to warrant such reprisals as the slaughter and outrage of innocent non-combatants.

That some of his concessions were dangerous was the fault of the age. Grotius could not, in the seventeenth century, have solved the questions at issue otherwise. Had he not paid every respect to the Old Testament authorities, he would not only have done violence to his own convictions, but would have insured the suppression of his book by both Catholics and Protestants as blasphemous. Yet, even in the midst of these concessions, he seeks to deduce from its best sources a Law of Nations distinct from the Law of Nature, yet combining with it. He brings a mass of arguments to bear against assassination, against dishonor and cruelty to women and children, against plunder, against the whole train of atrocities common in his time; and finds authority for his declaration after his usual method: by citing the ideas and practice of the noblest warriors and thinkers of all nations and periods, thus stimulating the leading warriors and statesmen of his time, of whatever creed or party, to admire and imitate the noblest examples. The Renaissance had not spent its force. It was a period when, as never since, statesmen and generals emulated the great men of antiquity, — and Grotius’ method proved fruitful in clemency.¹

Among a vast number of difficult questions, comes up the limit of a conqueror’s rights over the conquered. First, as to property, shall he reimburse himself by stripping individuals and reducing them to poverty, or by levying contributions on

the entire nation? Grotius concedes that the authorities warrant either of these methods, but his noble instincts again lift him to a height from which he discerns a solution, and he declares strongly in favor of the modern and more merciful system of levying contributions, not on individuals, but on the entire hostile nation.

Then the second part of the question comes up. What is the right of the conqueror as regards the persons vanquished? Here, too, his sane instincts have to meet terrible precedents, in both sacred and profane history, but he falls back on his argument that the penalty should be brought into proportion with the offense, preaches clemency and moderation, applies his method of ascertaining the Law of Nations from the noblest utterances and examples, and leaves in his reader the conviction that there are few, if any, offenses in modern times of a nature which can justify extreme retaliation upon individuals.

Such is an outline of a few of the main positions of Grotius in regard to some of the larger practical questions of that and after ages. That the solutions are at times inconclusive, especially in the domain of what he calls “Natural Law,” is the fault partly of his age, in which it was vain to deny or combat authorities held sacred, and partly of sundry limitations in his own reasoning; but his work had, none the less, vast results. — the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* is the real foundation of the modern science of international law.

And here should be mentioned the most penetrating of all its doctrines.

For a question of more practical importance than any other arises, — the nature of the tribunal in case of an infringement by one nation of the rights of another. His answer has been fruitful in the past and is to bear still greater fruit in the future. In his usual way, he points first of all to authority, and quotes Cicero as follows: “There are two ways of ending a dispute, — discussion and force; the latter manner is simply that of

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. iii, cap. xii.

brute beasts, the former is proper to beings gifted with reason: it is permitted then to recur to violence only when reason is powerless." He then takes up various methods by which international questions may be settled without war, and from these he deduces naturally the idea of conferences and international arbitration. Here is the culmination of his services to mankind. Others, indeed, had proposed plans for the peaceful settlement of differences between nations, and the world remembers them with honor: to all of them — from Henry IV and Kant and St. Pierre and Penn and Bentham down to the humblest writer in favor of peace — we may well feel grateful; but the germ of arbitration was planted in modern thought when Grotius wrote these words: "But especially are Christian kings and states bound to try this way of avoiding war." Out of the arguments of which this is the solemn culmination has arisen the greatest hope of mankind in its dealings with international questions.¹

The whole work of Grotius has been often censured, and harshly. Some religionists have insisted that his use of reason unduly tempered the authority of Scripture; some anti-religionists, that he yielded unduly to Scripture; others have complained of the arrangement of the work, of its immense number of citations, of what they call its "pedantry;" and among these are Voltaire and Dugald Stewart. It must be confessed that, wonderful as the book is, its arrangement, style, and sequence of thought are at times vexatious. Yet these are but the defects of its qualities. In the midst of masses of learning which not infrequently cloud the main issue, and fine-spun arguments which seem to lead nowhither, there frequently comes a pithy statement, an illuminating argument, a cogent citation which lights up a whole chapter. It reminds an American of Emerson. Grotius has even more than Emerson's power of pithy citation, — a power which any one

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xxiii, viii, 3.

who studies Pufendorf's clumsy efforts to imitate it will appreciate painfully. As to the charge based on the number of citations, nothing can be more unjust. It arises from a complete misapprehension of Grotius' method; the brilliant refutation of it by Sir James Mackintosh is convincing. These citations were in accordance with the fundamental plan of the work, which was to formulate the decisions of right reason by showing its action in countries most diverse in situation and history and among men most different in habits and opinions. Grotius' own statement is conclusive. He says: "In order to give proofs on questions respecting this Natural Law, I have made use of the testimonies of philosophers, historians, poets, and, finally, orators. Not that I regard these as judges from whose decision there is no appeal, for they are warped by their party, their argument, their cause, — but I quote them as witnesses whose conspiring testimony, proceeding from innumerable different times and places, must be referred to some universal cause which, in the questions with which we are here concerned, cannot be any other than a right deduction proceeding from the proofs of reason or some common consent. The former cause of agreement points to the Law of Nature, the latter, to the Law of Nations."²

It has been objected that Grotius made a concession fatal to humanity, in excusing slavery. Rousseau was especially severe upon him for this.

But, in the atmosphere of Grotius' discussions of slavery, an evolution of ideas destructive to all involuntary servitude was sure. Starting with the idea that slavery is the first step beyond the massacre of prisoners, he limits and modifies it in

² *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, Prolegomena, par. 40, Whewell's translation. For the admirable defense of this method by Sir James Mackintosh, see Pradier-Fodéré, French edition of Grotius' work, Paris, 1867, tome i, p. 39, note; also, Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, part iii, chap. iv, with Hallam's impressive assent to it.

ways which lead more and more clearly to its abolition. He constantly finds mitigations of the Law of Nations in the Law of Nature, and of the Law of Nature in the Law of Nations; he dissents from a theological argument that slaves have, by the Law of Nations, no right to escape; he limits the right of the master in administering punishment; he insists that the private acquisitions of a slave, by economy or donation, are his own; that his ransom should be moderate; that his children should be free save as they are held for debts due for sustenance during their minority. In behalf of justice and mercy, he cites Seneca, St. Paul, Clement of Alexandria, and many others, until he finally rises to a conception of human brotherhood in which the whole basis of slavery, and indeed its whole practice, is soon dissolved away.¹

Another of his conclusions which has repelled, and even angered, many critics is embodied in his statement that to save the state or the city an innocent citizen might be delivered into the hands of the enemy. But, when closely scrutinized, we find it an extreme statement due to his horror of war, — much like that attributed to Franklin, — that there could not be a good war or a bad peace. Grotius' statement was evidently based on a very high conception of the duty of the individual to the state, namely, that to save the state the individual should be ready to sacrifice himself, and that the state had a right to presume on this readiness.²

Another charge which has been made against him is that he committed himself virtually to the doctrine of a primitive contract and was thus a forerunner of Rousseau and Robespierre. This charge has been made in many forms and reit-

erated, even in our own time, by sundry countrymen of Grotius, in whose hearts there still linger the old sectarian hatreds.³

Nothing can be more superficial or unjust. The "social contract" theory was not invented by Rousseau; a long series of men had labored at it, and, among them, Hobbes and Locke, with enormously different results. Grotius' theory is entirely different from that of Rousseau, both in its essence and outcome. To Rousseau's mind, as to that of Robespierre, human beings in a "state of nature" were good, and the generality of mankind, when freed from the ideas and institutions of civilized society, would return as a whole to this native goodness. The most effective appeal of Rousseau's disciples was to the Parisian mob, — the same mob which had applauded the St. Bartholomew massacres, the same which applauded the September massacres and the cruelties of the Reign of Terror, and which adored *la sainte guillotine*; — the same which glorified Napoleonism, deifying the man who trampled on their earlier ideal and sent them to slaughter by myriads; — the same which upheld the Commune. On the other hand, while Grotius accepted the hypothesis which for so long a time proved so serviceable, namely, the idea of original human consent to law, his appeal was not to "man in a state of nature" or to a mob of men in a "state of nature," whether that mob tyrannized a village or an empire. As a student of classical antiquity, he knew that some of the worst of the Roman emperors had been adored by the people; as a student of modern history, he knew that Henry VIII of England had been one of the most popular of monarchs; from his every-day life he knew but too well that Philip II of Spain, the monarch under whom he was born, — narrow, blood-thirsty, brutal, — was yet considered, by

¹ For Grotius' discussion of slavery, see mainly the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. iii, cap. vii and xiv.

² See Hallam's wise remark, but especially the brief argument of Whewell in a note on his translation of Grotius' statement. *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xxv, § 3, iii, 1 and 2, note.

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³ For a very striking, and even painful, example of this prejudice in an eminent and otherwise excellent Netherlands historian, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Maurice et Barneveldt*, chap. xiii.

the vast majority of his subjects, as an exponent of the Divine Will; he knew that Barneveld, one of the strongest and noblest men Europe had ever seen, who had served the Netherlands faithfully in the most difficult of all emergencies at home and abroad for forty years, had against him the vast majority of the people of the Dutch Republic simply because he had dreaded absolutism and loved toleration; and could he have looked forward an hundred years, he would have seen two other great Netherlands statesmen, the De Witts, murdered by "the people" at The Hague, within a stone's throw of the spot where Barneveld had suffered. The real appeal of Grotius was not to "man in a state of nature," but to the sense of justice, humanity, righteousness, evolved under the reign of God in the hearts and minds of thinking men. His appeal was not to a "contract made in the primeval woods," but to the hearts, minds, and souls of men, developed under Christian civilization.

Grotius' appeal was not to a mob; it was not, indeed, to the average man of the mob at any period; it was to the thinking man, whether educated or uneducated, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether Lutheran or Calvinist, whether Gomarist or Arminian. One feature of Grotius' great inspiration was his faith that there were such men, and that an appeal to them might be of use to the world. The result of Rousseau's idea was seen in the excesses of the French Revolution which led to new deluges of bloodshed, both during the Revolution and the reaction which followed it; the result of Grotius' theory was seen in the beginning of a new era of mercy to mankind, an era in which wars became infinitely less cruel both to combatants and non-combatants.¹

¹ The translation of Whewell of the words *ex consensu obligatio* in the *Prolegom.* xvi, by the words "obligation by mutual compact" seems somewhat likely to mislead. Pradier-Fodéré's translation runs "l'obligation que l'on s'est imposée par son propre consentement," and this does not seem so suggestive of the Rousseau "contract" theory.

But the good results of Grotius' book were at first veiled. Except Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu, no commander of that time seems to have read it. In France, its influence seems manifest in the mercy shown to the Huguenots after the siege of La Rochelle, but in Germany the 'Thirty Years' War dragged on more and more cruelly for over twenty years after its publication. Commanders on both sides, Protestant and Catholic, seemed to become more and more merciless. Arson, bloodshed, torture, and murder became more and more the rule. But at the close of the war, as we have seen, in the Treaty of Westphalia, some of the fundamental ideas of Grotius had evidently taken hold of the plenipotentiaries at Osnabrück and Münster, and were wrought into their work.

During the fifty years which followed that great treaty, the book, thanks to disciples like Pufendorf and Thomasius, became more and more known; but at first there was little to show that its ideas had taken practical hold on Europe. Louis XIV, in his policy at home and in his wars abroad, showed little trace of Grotius' ideas on either toleration or peace: *le Grand Monarque*, under the inspiration of his bishops and his confessor, did his worst in revoking the Edict of Nantes and in laying waste the Palatinate; but in spite of his cold-blooded cruelty there was a steady diminution in military ferocity.

Early in the first days of the eighteenth century came the great War of the Spanish Succession, spreading over much of the same German and Dutch territory which had suffered during the Thirty Years' War; but a great change was now evident. Instead of leaders like Mansfeld, Wallenstein, Christian of Brunswick, and

For Rousseau's theory and the better character of Montesquieu's view, see Pollock, *Introduction to a History of the Science of Politics*, page 81. For Rousseau's hostility to Grotius' ideas, see *Le Contrat Social*, especially the opening chapters. For Rousseau's minute description of the process and results of forming the "social contract," *ibid.* chap. vii.

so many others, who had led in the old indiscriminate pillage and arson and murder and preying upon the enemy's country, there now came Marlborough, Eugene, Villars, and other commanders on both sides, who, as a rule, repressed pillage, murder, and arson, paid for supplies taken from the inhabitants, levied their contributions upon governments and not upon individuals, cared for their prisoners, were merciful to non-combatants, and in every way indicated an immense progress in mercy and justice. Here and there, it is true that, in spite of all that commanders could do, cruelties took place, as in the devastation of Bavaria in 1704; but, as a rule, the ideas advocated by Grotius had begun to take strong hold upon the world's best thought.

We must now return to Grotius' personal history and to his fruitful labor in another great field of humanitarian effort.

Until 1631, he remained in Paris, greatly honored, yet often suffering from poverty. The pension granted him by Louis XIII was rather honorable than useful; it was rarely paid.

Interwoven throughout all his efforts for peace and mercy was his continuous labor for toleration. A great publicist has said that "intolerance was then the common law of Europe." More than any of his contemporaries, Grotius wrought to undermine it. Neither triumphs nor sufferings abated his steady labor. Treatises philosophical and historical, translations and commentaries in which the first rank in the scholarship of his time was reached, came constantly from his pen; but his great work during this period was one which he had begun during his imprisonment at the Castle of Loevestein, — his *Truth of Christianity*. Though in advance of his time, its success was enormous. Five times it was translated from the original Latin into French, three times into German, and beside this, into English, Swedish, Danish, Flemish, Greek, Chinese, Malay, Persian, and Arabic. Its ideas spread widely among

European Christians of every name, Catholic and Protestant, Arminian and Calvinistic, Lutheran and Anglican. The reason was simple. It was a Christian book, but not sectarian. It was written with full belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, but with slight regard for the questions which divided Christians. At first it succeeded, but at last came the inevitable outcry. Narrow men on either side insisted that the book was not sufficiently "positive." Bigoted Protestants began to express hatred of it because it was not more "positive" in showing the weakness of Catholicism; bigoted Catholics because it was not more "positive" in showing the weakness of Protestantism; bigoted Lutherans because it was not more "positive" in argument against Calvinism; bigoted Calvinists because it was not more "positive" in its denunciation of Lutheranism.

All insisted that Grotius neglected many of the great doctrinal statements developed by theologians. On the fact that Grotius adopted the simple teaching of the Founder of Christianity were based the strongest charges against him. Voetius, an especially bitter foe, in answer to Grotius' assertions of Christian truth declared that "to place the principal part of religion in the observance of Christ's commands is rank Socinianism." This book, too, was put upon the Index at Rome, and its use discouraged by various eminent Protestant authorities. Still, it was effective. Its plan of defense has long since been abandoned; the work begun by Erasmus has brought the world beyond it. Biblical criticism was then in its infancy, and the growth of it has made necessary different methods and new statements; but Grotius' book on the Christian religion does its author none the less honor. None the less, too, has the book been a blessing to mankind in calling the attention of the Christian world to religious realities and away from theological subtleties. In this, as in all his writings, Grotius struggled as a peacemaker, and in his dedication to King Louis XIII, he

especially pleads for toleration. In one of his letters to his brother, he says, "I shall never cease to do my utmost for establishing peace among Christians, and if I do not succeed it will be honorable to die in such an enterprise." And again, "If there were no hopes of success at present, ought we not to sow the seed which may be useful for posterity?" And again, "Even if we should only diminish the mutual hatred among Christians, would not this be worth purchasing at the price of some labor and reproach?"¹

In 1631, Maurice of Orange having died five or six years before, and his successor, Prince Henry, seeming inclined to lenity, Grotius endeavored to return to Holland. But his reception was disappointing, — at first merely chilly; but ere long the bigots of the day bestirred themselves, and in March, 1632, to such purpose that the States-General offered a reward of two thousand guilders to any one who should deliver him up to them; and again he became an exile. His first place of refuge was Hamburg, and there, giving himself to literary work, he waited again for the return of reason among his countrymen. Flattering offers were now made him by the King of Denmark, by Spain, and even by Wallenstein, who was the real dictator of Germany. But all these he refused. He still looked lovingly toward the little Dutch Republic; and it was only after two years of weary waiting that he gave up that hope and entered the service of Sweden.

The invitation to this service was honorable both in its character and its source. Gustavus Adolphus had died at Lützen, but he had left a request that Grotius be secured for his kingdom; his great chancellor, Oxenstiern, bore this in mind, and in 1635 sent Grotius as Swedish Ambassador to Paris. The position was important, for Sweden was then one of the great militant powers of Europe; but the task of the new ambassador soon became trying. Though the French government

¹ See *Epist.* 494, 1706, 736, 396, cited by Butler.

were at heart almost as jealous of Sweden as of Austria, he was expected to keep France and Sweden active allies against Austria; and in the Thirty Years' War, the government of his native country, from both public and private reasons, endeavored to thwart him. In all the more important part of his mission, Grotius succeeded well; in the lesser parts he was not so happy. There were questions of etiquette and form; Richelieu must be flattered; various parties must be petted or bribed; and for such work he was ill fitted: it is related that, while waiting in the ante-rooms at Court, instead of chattering nonsense, he whiled away his time by reading the Greek Testament.

During this final stay in Paris he employed his leisure in various works, among them an investigation as to the origin of the American tribes and an exegetical work upon the Bible; but though this latter showed good scholarship, its significance in modern criticism is small. He did, indeed, declare his conviction that sundry prophecies in the Old Testament, generally supposed to refer to the coming of the Messiah, had reference to events accomplished before that event, and this brought upon him much obloquy; but among the best religionists of all nations, his work was useful. At this time, too, he wrote his history of the Netherlands, and from it one of his best traits shines forth brightly: he was called, as historian, to discuss the character and services of Maurice of Orange; Maurice had unjustly deprived him of home, property, and freedom, and sought to deprive him of life; — but Grotius points out none the less fully his services as a commander and patriot; not a trace of ill will appears in any of his judgments.

The Swedish government showed, ere long, not unnaturally, the belief that one who did so much literary work could hardly do the political work required in such stirring times; his personal relations to Richelieu and Mazarin had become irksome to him; and, in 1645, he resigned his ambassadorship and returned, first

to Holland where, at last, he was more kindly received. Thence he went to Sweden, took formal leave of Queen Christina, and started upon his return voyage, hoping to pass the remainder of his life in his native country. But it was not so to be. The ship was thrown by a heavy sea upon the Pomeranian coast, and Grotius, having after great suffering reached Rostock, lay down to die.

The simple recital of the Lutheran pastor, Quistorp, who was with him in his last moments, touches the deep places of the human heart. The pastor made no effort to wrestle with the dying scholar and statesman, but simply read to him the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, ending with the words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And the dying man answered, "I am that publican."

On the 28th of August, 1645, he breathed his last. It had not been given to him to see any apparent result of his great gift to mankind. From his childhood to his last conscious moments, he had known nothing but war, bigoted, cruel, revengeful, extending on all sides about him. The Peace of Westphalia, which was to be so largely influenced by him, was not signed until three years after his death. One may hope that the faith which led him to write the book gave him power to divine some of its results.

His first burial-place was at Rostock near the German coast, and there, before the high altar of its great church to-day, is sacredly preserved, as an honor to Germany, the tomb in which his body was temporarily enshrined.

But his wish had been to rest in his native soil, and, after a time, his remains were conveyed to the Netherlands. It is hard to believe, and yet it is recorded, that as his coffin was borne through the city of Rotterdam, stones were thrown at it by the bigoted mob: finally, it was laid in a crypt beneath the great church of Delft, his birthplace.

Few monuments are more suggestive

to the thinking traveler than that ancient edifice. There lie the bones of men who took the lead in saving the Dutch Republic and civil liberty from the bigotry of Spain. Above all, in the apse, towers the canopied tomb of William the Silent, — sculptured marble and molten bronze showing forth the majesty of his purpose and the gratitude of his people. Hard by, in a quiet side aisle, is the modest tomb of Grotius, its inscription simple and touching. Each of these two great men was a leader in the service of liberty and justice; each died a martyr to unreason. Both are risen from the dead, and live evermore in modern liberty, civil and religious, in modern law fatal to tyranny, in modern institutions destructive to intolerance, and, above all, in the heart and mind of every man who worthily undertakes to serve the nobler purposes of his country or the larger interests of his race.

Thrice during the latter half of the century just closed did the world pay homage at this shrine. The first occasion was on April 10, 1883, — the three hundredth anniversary of Grotius' birth, when the people of the Netherlands honored themselves and mankind by a due celebration of it. The second act of homage took place three years later, on the erection of the bronze statue to his memory in front of the church where he lies buried. Not only the Netherlands, but the world's whole civilization, was there represented. Most worthily did the eminent Minister of the Netherlands, Mr. de Beaufort, dwell on the services thus commemorated, and the vast audience showed that the country at last recognized its great servant. Yet there came one note of discord. A touching feature in the tribute was the singing of simple hymns by a great chorus of school-children; but this chorus a section of the more determined adherents of the old rigid Calvinist orthodoxy refused to allow their children to join: one of their representatives, indeed, declared that the statue was fitly placed, since its back was turned to the Church; to this it was rejoined that

the statue was indeed fitly placed, since its face was turned toward Justice. The allusion was to the fact that the monument faced the Palace of Justice and the effigy of Justice adorning it.

The third of these recognitions was on the Fourth of July, 1899. On that day, the American delegation to the Peace Conference of The Hague celebrated the anniversary of American independence by placing, in behalf of the government of the United States which had especially authorized and directed it, a wreath of silver and gold with appropriate inscriptions on the tomb of Grotius. The audience filling the vast church comprised not only the ambassadors and other delegates to the conference, but the ministers of the Dutch Crown, professors from the various universities of the Netherlands, and a great body of invited guests from all parts of the world. A letter from the King of Sweden and Norway, expressing the gratitude of the power which Grotius had so faithfully served, and the utterances of the Netherlands ministers and of the American delegation presented the claims of Grotius to remembrance; the music of the chimes, of the great organ, and of the royal choir rolled majestically under the arches of the vast edifice: all in tribute to him who, first

among men, had uttered clearly and strongly that call to arbitration which the conference at The Hague was then making real.

And it may well be hoped that within the first decade of the twentieth century there will come yet another recognition. By the gift of an American citizen, provision has been made for a palace of international justice in which the Court of Arbitration created by the Hague Conference may hold its sessions. Thanks to the munificence of that gift, the world has a right to expect that this temple of peace will be worthy of its high purpose: its dome a fitting outward and visible sign to all peoples that at last there is a solution of international questions other than by plunder and bloodshed; its corridors ennobled by the statues, busts, and medallions of those who have opened this path to peace; its walls pictured with the main events in this evolution of Humanity. But among these memorials, one monument should stand supreme,—the statue of Grotius. And in his hand may well be held forth to the world his great book, opened at that inspired appeal in behalf of international arbitration:—

“*Maxime autem Christiani reges et civitates tenentur hanc inire viam ad arma vitanda.*”

ETHICS OF THE STREET

A PROTEST

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

WHENE’ER I take my walks abroad, I am fain to remark, not how many poor I see, for in that respect the cities of the United States do not appear unduly freighted, but rather how many and how potent are the street influences that tend to pauperize the soul.

The school, the home; on these two foundations, we constantly are told, the welfare of this great republic rests; and that the assertion is far from being so much barren rhetoric is amply proved by the enormous sums spent on public education to a luxurious degree, and by the pure ideal of domesticity to which the private lives of candidates for high office at the people’s hands are required to testify. Many and admirable, also, are the schemes of public and private enterprise that seek to carry humanizing influences into the crowded tenement, bridging so far as they may the gap between the standards of the classroom and the illiterate or alien homes in which such vast numbers of the commonwealth’s school-children dwell. But there remains still a third factor to be reckoned with; a middle ground in the child’s life; one which has yet to be fully recognized for its true value in the formation of character, the moulding of citizens. The larger education of mankind comes from contact with the world,—and the world, for city children, is the street.

Let us take a walk abroad with eyes not introspectively turned upon our own personal concerns, nor dulled to our objective surroundings by accustomedness, but open and sensitively alert to note in what fashion we are serving the ends of enlightenment in respect to the gods we set up in the marketplace, the influences we invoke or suffer to preside over the

thoroughfares our children traverse passing to and from their school, the pictures and legends with which we are wallpapering and adorning this their larger nursery, their unrestricted playground, their outdoor home, the street.

The hoardings are gay with advertisements, many of them no mean examples of decorative art, and all expressly contrived to arrest attention, catch the fancy, and fix the memory with phrase and symbol that shall create a want, or arouse desire for some commodity. Take any random mile of such devices, and then with closed eyes try to recall the general impression produced by their illustrated messages. You will find the average result to be a series of statements persuasive, authoritative: that it is a grinding necessity and a good thing to spend one’s substance on whiskey, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, chewing-tobacco, chewing-gum, corsets, liqueurs, soap, whiskey, cigars, washing - powder, tooth powder, face powder, tobacco, whiskey, gas stoves, corsets, transportation, whiskey, clothes, cigars, whiskey, patent medicines, champagne, comic opera, pills, breakfast food, whiskey, tobacco, condensed-milk - or rural-drama - impossible - to - distinguish - which, hats, whiskey, cigars, folding-beds, artificial limbs, corsets, other things, whiskey, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, and whiskey!

Whiskey and cigars, excellent things both, are they in moderation. It is the undue excess of space allotted them in the commercial exposition of the highways that renders them a baneful influence; the hideous disproportion to the needs of life in which we allow their virtues to be blazoned on the city walls.

And the blazonry! . . . See these rows on rows of besotted-looking creatures depicted in the act of mixing, proffering, drinking, with an air of specious bonhomie designed to foster the corrupting notion that in reciprocity of tipples lies good-fellowship; these rows on rows of indecently clad women recommending some bottled or capsuled remedy for the effects of a debauch!

Breakfast foods; these at least are innocuous, you say, in their bid for notoriety. Not invariably so. Whenever a foodstuff makes a merit of its theft of nature's honest industries by announcing itself as predigested, it stands a self-convicted sinner against the natural moralities.

To the thinking adult these representations are only so much advertisement, to be deprecated from an æsthetic standpoint, but no eyesore to the blunted ethical vision. But how is the child of the street to discriminate between legitimate municipal decoration and the labels of private enterprise? To him these illustrated statements stand for mental furnishings, impressions of life, ranking in authority with the inscription on the monument, the statue of the patriot, the map and motto on his classroom walls, the text and banner of his Sunday-school, and chaining his remembrance with a hundredfold the distinctness and allure of these because of the appeal they make to his playful fancy, the intimate colloquial note they strike.

It is the positive thing that counts with a child. Innumerable repetitions of stern Don'ts cannot equal in compelling power one delusively attractive Do. Of what avail, then, for the city in school hours to lay down the principles of physiology with their ominous burden of inhibition, when at every turn the city's walls gain-say such teachings in rainbow colors, in optimistic phrase? How vital an impression does it produce upon a girl to tell her that tight lacing is injurious, while misshapen forms are presented as objects of fashionable elegance for her emulation

during recreation hours? Of what use is it to warn the boy that nicotine and alcohol are bad for him, so long as the city covers the walls of his great playground with dazzling invitations to smoke and drink, at the same time jocosely assuring him that all possible unpleasant consequences will be pleasantly averted by the action of a candy bolus while he sleeps?

Put up in the marketplace some exquisite example of the sculptor's craft in classic nudity, and with what sweeping denunciations of the immorality of art does the welkin ring! What a storm of outraged protest is aroused by any humanitarian movement that, by taking into consideration the social need which the saloon supplies, endeavors to give a poor man's thirst due dignity and measure! But blind are these censors, single and incorporate, to the shameful fact staring us forever in the face, that lessons are being inculcated into the city's children daily, after the most approved pedagogic methods, pictorially, and by endlessly varied iterations of one theme — lessons in intemperance and immodesty — by the unlicensed proclamations on the city walls!

A small boy acting in the same theatrical company with his mother, not long since, was haled to court, examined, remanded, committed, because he was found to be under certificated years. The mother, poor soul! had lied about his age because her earnings alone would not suffice to support the two; besides, to have her child traveling with her is all the home a wandering actress may call her own; and to the child this filial-maternal comradeship and working partnership is infinitely more a home than any of the host of institutions passing by the name. However, to keep the law the lad must now be committed to some such organization, or become a charge on unwilling relatives for the period of his scholastic liability, till at sixteen he will be turned loose, practically orphaned, to drift, if he so elect, back to the stage. At eleven, under his mother's wing, tutored in the crude but definite morality of the melo-

drama, there was nothing harmful in the child's breadwinning connection with the theatre. He is far more likely to be endangered by it at sixteen, but of that human aspect of the case the law takes no cognizance. Neither does it concern itself with the fact that the most degrading feature of the playhouse, the poster of so-called comic opera and farce, with its ever recurrent variation on the motif of marital duplicity, the elderly fool in evening dress wantoning with high kickers of the ballet, is offered year in and out for the contemplation of the city children in the street! I doubt if one child in thousands ever came to moral shipwreck by being on and of the real stage. Can it be doubted that thousands are being coarsened, if not corrupted, all the time by the pictures on the walls?

Clean streets in the maintenance of whose cleanliness the children are enlisted as allies may be counted as one of the saving graces of the day. But here also cities are not free from blame in their ethical responsibility. The exposure of dead animals to the public gaze is a shameful thing. To the children it is a coarsening influence that the household pet is suffered to become a thing of opprobrium in the gutter. Civilization demands that even for the dumb animal there shall be dignity and decency in death.

The press always should be, and more often is than not, friend of the children, the poor, the weak. Yet has the press a few sins to answer for in its relation to the morals of these wards of the commonwealth. We find ourselves in a populous district, though a far from poor one. We come upon a knot of small girls, seated at an improvised table on which are displayed pin-wheels and paper dolls for sale. The proceeds, they proudly inform us, are destined to swell such-and-such a paper's Fresh-Air Fund. How sweet and touching that sounds: children working that less fortunate children may enjoy! But as we further chat with them we discover that Fresh-Air Fund is as empty a

term to them as Borrioboola-Gha. All they know about it is that a reporter-gentleman has promised that the one who hands him the largest contribution shall have her picture in the paper! Next day we buy that paper, and there, sure enough, is the portrait of the most forth-putting little saleswoman, accompanied with a letter that does great credit to the inventiveness of the reporter-gentleman, positively lisping the joy the little heroine feels in aiding the sick babes of this noble charity! A love of cheap notoriety is one of the most pernicious teachings of the street.

Still further downtown we encounter a party of young men and women preparing to board an Atlantic liner. The aggressively vulgar quality of their good humor astounds us when we are told that they are school-teachers. Astonishment, however, is modified on learning these to be winners of a newspaper contest that bestows a vacation in Europe on the ten most popular educators of a certain district; this spurious popularity being purchased by the suffrages of their pupils on newspaper coupons. Clearly not the most popular, but the least particular, members of their calling are they; but what can be said of the authorities who allow the dignity of the whole corps to suffer by the misrepresentation of a thoughtless few! The day has gone by when education was supposed to be vested in a prig claiming omniscience with a ferule, and teachers are permitted to be human, even during school hours; but, so long as in their capacity of educators they lend themselves to advertisement, they aim a mortal blow at the ethics of the street.

In a public park we fall in with a bright-faced company of shopgirls eagerly devouring an extra which contains news of one of their associates. The heading reads, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Cupid defies Cruelty. Pretty Miss outwits Stern Parents and goes off with the Man of her Heart!"

The facts of the incident happen to be known to one of us. The girl was not pretty, — though, for that matter, she

might have been. She was an anæmic weakling, lacking even the fresh-skinned comeliness of youth. The cruelty of her parents, worthy souls, consisted in their loving efforts to cure her of her infatuation for a middle-aged man who had been turned out of a reputable profession and divorced by a good wife. But the press with jaunty unmorality gave the crooked situation the twist that made it read like spirited romance, with the effect — so great the power of the printed word! — that at the moment any one of those decent girls would have leant with even a bad bargain of a man for the pleasure of seeing herself described as Dashing Brunette or Dainty Blonde in print!

“Pretty Stenographer corrals Another Woman’s Husband!” Naturally the woman that steals another woman’s man may be expected to possess some weapon of added beauty, or superior attraction, of one sort or another. This, however, is not going to save her from miserable consequences in the long run. But of that ephemeral literature takes no heed; and so long as with flattering emphasis it urges such possession as condonation for error, it simply makes the first step of the easy descent still easier for the children of the street.

These children are not ignorant. A bald statement of the facts of life cannot harm them, for in one form or another they know all there is to tell. It is the meretricious coloring imparted to these facts that counts for ill; the suppressions that ignore violated faith, make light of legitimate ties; the perversions employed at all costs to get a hurrah headline for a domestic tragedy.

We fear the judgment of the man in the street, not because we cannot rely on his solid understanding, but because we have learned to rate that understanding indi-

vidually low. We tremble lest collectively his inflammable passions should be roused, knowing well that the brute in him will demand a victim before law and order may resume their sway. We grieve over the fallacies with which we see him clog his own progress, delaying by centuries the day when the mighty truth shall prevail in his life. But do we sufficiently assume our share of responsibility for him when we thus grossly overlook the fact that the child in the street is the father of the man in the street with all our sins of omission and commission on his head?

A day will come when the commonwealth will realize that the character of its citizens is its valuable commercial asset, and that the mural areas of the highways are too precious to the nation’s higher life to be given over to the exploitation of merchandise. Advertising will then be relegated to an urban supplement, as in magazines, and a high restricting license fee will be charged, not only to those who sell liquor, but also to those who advertise that and all other articles in which mankind is tempted to injurious excess, while the city walls will be preserved to suggest great thoughts, commemorate good deeds, and announce the latest inventions destined to benefit mankind.

That of course will be Utopia, — but, after all, why not Utopia? Meanwhile public sentiment can be up and doing. Nowadays it is a common occurrence to see a frail woman standing in the road, compelling a burly truck-driver to relieve his overladen cattle, or causing some poor chafed and goaded beast to be unharnessed and mercifully cared for. Schools, libraries, and settlements, fresh-air funds, and private charities, all are doing vital work along the lines of neighborliness. Let us hope, then, for a speedy betterment of the influences of the street.

THURSTON

BY MAY HARRIS

MISS DENBIGH and Driscoll were on the lake for the first time since Driscoll's return. They had been rather silent, as is permissible with old friends; and after miles of the placid water, their boat was turned toward the shore and its background of brilliant sunset.

It was then that Driscoll mentioned Thurston, and the drifting peace lost its soothing quality to Miss Denbigh. She felt herself thrown back into the old unrest, the old question. She had never, as the phrase is, gotten over Thurston's death. The fact stung with a fresh sense of explicit loss every time she heard his name. She had to hear it often during the summer following his death, for the people about her were all friends of Thurston's, and the topic revived frequently, — some fresh incident, some illuminating memory, like fresh stones on a memorial cairn.

Just the summer before, he had been one of the gay little colony, — the best oarsman, the best golfer, — what was it he had not been best in! Knowing him had been the wine and joy of life, and had colored what had grown to be Miss Denbigh's indifference, to a beautiful expectation. And then suddenly she had lost it. One day he was with them; the next gone to South Africa as war correspondent, to take the place of a man coming home on account of ill health. She had been away the day his telegram had come, so there had been no opportunity to say good-by. If he had come to say it, she had felt she utterly knew he would have said other things as well. And it was of those unspoken things she had thought during the past months, — treasuring the vision of what it would have meant to her as happier women would have done an assured reality. Perhaps she had treasured it more; for what dream ever comes ideally true, without losing the exquisite halo

that glorified it to the far-off eye? That it had been merely potential made it seem, in the analysis of some of her moods, more surely hers, — put it outside the shadow of defeat.

Whenever she recalled him, some special grace, some finer significance, seemed to accrue to his every act in regard to herself. She had to define and consider the difference carefully, for he had been — it was one of his charms, and she had fully understood — all things to all people. His deference and chivalry to women had made other men seem awkward and careless in comparison; and yet, with other men, his courtesy and good-fellowship had offered their irresistible and never disallowed appeal. Even her father, who was an invalid and capricious, had appreciated Thurston's camaraderie, and she had felt that to him Thurston's lack of fortune would never have appeared as an obstacle. To Miss Denbigh it had appeared of a fortunate fate that she would have been able to supply the complement of wealth. But beyond this the thought of her money had always been outside the question, — something she had known need never trouble her. For Thurston's strong, fine personality had rebutted the idea of sordid motives, — lifted itself free from such criticism like the splendid growth of a forest tree. His assurance had been of a modesty that defied the implication of conceit, — merely the surety and sense of well-being that seem to belong to the "man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." His mind, to Miss Denbigh's recollection, had been quick with the apprehension of beautiful things, and she had felt it a perversion of the natural order of life that the line of his work should have opposed so completely the trend of his characteristics.

He had been all things to all people,—yes; but to her he had been, past all doubt in her mind, himself. How many times she had recalled the long, lazy afternoons drifting across the lake with Thurston at the oars; the sunset on the ripples, on Thurston's curling hair. Their talk had sounded so many depths, had cast anchor in so many fair harbors of mutual likes, that their companionship had seemed to progress to an intimacy beyond the casual acquaintance of a few summer weeks. She had begun to be tired of the changeless round of her life,—a life that had swept for twenty-six years in the same orbit, with the same pleasures, the same social duties, the same people. It had begun, in spite of the popularity her beauty and her father's money gave her, to bore and exhaust; to open up perspectives that were only repetitions of the same commonplace conditions.

When Thurston came into her life, the perspective had changed and become of definite value. She had felt he would hesitate because he had so little, comparatively, to offer; and that he had never, after all, spoken, would have left the question always open to many women. But Miss Denbigh, in the poignant remembrance of the early months after his death, had never doubted. Even that he had never written had made no difference; he had meant to come back; and if he had, she felt it would have been to her.

This feeling of possession had grown into a cherished holding that comforted her grief and made her strong to bear the loss she had no right to mourn openly.

And then, suddenly, she was called on to take Thurston from the inner niches she had given him, and to realize that what he had seemed to her had been of the same fascination to other women; construed by them, as by her, to mean the thing desired. The shock of knowing this had come, six months after Thurston's death, from an unexpected source. The girl was a cousin of her own who had spent part of the past summer with her, and she closed a letter refusing another

invitation of Miss Denbigh's with the comprehensive paragraph:—

"And you, of all others, dear Margaret, ought to understand why I cannot go to you. You, who saw us together that summer, must have guessed the way we felt to each other. Shall I ever forget it—that summer! I *can't*! I can see him now,—the way he smiled, the meaning he could put into the simplest things. He did n't have to *speak*,—you felt it. If he had n't been called away, I know we would have been engaged. I should have had the *right* to grieve for him without hiding it. I speak of it to you, for I think you guessed it when he was here. *When he was here!*"

Miss Denbigh did not fail to recognize, in the midst of the recoil she instinctively felt from this confidence, the tragi-comic replica of her own feelings. She shivered away from the crudity of it,—from her own emotion as seen in another person.

And then there was Thurston! It left him in the balance,—a question to be debated. Had he meant to be misunderstood? Had all the beautiful meanings she had found in their intercourse been due only to his most perfect art of flirtation? She thought of the girl who had written to her; if he could inspire a girl like that! a schoolgirl, sentimental, silly,—what had he himself been? a poor hero for any woman's candles of constancy! rather a stalking-horse for other people's emotions of romance,—behind which he had, perhaps, enjoyed it all. But turning away from his image was not easy, now that it was no longer an entity and of a possible explanation. He had gained the dignity of a remembrance, and the illusion had almost the fixity of a memorial tablet. It had become, as it were, the inscription of an urn to which no one had prescriptive rights, and the loss Thurston sustained in this elision of ownership was of a significance she could only measure by the defeat it gave her own personality. The praise she heard whenever he was spoken of began to reverberate a little strangely, as from alien shores.

The summer dragged. The many repetitions of the summer before offered the comparison in so many phases of the lost pleasure of Thurston's companionship — what it had meant to her. The completion of her indolent, analytic temperament offered by the vigorous individuality of his, had stimulated, encouraged. In the drop back she had felt the need of him doubly, and the reprisal of her criticism had recoiled upon herself. The time was pricked with disillusion and processional with disappointments, and Driscoll's return from South Africa, where he had gone with Thurston, again gave the impetus to the analysis of Thurston that so morbidly lingered.

She had known Driscoll sufficiently well to be relatively glad of his return. His mother's cottage was next door, and he had been by way of making love to her through several indolent seasons. His resumption of what had grown to seem an attitude of provisional privilege was faintly irritating to Miss Denbigh. But this attitude had a certain difference that made itself felt, — a seriousness that was on the edge of intention. She kept it there with her effortless and ever so slightly critical acceptance of friendliness, — a response always so uncharged with sentiment that Driscoll perpetually hesitated in its cooling atmosphere.

"You've never asked me of Thurston;" he broke the silence that had held since his last speech and, idle at the oars, let the commonplace go without emphasis.

Miss Denbigh waited. "The others have," she said at last.

"A great deal," he acknowledged. "They devoured me ravenously. But you — you have n't asked a single question." With a little hesitancy he advanced his clause, "I wish you had."

"Had" —

"Wanted to know."

"Why?"

"Because I would have understood then that you did n't — except reasonably — care."

"Mr. Driscoll" —

"Wait! — just one moment! ask yourself why I should have pieced this out! You *know*, don't you?"

Leaning forward he looked straight at her, and against her will the color rose in her face.

"You mean" — she said uncertainly, and then looked away, a little angry with herself that the tone of Driscoll's voice should be able to rout the cool indifference of her manner. If her mind had not been filled with the thought of Thurston, she could have avoided — as she had done many times with other men — the stress of what was coming.

"I mean," Driscoll explained quietly, "that I only found out how much I loved you when I saw you cared for Thurston."

The boat, in the rich twilight, drifted a few moments in complete silence. Miss Denbigh broke it.

"Your — confession" — she smiled with a slight bitterness — "implies one on my part."

"No!" he interrupted gently, "it does n't, for *you* don't love me."

Miss Denbigh felt another warm wave of color in her face, but Driscoll missed it; he was looking absently toward the shore. The quick anger of her face changed — clarified to frankness.

"No," she said at last, "I don't love you. I could say that you had no right to know anything else. But I can be honest! I *did* like him, — but I am ashamed of it; for he never cared for me, — not in the least! I was simply one of the many women he was 'nice' to, and who — misunderstood."

Her beautiful eyes met his truthfully. Her face was a little pale; the line of her lips severe.

Driscoll looked away quickly. "Thank you," he said.

"It was n't easy to say," she murmured with a deep breath, "but now it's said, I think I feel better."

Miss Denbigh followed the pause before Driscoll spoke.

"And since I've told you this — no! don't protest, — I know it would n't be

possible for you to break a confidence you've divined beforehand — I will tell you it is n't the mere fact of having cared for him unasked," — Driscoll clenched his hand on the oar, — "it is n't *that*, that hurts! It's having allowed one's self to love what was n't worth one's love! That's the part that hurts, to a woman. A man who had n't it in him to be worthy any of those" — she bit her lip — "whom he flirted with! and to find one has cared — been attracted to — a man who simply posed — who was fraudulent to the estimate he fascinated people into giving — who could n't stand for a single trait he simulated, — that's what hurts terribly! You can't understand how I feel! Without discrimination, intuition, — lacking altogether."

Driscoll's face was grave as she finished. The droop of her head had a pathos; her hands lay in her lap loosely clasped, palms uppermost. He feathered the oars and sent the boat round the point. Less than a mile away to their left, the curve of the shore showed the cottages of the summer colony. A boat filled with enthusiastic fishermen had just reached the little pier. Gay taunts from the friends on shore, and triumphant cries of the day's catch from the boat, traveled across the still water. Other boats were coming in; from the distance a gay chorus of voices sang a Canadian boat song.

Driscoll, leaning on the oars, lifted a rather determined face to Miss Denbigh.

"Margaret," he said, "I am going to tell you something."

"Something about him?"

"Yes. You know — or perhaps you don't know — that we — he and I — were thrown together a good deal, — at college first, and then in our work. By some chance we got on the same paper in New York." It was unnecessary from Driscoll's point of view to explain that the paper in question belonged to his uncle, and that he had been the one to secure Thurston the trial which his cleverness made good. "He made a splendid record," Driscoll went on, "during the Spanish-

American War. He had the indomitable spirit for adventure, — in fact, there were none of the gifts that make for success that he did n't have. Not excepting" — Driscoll's voice as he paused was not bitter, but quite grave. "When he came back, he was a hero — in spirit and in letter. You remember the rally he made with those soldiers, — how he saved the life of the wounded Spaniard he found and carried nearly a mile to the hospital camp. Then came the Boer War; and when Brown had to come home, Thurston was rushed to fill his place. I went as assistant, — it seemed wiser to have two, — and so I was with him when he died."

Driscoll felt the strained quality of Miss Denbigh's attention, and as he continued, his own manner became just tinged with embarrassment.

"He had only a few minutes, — a half hour at most. I was with him until the end, and he left a message."

"For me?" the words were involuntary.

"No," Driscoll said gently, "for another woman."

Miss Denbigh's face showed the drop back from quick expectation.

"Why do you tell me?" she offered the protest.

"Because of what you said, — that you would n't mind having cared for him, if you could think he was n't unworthy."

"And you want to reestablish my" —

"I want you to feel as you would wish to feel about it," he interrupted; "that's why I tell you, — and it's justice to Thurston, too."

"Well?"

Again Driscoll looked away.

"She was a girl in the South, — he was Southern, you know, — and they had n't seen each other for several years. They had been engaged, but after a while that spirit of his — temperament, I suppose would give the modern extenuation — made him fall in love with another woman. He was n't really in love, you understand — it was just" —

"Flirtation."

Driscoll let it go.

—“And the girl broke the engagement. It was then Thurston found she had the permanent place,—he really belonged to her; but he could n't in the least help his devotion to a beautiful face—to a brilliant mind. He responded always in equal measure with that charm of his—Don't!” he added sharply, for Miss Denbigh had covered her face with her hands.

“He could n't help it,” Driscoll continued. “He was one of those people who are born under a fortunate star, and he assisted his birthright in every way. But he always wanted to go back—the better part of him, his real self—to the girl in the South, and ask her to forgive him. To tell her all that was good in him was hers. And that was what he asked me to tell her, before he died.”

The girl in the boat leant forward with parted lips,—with beautiful, wide eyes.

“And you told her?”

“Yes,” he said gravely. “I took his message to her as soon as I came back. He had a picture of her in his watch. He wanted it buried with him.”

“And the girl?”—Miss Denbigh questioned.

“She was n't in the least pretty. She was shy, appealing, gentle; perhaps of a type a little old-fashioned,—not one to interest many,—but she was Thurston's ideal. He said she was the sweetest woman he had ever known.”

One or two stars were beginning to show, burning purely through the velvet dusk, and the shore as they drew near had a many-windowed gleam from its cottages. Behind them the lake spread, dim and inscrutable. Driscoll wondered if he had been wise.

Suddenly Miss Denbigh spoke:—

“Did it make her happy—to know?”

“I shall never forget how happy,” he answered. “She—she broke down, you know. She told me life had been hard before—everything; but his message to her made his memory hers—nothing, she said, could be bitter to her again.”

Other things he did not speak of were in Driscoll's mind,—the girl's hysterical

sobbing, her childlike face, the way she had kissed his hands because they had held Thurston's as he lay dying on the burnt African grass. “I think I'd like for you to hold my hand,” had been Thurston's last words. To be loved as that girl had loved Thurston—

He pushed aside his thoughts and looked at the girl he loved. Would Thurston, dead, always be paramount? he wondered. As he looked, she turned and met his eyes; there were conflicting emotions in the expression of her face. Seemingly they crystallized under his gaze into something very near relief.

“Thank you for telling me,” she said; “it was good of you. I have been abasing myself,—but now I don't mind; I was n't so far wrong after all! He did have the finer quality,—even if it was only for another woman.”

“And so I've justified you to continue”—the boat grated on the sandy shore in front of her cottage, breaking his speech in two.

“No,” she said gently, “only to say good-by to him—for good!”

“And if it's good-by to *him*?” Driscoll said.

The quality of his voice touched her for the first time—past the old barrier—with the significance she discovered his personality could assume.

The flash of interest it conveyed was sudden, and she felt a new, scarcely definable sensation that held her silent.

He looked at her with intentness in the half light; his straightforward face, neither handsome nor ugly, in no way recalled Thurston's. The power of this moment was Driscoll's, and it made him dominant.

“If it's good-by to him?” he persisted.

Miss Denbigh hesitated a little in the grasp of a strange shyness.

“Why—do you?”—she paused.

“Why do I love you?” he said with directness. “Because”—he broke off, and with an effort brought his voice back from declarative passion to a gentleness.

"Promise me, Margaret, that you'll listen some day when I try to tell you!"

He held out his hand, and after a moment's hesitation she put hers into it.

As his strong, brown fingers closed over hers, Driscoll bent his head and touched them with his lips.

"Until then!" he said.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS : AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

THE reading of biography and of autobiography must be approached at widely divergent angles. The biography is in large measure a piece of work, well or ill done; the autobiography, if sincere, is essentially a man. The piece of work may fairly be criticised from any one of a number of points of view. The man must be taken for what he is worth on his own showing,—as a man with whom one may be in sympathy or disagreement, yet after all fully entitled to his own point of view and the working out of his own salvation. The chief difference between autobiographies is that the subjects are inherently interesting or uninteresting, capable or incapable of giving a true and compelling account of themselves.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has lived far too long and conspicuously in the world to leave any doubt that his life must be full of a rare sort of excitement and variety, and that his own pen is eminently qualified to portray it. On the very threshold of his story,¹ he declares: "In my ministry of a half century I have placed myself, or been placed, on record in advocacy of contrarious beliefs and ideas. A pilgrimage from pro-slavery to anti-slavery enthusiasm, from Methodism to Freethought, implies a career of contradictions. One who starts out at twenty to think for himself and pursue truth is likely to discover at seventy that one third of

his life was given to error, another third to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to unsay the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two thirds." This — in spite of a suspicion that a still later view, if such were possible, might recognize the misdirection of the final third — prepares one for frankness; and frankness is obviously required for the record of Mr. Conway's "contrarious beliefs and ideas."

A slightly fuller itinerary of his "pilgrimage" will give some idea of its variety. He was born in Virginia, in 1832, of a slaveholding family of high social standing. The religious influences of his boyhood carried him to a Methodist college and into the Methodist ministry. Certain inherited tendencies of radicalism and an early acquaintance with Emerson's writings unsettled his beliefs in the social and religious institutions to which he was allied. Separated from the sympathies and support of his family, he betook himself at twenty-one to the Harvard Divinity School in order to prepare for the Unitarian ministry. He describes his journal of this period as "a sort of herbarium of the thorns that pierced father, mother, and myself." Active participation in the anti-slavery movement, intimacy with all the emancipating influences of Boston in the early fifties, the charge of a Unitarian parish in Washington, from which his increasing radicalism bore him to the ministry of a still freer religious society in Cincinnati, — these filled the years immediately before the

¹ *Autobiography, Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway*. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Civil War. Then came the editorship of *The Commonwealth* in Boston, and the vigorous advocacy of the immediate and complete abolition of slavery as the chief cause of the war and its continuance. In 1863 he went to England to lecture on behalf of the North, and thenceforward made London the centre of his activities. Twenty-one years were devoted to the ministry of the South Place Chapel, in which a Freethought religious society met. Through these and other years frequent interruptions permitted him to witness many interesting events in Europe, chiefly as correspondent for American journals; as, for example, in the Franco-Prussian War. To this bare record must be added some intimation of the extraordinary array of friendships with which all his years have been glorified. Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne, the Carlyles, Froude, Browning, Tennyson, Annie Besant, may be taken almost at random as typical names from this bead-roll of the less conventional "good and great" of his time with whom Mr. Conway has held really intimate relations. Preacher, journalist, writer of books, devotee of peace, lover of the theatre, music, and pictures, his contacts with life and vital persons were inevitably legion. It is a manifest advantage of such a ministry as Mr. Conway's that he could be a little of everything else besides a minister.

The record of such a life, made by a vigorous and vivacious writer, who seems to have kept a lifelong journal, and to have filed his letters received, could hardly fall short of exceptional interest. The foregoing summary of Mr. Conway's career will at least have suggested the many-sidedness of the record. The constant glitter of its side lights should not blind the reader to the importance of a few typical and suggestive passages. Take, for example, the statement of the author's unwillingness to canonize Lincoln,—a passage reflecting more than one of Mr. Conway's religious and political convictions: "While

recognizing Abraham Lincoln's strong personality and high good qualities, I cannot participate in his canonization. The mass of mankind see in all great events the hand of God. Having no such faith, I see in the Union war a great catastrophe . . . In the canonization of Lincoln there lurks a consecration of the sword. The method of slaughter is credited with having abolished slavery. By the same method Booth placed in the presidential chair a tipsy tailor from Tennessee, who founded in the South a reign of terror over the negro race, — which has suffered more physically since the war began than under the previous century of slavery. . . . Alas! — the promises of the sword are always broken! Always!" Here preëminently speaks the uncompromising warrior against war, hopeless to-day of any good to come from The Hague because war is there recognized in provisions for its "civilized" conduct. Mr. Conway's chief disagreement with Lincoln was that emancipation was not more promptly declared and fully utilized as a means for ending the war. Feeling as he did on this point, it is to the credit of his candor that he gives so full a version of the admirable answer Lincoln made to W. H. Channing and himself when in 1862 they called upon him to urge immediate emancipation. "Turning to me the President said, 'In working in the anti-slavery movement you may naturally come in contact with a good many people who agree with you, and possibly may overestimate the number in the country who hold such views. But the position in which I am placed brings me into some knowledge of opinions in all parts of the country and of many different kinds of people; and it appears to me that the great masses of the country care comparatively little about the negro, and are anxious only for military successes.' We had, I think, risen to leave, and had thanked him for his friendly reception, when he said, 'We shall need all the anti-slavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the

people to your views; and you may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me!' This was said with a laugh. Then he said very gravely, 'When the hour comes for dealing with slavery I trust I will be willing to do my duty though it cost my life. And, gentlemen, lives will be lost.'"

Though Mr. Conway's peace principles kept him out of the army, even as a chaplain, one memorable instance reveals his quality of courage in facing the perils of the hour. This was the seeking out of his father's slaves in Virginia and piloting them, through hostile demonstrations at Baltimore, into freedom in Ohio. A little later in England his courage completely outran his discretion in a correspondence with Mason, the London representative of the Confederacy. But in looking back upon it all he is now courageous enough to acknowledge that one of his letters, pledging the abolitionists to act in accordance with his own views, should never have been written.

In the field of literary history the *Autobiography* throws many lights upon persons and books. Here, perhaps, there is no more important contribution than that which Mr. Conway makes to an understanding of Froude's course with regard to Carlyle. It is Mr. Conway's ingenious theory that Froude was naturally a maker of romance, that Carlyle diverted him from following his true bent, to which he returned after Carlyle's death. As if that were not dangerous enough in a biographer, Mr. Conway offers the further explanation that Froude produced his book in a desperate hurry in order to be the first in the field with a life of Carlyle. "Had I been superstitious," says this friend of both men, "I should have personified Froude's imaginative genius as a *dæmon* which, having been exorcised by Carlyle, returned to wreak posthumous revenge upon his memory."

There are of course many illuminations of religious and social conditions in England. All the more because of Mr. Conway's personal antagonism to most things

in the established order, his plea against the disestablishment of the English church has a peculiar interest. He makes the heartiest recognition of the valuable service rendered by clergy and church to the British nation. It is not to be expected that all will relish the form which his plea has taken: "Disestablishment would be like a toppling down of light-houses on rough moral coasts. As for the creeds and formulas, they have no more effect on the masses than if they were in Latin; they offend only the few that can understand them; altogether, with the music and the responses, they make a pretty Sunday concert. It is the refinement and the benevolence of the clergyman and his family that practically make his gospel." The free-thinking societies, he believes, have their uses in helping the broad churchmen, in criticism and restraint. "Had there been no Martineau, there had been no such Archbishop of Canterbury as Frederick Temple, and no such Dean as Stanley." Whether this is true or not, it would be easier to resent Mr. Conway's own dogmatisms if he would not write such passages as this last bit to be quoted. He tells of watching the adoration of the decorated Bambino in Rome: "The doll with its staring eyes faced one with a *tu quoque*; I, too, had all my life been decorating one Bambino after another, — the Messiah, the Redeemer, the prophet, the martyr, the typical man, the reformer, the altruist, the free-thinking teacher."

Fragmentary as these comments on the nine hundred and more pages of Mr. Conway's book must be, they have quite failed in their purpose if they have not expressed the conviction that here is the remarkable record of an extraordinary life. The life has had so frequent and variant departures from the beaten paths that no one reader can possibly follow them all with sympathy. Yet he must possess a limited intellectual and human curiosity who will not take uncommon pleasure in their overflowing history of a radical personality and career of the most

highly developed type. "The Complete Come-outer" might serve as title for both man and book.

In contrast with Mr. Conway's autobiography, as that of an American transplanted in England, the *Memoirs of Henry Villard*¹ stand forth as the record of what a transplanted European may do in America. Though a portion of it is written in the third person, this also is an autobiography. What separates it from other books of its class is that it is a characteristic illustration of American possibilities. Such a career as Mr. Villard's might of course be made in any reasonably free country; yet its progress is probably more typical of American conditions than it could be of any other.

Henry Villard landed in New York in 1853, eighteen years old, without money, without a friend in the Eastern states, and utterly ignorant of English. He had the advantages of excellent inheritances and a good bringing up in Germany. His early struggles, not only to make his way to relatives in the West, but to keep himself alive, put him to rigorous tests of character and endurance. A buoyant nature carried him through almost incredible hardships to the humble dignities of law student and journalist. His first newspaper enterprises were by no means always successful, and for a time were distinctly special in character, in that most of his writing was for German-American periodicals. But with his own growth and the course of events, his opportunities greatly broadened. Before the war he had important assignments as a special correspondent, — for example, to report the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and the state of affairs at and about Pike's Peak at the height of the gold excitement.

His greatest journalistic opportunity came with the service to be rendered to the *New York Tribune* as its war cor-

respondent during the Civil War. It is of course the successful correspondent's good fortune to be sent to the most interesting, because the most dangerous, spots. The element of personal risk enters as clearly into some of Mr. Villard's narratives as if he had been the most active of fighting men. During the war he probably held his employment in higher regard than in later years when he wrote, "The harm certain to be done by war correspondents far outweighs any good they can possibly do. If I were a commanding general I would not tolerate any of the tribe within my army lines."

But the results of his war experience have been put to capital use. By the exercise of all his faculties of memory and research he has given full and valuable accounts not only of scenes actually witnessed, but of such a field as Chickamauga, which he could study and describe with all the skill of a military expert. His battle descriptions will of course have their chief uses for special students of separate engagements: it seems almost beyond the skill of man to make a particular battle live again for the "general reader." Mr. Villard's personal sketches and estimates of the commanders, however, have all the authority and interest of original portraits, in which a trained hand and a discerning eye have worked together. There are in his pages no more interesting personal glimpses than those of Lincoln, to whom he stood so near on various occasions that the heroic outlines were by no means the most observable. Lincoln's propensity for stories of more than doubtful taste is emphasized. He is even heard to exclaim with reference to his wife's ambition that he should become Senator and President, "Just think of such a sucker as me as President!" Yet the most enduring outlines also appear, together with a few rapid drawings of Mrs. Lincoln far from favorable to her memory.

Mr. Villard's transition from journalism to finance was one of the most significant developments of his career. His

¹ *Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier*, 1835-1900. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

ownership of the *New York Evening Post* represented both of these interests. In the story of his connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad the most picturesque phase of his activity as a financier is presented. His triumphal journey as creator of the road and host of the international excursion to witness its completion is rapidly followed by the collapse of the undertaking, and his own temporary downfall. To these in turn succeed the unbroken confidence of friends, and his restoration to power. That he continued to the end his journalist's practice of observation and effective expression the account of a visit to Bismarck, included in the completion of the *Memoirs*, bears abundant witness. The total picture of Mr. Villard himself is that of an embodiment of energy and steadily high ideals. The sanguine hopes ending so often in disaster were merely typical of an excess of the very qualities demanded for eminence in the two callings of journalist and financier.

No question of transplanting could ever have been raised about Andrew Jackson.¹ The foundations of Bunker Hill are no more firmly American. The title of this new record of his life — *History of Andrew Jackson* — seems to imply that he is to be regarded as a town, country, or institution, rather than a person. In spite of this elevation of his qualities, the title hardly justifies itself, for it does not appear that the old word Biography would have been misleading or inadequate. The title is rapidly followed by a dedication to President Roosevelt, "the embodiment in our times of the Jacksonian spirit." Now this may be taken as a compliment or the reverse. The President's best friends may well ask what parallels are to be found in his record for Jackson's defiant disregard, on more than one historic occasion, of those under whose military

authority he stood. Mr. Roosevelt's surviving opponents will possibly rub their hands at Mr. Buell's reference to a long category of incidents in which General Jackson "did right, but did it in the wrong way. That seemed to be something more than a habit. It amounted to an idiosyncrasy." Here, they will say, is the warrant for the dedication. Yet even so devoted a follower of Jackson as Mr. Buell must offer defenses and explanations which his latest successor has never required. Similarities of spirit may of course be noticed, but, with all allowances for the different periods to which the two men have belonged, it would be hard to find in the present "embodiment" such undisciplined hatreds and such failures to apprehend more than one point of view as every life of Jackson must record.

Mr. Buell makes a frank disavowal of the judicial attitude. "We" — he says, with an unrestrained fondness for the plural pronoun — "shall make no pretensions to the function of arbitrator. It would be absurd for a man whose grandfathers both voted for Jackson whenever they had the chance, to assume such a function." Fulfilling this state of mind he not only describes Jackson's hatred of England, Federalism, and his chief political opponents, but adopts a liberal share of the same sentiment. From such tokens — as from laxities of style sufficient to rouse a suspicion that every statement will not bear scrutiny — the reader finds his confidence in the historical value of the book impaired. Nor is it reassuring to note how much value is placed upon reported conversations with political, social, and military veterans of eighty and thereabouts at the time Mr. Buell interviewed them. Let these interviews be preserved by all means, but as side lights rather than prime authorities.

If, then, the book be taken with all these grains of salt, — for which even a teaspoon may be needed, — it will be found to possess compensating virtues. It does create a vivid impression of Jack-

¹ *History of Andrew Jackson, Pioneer, Patriot, Soldier, Politician, President.* By AUGUSTUS C. BUELL. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

son's unique personality, his really heroic qualities of physical courage, his primal sort of honesty and bigness. His limitations are displayed, though chiefly by the implications and suggestions of Mr. Buell's constant use of cudgels against "the General's" adversaries. One regrets that Major Jack Downing's familiar portrait of him is not taken even seriously enough to be mentioned. But the accepted Whig view of Jackson comes in for its share of opprobrium,—and it is well to remember that his second winning of the presidency was achieved by an electoral vote of 219 to 49. This is only another way of saying that Mr. Buell's estimate of Jackson happens to coincide with that of the vast majority of Jackson's contemporaries in America. To the author's credit it must also be said that he has performed with marked success the difficult task of giving a fairly intelligible account of the two great battles of Jackson's life,—the battle of New Orleans, and the fight against the United States Bank. In common fairness, moreover, one should remember first and last, that the author's death has deprived the book of that final revision which would doubtless have made it more satisfactory to him. Even without that advantage this is manifestly one of the works to which future students of the man and period must have recourse.

Still another record of a typical American, albeit of quite a different type from Jackson, is the new volume with General Robert E. Lee for its theme.¹ It has a higher documentary value than the life of Jackson, for many of its pages are filled with General Lee's own letters, especially to members of his family. Since the son who has brought these letters together was but a boy when the Civil War began, it is natural enough that more than half of the book has to do with the five years of life that remained to General Lee after 1865. The great commander is shown primarily in his family relations. Even

the war chapters reveal with special clearness his constant, loving thought for wife and children during the crucial years of his life and of their personal fortunes. Together with the rare quality of tenderness which is revealed, there are unceasing evidences of a religious faith and devotion more characteristic of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century. To this is joined a pitiful regard for children and suffering soldiers, quite beautiful in its manifestations. It is worth noting that shortly after Mr. Conway escorted his father's slaves to Ohio, General Lee, in the very midst of the war, remembering the terms of his father-in-law's will, which provided for the manumission of his negroes at a certain date, took the necessary measures to set them free. Equally significant are the pictures of occasional meetings of Lee, the shining figure of the Confederate army, with his son, still a boy in the ranks, bearing all the hardships of the commonest soldier. One memorable picture of the great general portrays him at a review of twenty thousand infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Mounted on his faithful "Traveller," he rode at a rapid pace along the far-reaching line of soldiery, accompanied from point to point by the division commanders. "When the General drew up, after this nine-mile gallop, under the standard at the reviewing-stand, flushed with the exercise as well as with pride in his brave men, he raised his hat and saluted. Then arose a shout of applause and admiration from the entire assemblage, the memory of which to this day moistens the eye of every old soldier."

The descent from this pinnacle of military splendor to the place of the defeated leader is a matter of familiar history. But the dignity and beauty of the individual life in which the lost cause was chiefly embodied receive a fresh illumination from these pages. The uneventful work of the president of a small and crippled college was taken up with courage and hope. After leading the young men of the South in fruitless war, Lee was

¹ *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*. By his son Captain ROBERT E. LEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

well content to train them for reaping the fruits of peace. With perhaps an undue profusion of letters — for they bear a somewhat unvaried burden — he is shown in all his quiet personal relations. His interest in friends and kinsfolk of every age has its important representation. Through this interest he kept in vital touch with that social life of the South in which his birth and circumstances entitled him to so conspicuous a part. The love and veneration with which the whole South regarded him is summed up by a young cousin recalling one of Lee's visits to "Shirley." "We had heard of God, but here was General Lee!" Enveloped in this atmosphere, he might well have been forgiven the utterance of regrets and resentments. Yet these do not appear, and one realizes that simple religious faith was the force which held them in check. Indeed, so high a spirit steadily reveals itself that the reader is left wishing it might have been universal in the South, and met with a corresponding spirit in the North. Then the existing history of Reconstruction could never have been written.

The reader of Mrs. Davis's *Bits of Gossip*¹ should turn quickly from its title to the few words with which the little volume is introduced. "It always has seemed to me that each human being, before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived, — as he saw it, — its creed, its purpose, its queer habits, and the work which it did or left undone in the world. Taken singly, these accounts might be weak and trivial, but together, they would make history live and breathe." Just because Mrs. Davis has successfully done something like this, she has wrought a more impor-

tant result than that which her title suggests. The recollections she has jotted down are informal, and not invariably accurate in the letter. But they are full of a larger truth in spirit and feeling. Her girlhood in West Virginia gave her a vantage point for just observation to the North and to the South. From the South came stories of a code of honor responsible for tragic dealings with human life at the hands of both men and women. In the nearer North were the Scotch-Irish settlements of Pennsylvania, with conditions of moral and religious austerity well deserving the record which Mrs. Davis has made. Traveling still farther northward she came to Boston in the sixties with unusual opportunities for seeing the men and women who were contributing most to the intellectual distinction of the region. By reason of her very lack of New England traditions there is a refreshing novelty, even at this late day, in the quality of the impressions recorded. Especially in Concord a sense of remoteness from the struggle with which the nation was torn came vividly home to her. Yet it was Hawthorne, the veriest dreamer of all the company she met, who saw most clearly that the actual war was something beyond their apprehension. A misfortune of Mrs. Davis's geographical view-point is that in the ranks of the abolitionists, whom she describes as "A Peculiar People," she enrolls all the anti-slavery element. This, however, may be but a reflection of a Southern feeling that to all opponents of slavery, within and outside of political parties, belonged the title which in the North was reserved for the radical Garrisonians. But this is obviously a matter rather of the letter than of the spirit. In her treatment of persons, as of conditions, the spirit demands and secures the first consideration at her hands. Accordingly she has produced a genuine and stimulating little book.

¹ *Bits of Gossip*. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

A GROUP OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS¹

TIME out of mind, men have noticed some sort of correlation between the state of the weather and the "pinting" of the "innard vane;" but Professor Dexter has been first to investigate on a large scale the extent of this relation. Conduct, it turns out, depends to a surprising degree on temperature, humidity, wind velocity, and the like; although the "skyey influence" does little more than tip one way or the other the unstable balance of human motive.

To take an example almost at random, in New York city the number of arrests for assault varies closely with the temperature. The New Yorker, the mildest of men during freezing weather, becomes recalcitrant as the thermometer gets above forty, grows pugnacious above sixty-five, only to become long-suffering again when a really hot day, above eighty-five, has taken the starch out of him. Curiously enough, Shakespeare, whom nothing seems to have escaped, has noted this connection between temper and temperature.

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

The New York woman, moreover, has in her temper a still more sensitive thermometer than her brother. A very Griselda at low temperatures, give her just the right degree of heat and, reckoned

from her average, she is half again more quarrelsome than a man. Temperature and air pressure are, however, at odds in this. The contentious person, "rash and very sudden in choler" as the thermometer goes up, very properly flies his danger signals as the barometer falls. In fact, most things grow worse as a general storm comes on: sickness, insanity, crime suicide, and the natural depravity of school-children; though drunkenness and the clerical errors of bank officers decrease.

Scores of special investigations like this of Professor Dexter's have gone to the making of Mr. Havelock Ellis's study of "the two most interesting beings in the world." The book is, of course, not new; but the demand for a fourth edition has enabled the author to incorporate a considerable body of new evidence, and, in the light of this, to revise certain of his minor conclusions.

The net result of this latest account of "the only two kinds of people there are" is to show that there is hardly an organ of the body or a measurable quality of any sort which is not unlike in the two sexes. "A man is a man even to his thumbs, and a woman is a woman down to her little toes." Women even button their garments on the other side from men and choose Sunday instead of Monday as their favorite day for making way with themselves.

Whoso thinks that it is any part of the

¹ *Weather Influences: an Empirical Study of the Mental and Physiological Effects of Definite Meteorological Conditions.* By EDWIN GRANT DEXTER. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Man and Woman: a Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Fourth edition. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Adolescence: its Psychology and its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education. By G. STAN-

LEY HALL. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

A History of Matrimonial Institutions, chiefly in England and the United States, with an Introductory Analysis of the Literature and the Theories of Primitive Marriage and the Family. By GEORGE ELLIOTT HOWARD. Three volumes. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press; T. Fisher Unwin. 1904.

Science and Immortality. By WILLIAM OS-
LER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mif-
flin & Co. 1904.

order of nature that one half of mankind should forever rule the other will get small comfort from Mr. Ellis. So far, at least, as laboratory tests go, our sisters "are unquestionably superior in general tactile sensibility and probably superior in the discrimination of tastes," with no advantage either way in the case of the other senses. They have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover better from wounds and serious illnesses, are less changed by old age, and live longer. Unkindest cut of all, they have relatively larger brains,—especially in the frontal region. Even our old gibe at their likeness to children is now taken away from us, since every pertinent fact shows *pari passu* that men are more like apes. Women, in short, if one must have a formula, are more civilized than men; and civilization itself is but the process of making the world ladylike. In fact, about the only thing left to us men with which to withstand the feminist is our superiority of muscle. This, at least, is still unquestioned. Men are two, three, and four times stronger than women, and the occasional exceptional woman hardly reaches the level of the average man. Curiously, even between the ages of eleven and fifteen, when girls are taller and heavier, boys still retain their single advantage. Men, too, if slower of mind, are quicker of body, have much greater lung capacity and more blood corpuscles, and exhale nearly twice as much carbon dioxide. But we pay for it all by being less able to endure confinement and bad air, so that the very strength that is in us is weakness. Still, it is worth while to have one excellence, though we have to share it with the males of all the higher animals.

A considerable portion of Mr. Ellis's material appears in other guise in Dr. Hall's cyclopædic account of adolescence, many recent investigations on school-children serving equally well the purposes of both writers. Child study, of which the President of Clark University is the apostle if not the high priest, looks upon the child as a creature after his own

kind, with his own diseases, his own faculties, and his own instincts; a sort of larva, in short, who becomes adult almost as much by the suppression of some parts of his nature as by the expansion of others. So far as its main contention goes, the new science seems to have made out its case. After all, the fact that the child is growing and the man is not is in itself sufficient to make different beings of the two; and if Dr. Hall had done nothing more than bring together between two covers the great body of fact which bears on this single aspect of the question, he would have performed a notable service to the theory of education. Along, however, with this conception of the child as something other than undeveloped man, goes almost inevitably the doctrine that the soul, like the body, passes through "growth stages" which summarize epochs in the history of savage and pre-human ancestors. That "the soul is as old as the body" and like it has its rudimentary structures and its embryonic organs is the main thesis of the Genetic Psychology. It certainly is an attractive theory that the characteristic traits of boyhood, its vagrancy, its healthy-mindedness, its frank delight in the things of the body, are the inheritance from some large-limbed barbarian; as the inward-facing soles of infancy are a reminiscence of a still older progenitor. The child psychologist, however, is satisfied with no such general interpretation. Infancy, childhood, youth, are to be marked off into separate periods, each the recapitulation of some definite ancestral experience. Dr. Hall will have it that the years of retarded growth between eight and eleven "suggest on the recapitulation theory some long stationary period during which life had been pretty fully unfolded and could be led indefinitely and with stability and security in some not too cold Lemuria, New Atlantis, Eden, or other possible *cunabulum gentium*. This arrest may even suggest the age of senescence in some post-simian stage of ancestry. This short pause would thus be the present echo of a long phyletic stage

when for many generations our pre-human forebears were pigmoid adults, leading short lives and dying at or before the pubic growth increment now occurs." The theory is not altogether unpalatable, even in the absence of any evidence that we ever had a "pigmoid" ancestor.

Much beyond this, however, common sense must refuse to go in applying the evolutionary formula to every childish peculiarity. Some of the most striking physical characters of youth certainly do not repeat any ancestral condition,—the small jaw and large brain for example, which, so far as they look either way, look toward the future rather than the past, and show the direction in which the race is going, more than they reveal the way it has come. After the analogy of bodily organs, then, the child psychologist ought to expect no universal conformity to his adaptation of von Baer's great theory. Certainly one need not be infidel to the blessed and comfortable doctrine of recapitulation, if, even under Dr. Hall's tutelage, he fail to discover in the human soul any reminiscence of the paleozoic fish. For what, after all, does the evidence amount to, which, Dr. Hall thinks, deserves the equivalent of four *Atlantic* pages? Children and adults make motions which remind imaginative persons of the swaying of a fish's body or the paddling of its fins; we dream of "floating, hovering, gliding, with utter independence of gravity;" women, who are "phylogenetically older" than men, are more apt to drown themselves; children like to play in the water; certain land animals have become aquatic. What one of these would have been different if our race had begun its career in the Garden of Eden! The boy's liking for water has as much to do with an ancestral fish as his interest in fire with an ancestral salamander. All this is a part of Dr. Hall's tendency to push any theory beyond all necessity. For him no merely amphibious or freshwater or littoral forebear will account for the delights of wiggling bare toes in the mud. Our fishy ancestor must be every-

where "pelagic;" although, as in the case of the "pigmoid," what little evidence there is is rather against the existence of any such creature.

Indeed, the old-fashioned pedagogue, were he disposed to be sarcastic, might well retort on the new in terms of the latter's own recapitulation theory. Psychology is indeed the child of biology, and it is just now going through the "growth stage" which corresponds to the ancestral period when "reversion" was the fashion, when every supernumerary digit on a kitten's paw was thought to revive a fin-ray, and every variant in a human being, which chanced to resemble anything in one of the lower animals, was hailed as the inheritance from some—usually hypothetical—forefather. Poor Doctrine of Evolution! no sooner does one branch of science stop overworking it than another takes it up. But then, these young sciences must sow their speculative wild oats: though there might well be some sort of a statute of limitations to bar the Genetic Philosophers from everything earlier than the lower tertiary.

This, however, is but one aspect, and that not the most important, of a work remarkable no less for its range of ideas than for its learning and its candor. In spite, therefore, of some overstatement,—witness the account of the human gills (sic) in which the unquestioned facts would have been quite sufficient for the argument,—in spite also of much diffuseness and obscurity,—there is a sentence five feet and eight inches from noun to verb,—*Adolescence*, when all is said, is likely to turn out to be the most significant work in its field since Herbert Spencer's *Education*.

Like Mr. Havelock Ellis, and like a good many other students of primitive society nowadays, Dr. Howard maintains that the world has been far kinder to women than has been commonly supposed. Savages are like other men, and turn out on more extended acquaintance to be not nearly so black as early travelers painted them; while primitive customs

seem less barbarous as they become better understood. Doubtless, on the face of it, the Anglo-Saxon father who sold his daughter into matrimony regarded her like any other piece of property, and presumably cared little for the young woman's preferences. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the apparent bride-sale is a mere legal fiction designed to protect the rights of the wife by the most careful provisions known to early society, the obligation of a contract under the common law. Be this as it may, the habit of mind which interprets the wedding ring, not as a symbolic fetter, but as the rudiment of the "one dollar and other valuable consideration" which sustains a contract, works out under Dr. Howard's fingers into a delightfully simple interpretation of the history of marriage. For him group-marriage, bride-purchase, wife-capture, and other forms and patterns of the yoke, far from being in any sense inevitable stages in the development of the institution, are only local and temporary aberrations from a universal and primitive monogamy. Monogamy, often permanent, is the most common type of union among the higher animals, and without much doubt was nearly everywhere the rule in our own race before the beginnings of civilization. More than this, "in every stage of social development, consent and contract in some form have been cardinal elements of marriage."

Dr. Howard naturally, then, makes havoc with all theories of the development of matrimony which involve "growth stages." There never was any Patriarchal Family out of which has developed the State. There never was any Matriarchate in which women were the heads of the household and the superiors politically of men. In short, there never have been universal stages of any sort, except so far as man, like the species below him, has tried all possible experiments, and natural history has repeated itself. All variants, however, tend to instability, so that the history of matrimonial institutions is the story of the return of civilized man to the

self-betrothal and free marriage of the stone age. The highest type of marriage and the family is, therefore, at the same time the most primitive. Monogamy, tempered by divorce, is at once the starting point and the goal of human evolution.

These four books, each in its own way, suggest the question whether, notwithstanding all that has been justly urged on the other side, women have not upon the whole been happier than men. If men have too often been cruel to their sisters, they have by no means always been kind to one another; and the fact that women have fared ill in the civilizations which we know best should not blind us to other aspects of the case. At any rate, every year three or four times as many men as women find life not worth living; while, like the first, the second birth at adolescence — to use Dr. Hall's phrase — is often hardest on boys. The greater sensitiveness of women to changes in the weather, which appears almost everywhere in Professor Dexter's studies, is, as Mr. Ellis shows, but one aspect of their greater general affectibility. But to be affectible is to enjoy fullness of life, to be, in short, human. Besides, as things are now, civilization rests on the ability of each man to do one thing supremely well, though he neglect manifold sources of happiness. If, therefore, the great painters and musicians and prophets have been men, probably the average woman gets more pleasure from color and sound, and more consolation from faith, than the average man.

Lest, however, we should forget how much of human nature still keeps its ancient mystery, comes the Ingersoll Lecturer for 1904 to show us the barriers beyond which Science, remaining Science, may not pass. On the general question of immortality, Dr. Osler can only say once more what has already been said by nearly all who, with equal right to speak in the name of Science, have been equally careful not to exceed their authority:—

"Though his philosophy find nothing to support it, . . . the scientific student

should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in the hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state, . . . he will ask to be left, reserving his judgment, but still inquiring. He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery, a belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung; he will gratefully accept the incalculable comfort of such a belief to those sorrowing for precious friends hid in death's dateless night; he will acknowledge with

gratitude and reverence the service to humanity of the great souls who have departed this life in a sure and certain hope, — but this is all. Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, he cannot tell. Nor is this strange. Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal: of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything."

Small comfort as this opinion may bring to the troubled soul, it certainly does tend to introduce some sort of clarity into the muddled intellect.

E. T. B.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON BEING THAT SECOND WIFE YOURSELF

JOHN and I were getting on in life; — into the early fifties and late forties. The two daughters were married and living in distant cities; the two boys were in college and never really at home any more.

We began our married life with happy poverty and had practiced New England thrift. I had enjoyed looking to the ways of my household and making us comfortable upon little money and much love. What joyous subterfuges and gay self-denials!

But now we were in a "flat and uninteresting state of prosperity." I had begun to realize that there was no longer any need for me to can tomatoes or make raspberry jam. There was time to do all the things I had longed to do during the years before; but what was the matter?

I had thought that all through the hurry and hard work of our lives we had not only kept together, but had kept awake to the new things that make life:

the new thoughts, the new poems. Was I sinking into the weariness of old age, that nothing seemed worth while any more?

To be sure, John was deep in the results of a well-earned reputation. He was being made president of banks, president of *The Club*, and was put upon commissions for the public good where there was hard work and no pay. In short, he was being a true citizen, and I was unspeakably proud that he should serve his generation. Of course it took him away from home and we no longer read poetry in the evenings. Our habit for more than twenty years of having our "Saturday afternoons out" had been given up. We had always done something pleasant together then. It had been a Paderewski matinée, or a drive to a certain beautiful place to find the bird's-foot violets. It was always something, even if it were nothing but looking in the shop windows and playing what we would buy. This, too, had been crowded out with the poetry.

At about this time an old friend and neighbor who was in much the same walk

of life married a second time, after being a widower a few years. I went to see the new wife with a sense of regret that the man had not found remembrance better than consolation; a little feeling of jealousy for the dead. I found things very different from what I expected. The changes in the house were not so marked in mere things as in a sense of ease and mental well-being; a subtle feeling of fuller life. How fresh and young she looked! Yet I knew she was quite as old as I, if not older. Was it her pretty clothes? Did they give one a broader outlook on life?

I came home feeling a little bitter and tired. It was always the way. The first wife worked hard, went without things, saved every penny possible, and then died, and her husband was happier with a new wife, who reaped where the first had sown. Evidently, I thought, it is high time I made way for my successor, who would go about with John, entertain people, and be charming and ornamental. I had outlived my time, and was useless and old and plain. All this was in very bad taste on my part, but it was very real.

Then I had a revelation. I — I, myself, would be John's second wife! And I have! John likes it. I have smartened myself as to raiment in the first place, going to a French dressmaker who has skill (and prices) and knows how to make the most of my few good looks; because with me, to feel that I am properly clad means to forget myself and be at perfect ease. I have made no startling innovations in the household, only added another maid, of a high and trustworthy order, who could help out behind the scenes. We have a few guests much oftener, informally and easily. When John goes to Boston or New York for a few days, I go, too, and stay a day longer, and see more than he would think of doing if I were not there. We give ourselves more time, we do a few of the things we want to do. I am daily using Her for a pattern, and we have more life, more leisure. Certainly it is a more sane and rational exist-

ence than it was. It is Life, and not unto ourselves alone.

Sometimes at dinner, when I have said something John thinks clever, I catch his admiring glance, exactly as if I were his second wife. How much of it is owing to the pretty clothes?

FYNES MORYSON ON GERMANY

Our friends the makers and practitioners of the contemporary sciences, Economics, Politics, and Sociology, often tell us of movements, qualities, and national traits, the origin of which they have discovered in the annals of last week. So occupied are they often with keeping their generalizations strictly "up to date" that when they have a moment to turn to the pages of history they find their unwonted contents "very fine," as the boy found *Hamlet*, "but dreadfully full of quotations." Not long since a prominent sociological generalizer in one of our large universities told his class that the national traits that make the English of to-day were not developed until the time of the Georges, that the England of Shakespeare was in no true sense national or distinguishable, as it is now distinguishable, from the national qualities going to make Frenchmen and Germans. Some of the generalizer's students were greatly troubled over this deliverance, and consulted their professor of history as to his opinion of this dictum of the new science. The historian astutely observed that had any one but a sociologist so delivered himself he would have stigmatized his words as arrant nonsense. And he quoted to his inquirers these words of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, who, after a delightful passage suggesting the appreciation of *As You Like It* as "the supreme and final test in determining nationality, at least as between the Gallic, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon races," concludes: "*As You Like It* . . . is through and through an English comedy, on English soil, in English air, beneath English oaks; and it will be loved and admired, cherished and appre-

ciated, by English men as long as an English word is uttered by an English tongue."

But it is to a piece of contemporary evidence of the persistence of racial traits even in minor characteristics that I want to call the attention of the readers of the *Atlantic*. Fynes Moryson was born two years later than Shakespeare, and after an honorable career at Cambridge, utilized his fellowship, there obtained, in a somewhat novel manner for his day, that is, by traveling to see the world, and sojourn in various foreign universities. Setting out in May, 1591, two years before Kit Marlowe met his desperate end, Moryson journeyed to Germany, residing successively at Wittenberg, Leipsic, Prague, Heidelberg, and Leyden, and visiting Cracow, Vienna, and Elsinore in Denmark. Strange to say, he there learned that there was "a gray-headed old senator" named George Rosenkrantz, greatly respected by the Danish court, and that Ubricus, the brother of the King of Denmark, was then a student at Wittenberg (Hamlet's university). Moryson was abroad again in 1596 and 1597, journeying as far as Jerusalem, and living for some time in Constantinople. Of all these travels he has left an interesting account, full of keen observation and plain wisdom, and not unilluminated by wit; as the work of a disinterested and qualified observer Moryson's *Itinerary* is worth many conscious memoirs, and though still to a large degree inaccessible to the average reader, the recent publication by Mr. Charles Hughes of part of Moryson's manuscripts, which had remained unpublished in the Bodleian Library, is a boon indeed to historical students and readers.

Moryson's remarks as to the Germans are especially entertaining. He found the conversations of the German gentlemen "very austere, full of scowling gravity rather than of disdainful pryde." He tells us that they "chyde rudely more than they fight;" that their "parcimony" is "singular," "only they spend

prodigally in drinke." He greatly commends the modesty and thrift of German women; and tells how German merchants "in their potts will promise any thinge, and make all bargaynes, but the consent of the sobber wife at home must first be had before any thinge be performed." He remarks upon the abuse of the feeling system, and on naming *Drinckgelt* explains, "that is drincking mony, for so they call all guifts, as if they had no other use but for drincking."

Moryson grants the Germans to be "excelent in manuall artes and the liberall sciences," but adds, "I think that to be attributed not to their sharpnes of witt but to their industry, for they use to plodd with great diligence upon their professions." Elsewhere he declares: "Indeede they knowe not what a pleasant jest is, but will interprytt literally after the playne wordes such speeches as by strangers are spoken with savorye and witty conceyte." Evidently the sly and facetious wit of the Cantabrigian went begging in the Germany of Shakespeare's time.

Not the least interesting is Moryson's unconscious testimony to the presence in Germany and the repute of English actors there. The passage in question runs:

"Germany hath some fewe wandring Comeydians, more deseruing pitty then prayse, for the serious parts are dully penned, and worse acted, and the mirth they make is ridiculous, and nothing lesse then witty. . . . So as I remember that when some of our cast dispised Stage players came out of England into Germany, and played at Franckford in the tyme of the Mart, hauing nether a Complete number of Actours, nor any good Apparell, nor any ornament of the Stage, yet the Germans, not understanding a worde they sayde, both men and wemen. flocked wonderfully to see their gesture and Action, rather then heare them, speaking English which they understoode not, and pronowncing peeces and Patches of English playes, which my selfe and some English men there present could

not heare without great wearysomenes. Yea my selfe Comming from Franckford in the Company of some cheefe marchants, Dutch and Flemish, heard them often bragg of the good markett they had made, only Condoling that they had not the leasure to heare the English players."

And lastly what could be more complete and contemporaneous than this:—

"One thinge I cannot commend in the Germans, that for desyre of vayneglory, being yet without Beardes and of smale knowledge, they make themselues known more than prayed, by untimely Printing of bookes, and very toyes, published in theire names. Young Students who haue scarce layd theire lipps to taste the sweete fountaynes of the Sciences, if they can wrest an Elegy out of their empty brayne, it must presently be Printed, yea if they can but make a wrangling disputation in the University, the questions they dispute upon, with the Disputers names, must also be Printed. Yea very graue men and Doctors of the liberall Professions, are so forward to rush into these Olimpick games, for gayning the prise from others, as they seeme rather to affect the writing of many and great, then iudicious and succinct bookes."

DRIFTWOOD FIRE-WORSHIP

Ancient is the cult of the Fire-worshiper, and a remnant of the faithful may still be found in those who, of a cool autumn evening, gather before a broad hearth-altar to serve the god of their idolatry with special offering, plucked, as it were, from the foaming jaws of Fire's feudal enemy, — even the gray despot of waters, the everlasting Sea himself.

I sing the praises of a frugal yet beautiful practice known to our sacred cult, — the purveying for, and tending of, a Driftwood Fire. The altar of my fellow Fire-worshippers is set up on a bluff overlooking a stretch of glistening beach on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. To this beach come Flotsam and Jetsam, not alone from local streams

forced in turn by the tide to part with their own plunderings; but I have reason to think that the woods of Maine, perhaps also those of Canada, contribute, to say nothing of occasional gleanings from Carolinian shores and beyond. Sometimes our far-traveled treasures still bear their labels; for instance, here is an empty peach-crate which announces, in bold letters, that it was consigned from the "Elliott Orchards" of some plantation in Georgia.

The hearth-altar which receives the offerings of my fellow communicants and myself is of most generous dimensions. I have often lamented that I had not received the treatment that Mother Demeter gave her favorite Triptolemus; then might I take my stool and sit within the precincts of the hearth-altar, even as in the early days of the English drama, spectator and player might share the stage together! — In this ample fireplace, we have, on more than one occasion, buried, entire and untrimmed, a young or a dwarfed tree, which Neptune has sent us. First, we planted its twisted and writhing roots firmly between the andirons and beneath supplementary blocks of wood; then, up the vertical shaft, by artful appliance of more inflammable material, would we, as it were, trail the hungry fire, until the god took undulatory, bright, serpentine form before our very eyes, curling his many-darting tongues hither and thither, lapping at every branch and twig of our revived phoenix tree!

A special sacrificial offering we old 'longshore Fire-worshippers recognize and strive to obtain for our deity; yet it is only through fire that we shall know if what we have treasured be worthy of acceptance. Happy are we when we receive the sign: of a sudden, in the midst of the wonted play and color of our fire, there will spring up, here, an emerald flame rivaling the green of April meadows, there, a shaft of aerial violet, interchanging with rose more tender than the tint of clouds that "bar the soft-dying day." The Fire-worshippers sit in silent

communion with the angel of the flame, — communion unbroken, spite of exclamation on the part of the non-elect, "Yes, that must be the copper on the bottom of some old whaling vessel!" How we have hunted the beach up and down, and how many unrevealing fragments of drift have we picked up, in hopes that this should prove to be the hiding-place of the prismatic Ariel!

I regret to say that there are those of my seaside neighbors who procure their elfin driftwood from a firm whose business it is artificially to prepare the same, from ordinary wood subjected to the proper chemical bath. But this is a distinct heresy. Those who are guilty thereof cannot claim to have received the baptism of flame, or to belong to the true family of the Fire-worshippers.

CONSCIENCE THAT MAKES COWARDS

It has been my opinion for some time that conscience is an unreliable guide. The feminine conscience especially is too much governed by conventions. Recently circumstances have involved me in a course of conduct which reason tells me is perhaps a trifle undignified, but comparatively blameless. Conscience, however, judges by the form rather than by the spirit, and sternly pronounces me a wretch. I struggle in vain to defy her. While I honestly believe myself to have done nothing which should debar me from the companionship of honorable, respectable people, I feel nevertheless like a spy, a hypocrite, and a thief. These are the circumstances which have led to my downfall.

I have had with me during the summer a maid who, while supposedly honest when articles she knows to be of value are in question, appropriates without scruple any trifles she may fancy. I confess to a discomfort at losing things in this manner, which is out of all proportion to the magnitude of the loss, so that I am likely to set a much higher value on anything

that Ellen has taken than while it remained in my own possession. My downward career began in the effort to recover my lost property. Ellen is always pleasant and courteous, and it would be difficult to allude to articles of mine in her possession without seeming to accuse her of ill breeding. A way presented itself, when, glancing into her room in passing, I saw a handkerchief of mine on her table beside some ribbon I had bought the day before. Seizing them, I fled to my own room and put them away. My actions were those of a thief, and I felt like one.

After that it became a habit with me when passing Ellen's room in her absence to step in and help myself to any articles of my own which might be scattered about. At first I did this with trepidation, fearing lest I be caught in the act. Gradually I grew bolder and more dextrous, learning to open and shut the door noiselessly and make off with my plunder much after the manner, I fear, of a professional thief. Each time that I thus surreptitiously possessed myself of my own effects, I had a sense of guilt much greater no doubt than that experienced by Ellen in taking them. In the course of the summer a number of articles originally mine have changed hands in this manner several times. Ellen, for example, has reserved for herself from the wash each week such of my handkerchiefs as pleased her, and I in turn have purloined them from her. Neither of us has ever shown any consciousness of these private transactions between us. Ellen has been uniformly kind and obliging, and I trust I have equaled her in courtesy.

One day not long since, after carelessly telling Ellen how many handkerchiefs I had put in the wash, so that she could understand how many I expected back, I strolled out to the clothes-yard and counted the handkerchiefs on the line. As I had anticipated, I found several extra ones bearing the mark I had placed on them for identification. If I let them stay until they were dry and taken in, I knew they would disappear. My best chance

of recovery was to take them then. So with frequent glances toward the house to see that Ellen was not looking out of the window, and with several false alarms thinking she was coming, I hastily jerked out pins, snatched the wet handkerchiefs, and thrust them into the waist of my gown. Then after picking some mignonne to serve as an excuse for my presence in the back yard, I returned to the house. Passing through the kitchen Ellen stopped me to ask about dinner, and as I talked with her, conscience caused me tremors that were worse than the chill of the cold, wet linen at the pit of my stomach.

My next step in the path of evil was to open Ellen's drawers and look into her trunk. Reason has not as yet decided whether she approves the act, but thinks it probably justifiable. Conscience sternly refuses to consider any extenuating circumstances, and holds me guilty of having secretly entered another woman's room and examined the contents of her private drawers and boxes.

The culminating point in my course has been reached, I think, within the last ten days, during which time I have become brazen and reckless. Ellen is to leave in a few days. Having the evidence of my own eyes that in the depths of her trunk were safely stowed away a box of candles of a peculiar size which I could not easily replace, and a cookbook containing my favorite recipes, I began a bold attack. I might have stolen them back when I found them, but all criminals have their limitations in evil, and that was mine. I could not secretly take things from Ellen's trunk. Instead I went straight to the kitchen, and bracing myself firmly against the table, with, I am sure, an expression of hardened defiance, said, "Ellen, I can't spare all those candles. I will give you two or three, but I want the rest, and you must bring back my cookbook."

Ellen looked at me in surprise. Our relations have been characterized by perfect courtesy toward each other, and here I was suddenly guilty of the ill breeding of

insinuating that she was dishonest and unblushingly showing a knowledge of the contents of her trunk. She felt her superiority, and I was conscious of acting a very unworthy part; but having begun it was impossible to retreat.

"I don't know what you mean," she said in a tone which intimated that she should be very sorry to have me injure myself in her estimation.

"I mean, Ellen, that I want you to find those things for me before you go," I said, and made my escape for the time being.

Some girls would have sulked after this, but Ellen was too well bred. She treated me just as well as ever. The next day I returned to the attack.

"Have you brought down my cookbook and the candles, Ellen?" I asked.

"Why, I don't know where they are," she answered.

"Well, be sure to find them," I replied.

She looked at me with a pitying air, and said: "Why, it seems as if you think I've got them. No one ever said such a thing to me before. I have always had such a pleasant time with the people I have worked for, and I should be very sorry to have anything disagreeable happen here."

Her conscience evidently did not give her a single qualm. Instead she had a virtuous air of self-approval. She felt that she was being a lady and that I was not.

"I should be sorry, too, Ellen, to have anything disagreeable happen," I persisted, "but I must have those things." With that I retired.

Evidently, Ellen is vulnerable. My insistence disturbed her; she did not know to what lengths I might go. So to-day the box of candles was in its usual place, and the cookbook on the table, when I entered the kitchen. Ellen and I had a pleasant little chat, but I was less at ease than she. My conscience was troublesome, while hers was not. Mine makes me feel as if I had been engaged for two months in a genuine criminal career. What is conscience good for when it shows so little discrimination?